



Civilization in Chili  
Past & Present

SPANGLER.

There are yet new  
Worlds to find ~



Roland Dennis Hussey.







Completely untrue & mostly untrue -  
our religion rears its head - which  
is often - but other need a good  
account.

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Photo. by Diez y Spencer, Santiago.

Eng. by M. F. Coon, San Francisco

DOMINGO SANTA MARIA,

THE GREAT REFORMER.

President of Chili from 1879 to 1885.





*Vol and title say  
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# CIVILIZATION IN CHILI.

PAST AND PRESENT.

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J. M. SPANGLER.

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DEDICATION.

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To my fellow co-laborers in the American college in Concepcion, Chili; to my friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Robertson, of the same city; to the ever-increasing number of educated gentlemen and ladies, native to the country, who are laboring with tireless energy and unselfish devotion to make Chili a land of *perfect freedom*, this book is affectionately inscribed.

## ERRORS.

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In the preface, read Javier Morales instead of Jarier Morales.

On page 19, read Villa Gran for Villa Grau.

In several places the words *Chilino* and *Chilina* are used by the printer interchangeably—he not understanding that the former is a man and the latter a woman; and, as a consequence, has given us female soldiers and female politicians.

## P R E F A C E.

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During the summer of 1882, I accepted an appointment from Bishop William Taylor placing me at the head of his two American schools in Concepcion, Chili—namely, a college for young gentlemen, and one for young ladies. Very naturally, prior to setting sail for my field of labor, I desired to obtain as much information as possible concerning the country that was to be my future home. I remembered, imperfectly, that my geography had informed me that Chili was a Republic, about fifteen hundred miles long and one hundred and twenty miles wide; that Santiago was the capital, and that Valparaiso was the chief seaport town. From my encyclopedia I learned that the country had certain annual exports and imports of stated values; that a trans-Andine railway connected Santiago with the Atlantic Ocean at Buenos Ayres, (when I arrived in Chili, I learned that the railway had never existed except on paper); that certain schools were established at various places, and that the people were a mixture of Spanish and Indian, and were quite progressive. From Bishop Taylor's own book, "Our South American Cousins," I learned that he had passed through the country, talked with the President of the Republic, rode sundry miles on the railways, saw a girl crying about her lover, and a woman carrying a goose, wrapped in a blanket.

Other information I could not obtain; and for aught I knew, one-half of the inhabitants might be living in wigwams, ready to scalp me and my family on slightest provocation. To the hundreds of questions asked me

## PREFACE.

daily by friends I could give no answer. The better class of people might possibly dress as do the civilized people of the world; they might possibly have comfortable homes, and plenty of decent, wholesome food—and again, they might not have these things.

Furthermore, I found that people in general—educated people—knew as little about the country as I did. One grave college professor assured me that it would be very romantic to travel in a country where the swiftly flowing mountain streams were all crossed by means of baskets suspended by stretched ropes.

When I arrived in Chili, and found a civilization that, in many respects, compares favorably with that of Europe and the United States, I was very agreeably surprised, and at once determined to write concerning it a small work for publication—hence this little book.

In preparing the third and fourth chapters, I am indebted to Rev. Dr. D. Trumbull, Valparaiso, from whose pamphlet on the “Constitutional History of Chili,” I copied largely. I am also indebted to Mr. Jarier Morales del Rio, of Concepcion, for the use of many books, papers and pamphlets, that aided me greatly in obtaining historical facts.

J. M. SPANGLER.

# CIVILIZATION IN CHILI.

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## CHAPTER I.

Powerful Peruvian Monarchy—The Conquest of Chili—Defeat  
—Overthrow of the Indians—Aboriginal Tribes—A Remarkable Tradition of the Deluge.

**G**UAINA CAPAC, whose name signifies powerful, rich young man, was the eleventh Inca of Peru, who held dominion in that country about the beginning of the fifteenth century. So powerful was he that he was the acknowledged sovereign of fifteen hundred provinces, where he imposed taxes, made laws, and, as representative of the sun, was the head of the priesthood—at once a ruler, a father, and an instructor of more than thirty millions of people. So rich was he that in his palace were immense statues of giant men wrought in pure silver and gold, as well as figures representing the natural history of the country—fishes, birds, flowers and grasses, all made of the latter metal. At his death six thousand persons were sacrificed, two thousand of whom



were beheaded, to accompany him as servants to the spirit land; the remaining four thousand were his kinsmen, offered to the sun in his honor and for his advancement with the gods.

Cusi Guascar, his eldest son, succeeded to the throne, and at once commenced the fulfillment of his father's desires, by sending a powerful army across the Andes mountains to subjugate the people of Chili. When they came to the valley of Copiapo, in the northern province of the latter country, they found it inhabited by a strong nation of Indians, wearing many gold and silver ornaments, and possessing flocks and herds; and who, though they had every appearance of being a war-like people, were not so barbarous as to be devoid of all courtesies and hospitable dispositions.

When the Peruvian leader explained to them the greatness of the Inca's domain, the peculiar rites and ceremonies required in their sun-worship, as well their superior knowledge of agriculture, the Copiapoins offered them no resistance; on the contrary, they lodged them in their homes, made them rich presents of gold trinkets, and feasted them on the flesh of their flocks. But as soon as the Peruvians announced that they would require annually large sums of gold for their king, as well as a full acceptance of sun-worship, the people who had ap-

peared so passive and quiet flew to arms and drove them from the country.

When Guascar heard of the overthrow of his army, his indignation knew no bounds; for he vainly believed that his was the greatest kingdom, and he, as viceroy of the sun, the greatest personage in all the world. One hundred thousand men were at once sent out, under his own kinsmen, to renew conquest. So successful were they that in a short time not only the Copiapoins, but all northern Chili, was reduced, and became subjects of his majesty.

But little else is known of the aborigines of this country. What has been written by different authors seems to be conflicting, and to carry with it a tone of uncertainty. The Spanish invasion followed soon after; and while it is true that the Indians of Chili to-day are direct descendants of the primitive tribes, it is also true that the influence of the Spaniard for so many centuries has changed them into a different people, with different habits and manners of living.

It is quite certain, however, that the early Chilians were very superior Indians, in language and in military effort, as will appear in another chapter. One thing about them, which seems very remarkable, and for a statement of which I am in-

debted to R. P. Diego's "Reyno de Chili" \* a work generally accepted as authentic in all that Republic, is that they had a tradition that carried them back to the Deluge. They believed that the earth was once destroyed by water, and that a few people only were saved of all the inhabitants then living; that these were saved by fleeing to a high mountain called *Tenten*; that the people had been warned of the approaching destruction by a good man, who went among them advising them to flee to that particular mountain for safety; but as he was very poor and of humble birth, only a few heeded his warning.

Their tradition furthermore taught them that on *Tenten* was a large animal in form of a serpent, of the same name as the mountain, very good and wise, that undertook the protection of all who fled to him. But another serpent, very ugly, fierce and wicked, whose home was in the great deep, and

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\* "Tenten que para aplacar su enojo y el de Caicai, señor del mar, que sacrificassen uno de sus bixos, y descuartizandole en quartos partes, las echassen al mar, para que las comiessen los Reyes de los Pezes y las Sirenas, y se serenasse el mar. Y que haziendolo assi, se fueron disminuyendo las aguas y volviendo a vaxar el mar. Y al passo que las aguas iban vaxando, a esse paso iba tambien vaxando el monte Tenten, hasta que se assento en su propio lugar. Y diciendo entonzes la Culebra *Ten, ten*, quedaron ella y el monte con ese nombre de Tenten, celebre y de grande religion entre los indios. Que como a miserables ha tenido enganados esta astuta Culebra, que engano a nuestros primeros Padres en el Paraíso."—*Reyno de Chili*, Vol. I, page 6.

whose name was *Cici*, was determined upon the destruction of all the people. While *Tenten* was assuring the people, through his ambassador, that destruction was surely coming upon them, the serpent of the deep was no less busy in assuring them that it was all a delusion. When he, *Cici*, succeeded in getting them all within easy cast of his great net, he suddenly caused the sea to overflow and catch them, when he proceeded to turn them all into monsters like himself, to do his bidding and serve his evil purposes forever. He even purposed destroying those who had fled to *Tenten*, and pursued them vigorously; but as fast as he pushed the waters up, good *Tenten* raised up the mountain. The battle raged long and furiously. All the evil hosts were called from afar to help make the destruction complete. Onward and upward rolled the great and furious billows; but they were never successful in reaching *Tenten* and his happy hosts, for the mountain ever kept going higher than the waters. Finally the sun was reached, and the battle came to a singular termination; for among the happy throng was found one who was worthy of making a great sacrifice. The offering was his son. When *he* had been slain and his blood sprinkled upon the waters, *Cici* lost his great power, and the waters and the mountain returned to their former condition.

This is certainly a most remarkable tradition, and if true, is near enough like the Bible account of the Deluge to show beyond a doubt that the ancestors of those people either migrated from Asia or had some means of communicating with the ancient Asiatics or Egyptians.

## CHAPTER II.

First White Man in Chili—Three Ancient Kingdoms—A Terrible Battle—Expedition of Almagro—His Reception—His Defeat—The Conquest by Peter Valdivia—Founding of Cities—A Terrible Battle with the Dwellers in the South—Defeat of the Spaniards—A Miracle—Valdivia's Defeat and Death—Exploits of Lautaro, a Terrible Boy Chieftan—He Defeats the Spaniards and Destroys their Important Cities—He Contemplates the Overthrow and Expulsion of the Whole Spanish Colony—The March upon the Capital—Defeat of the Purumancians—Lautaro's Death—Exploits of the Marquis of Canete—His Cruelties—Death of an Araucanian General—Senor Don Martin—Independence of Araucania.

**T**HE first white man known to have penetrated into the interior of Chili was a Spaniard, who, for some crime committed in Cusco, had been punished, disgraced, and disfigured by having both ears cut from his head, and who fled across the Andes to hide himself from his fellow-men.

Prior to this the country—afterwards called Chili on account of the cold rains in the winter months, and the cool winds during summer—was divided by the primitive inhabitants into three small kingdoms. The first of these, extending along the mountains, and including a portion of

Argentine, was called *Pehuenche*, dwellers in the east; the second was called *Morache*, dwellers in the west; and the third was called *Hilliche*, dwellers in the south; the names of all arising, no doubt, from location with reference to certain objects.

So far as known, these people all spoke the same language, had the same manners and customs, had similar governments, were bound together by kindred ties, but were independent from each other as nations.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, Cusci, Guascar's successor, sought to further subjugate these people, in accordance with the long-standing desire of his nation. A great army of tried and experienced warriors, who were assembled at Cusco, the capital of ancient Peru, soon took up the line of march. They successfully crossed the mountains and entered the country; but, in giving battle with the people of *Hilliche*, the dwellers in the south, whither Yupranqui, the Inca, sought to carry his conquests, the Peruvians met with terrible resistance. After a great battle that lasted for several days, in which there was much destruction of life, and during which time both armies subsisted on their slain, the Inca ordered hostilities to cease. Whether the people *Hilliche* were afterwards overthrown, or became willing subjects of the Incas, I cannot safely say, as history seems to

be conflicting and indefinite. However, when Governor Don Diego de Almagro became dissatisfied with his portion of the spoils after the devilish conquest of Cusco, and pushed on to the discovery and subjugation of Chili, already famous for gold, it appears that all these chieftainries were paying annuities in gold to Peru.

This was nearly eighty years later, in 1535, and Almagro, with an army of less than six hundred Spaniards and fifteen thousand Peruvians, was the second European to visit this country. When he reached Copiapo, so fatiguing and dreadful had been the mountainous journey that more than one hundred and forty of his Spanish comrades and over ten thousand of his Indian auxiliaries had died. Here Diego called a halt, and, in order to revive the drooping spirits of his fellow-soldiers from Spain, distributed among them a million of dollars' worth of gold, which he forcibly took from the poor Copiapinos.

Almagro and his Spanish troops were treated with great respect, and honored as superior personages. He might have easily conquered the whole of Chili; but, inflated with success and great expectations, he became reckless, inflicted upon the people the most wanton cruelties and shameful inhumanities, until the natives arose in every direction to give him battle.



Finally, after having overcome all obstacles in the north, he advanced to the Cachapoal river, across which was the territory of the desperate dwellers in the south. His army, reduced, disappointed in not finding great quantities of gold, weary and discouraged, besought him to give up further conquests.

Their entreaties were in vain. Almagro, dashing across the river, was met in desperate battle. The natives, overcoming the awe and terror from beholding gaily equipped horses and hearing the loud reports of the muskets, fought with daring and generalship entirely unexpected. Under cover of the night the Spanish general withdrew from the battle-field and commenced a retreat to Peru. He was afterwards overthrown and beheaded. His Spanish followers became desperate outlaws, and lived reckless, daring lives.

A year or two later, in 1540, Peter Valdivia, under direction of the wicked Pizarro, again undertook the subjugation of Chili. Without sustaining serious loss or meeting great resistance, he advanced as far as the river Atapochia, where, February 12, 1541, he founded the capital city and gave it its present name of Santiago, in honor of St. James, the patron saint of Spain.

Valdivia was cool, self-possessed, courageous, prudent, and by great effort and soldierly exam-

ple succeeded in again subjugating all Northern Chili—and this, too, not more by his powder and balls, than by his having, in some manner, gained the confidence of the natives.

After nine years of toil, during which time he returned to Peru for a new army, he pushed southward as far as the Bay of Talcahuano, where, in October, 1550, he founded the city of Concepcion. Here he soon afterwards met with most serious opposition; for a band of the dwellers in the south, known as Araucanians, to the number of several thousand, advanced across the Bio Bio river and prepared to attack the town. The over-confident Spaniards met them on the plain, where a great battle ensued. Hundreds fell on both sides. Valdivia's horse was killed from under him, and so close was the hand-to-hand encounter that the Spanish troops were often thrown into great confusion, from which they barely recovered.

The Indian leader, however, after the battle had been waging for hours with doubtful results, was slain, and the Araucanians, to the great relief of Valdivia, withdrew—not to remain in quiet, for, appointing a new chief, they soon again appeared ready for battle. Great was the confusion of the Spaniards. Some fled to the waters, others to the forts; some prayed aloud, some of the feeble fainted, and the soldiers prepared themselves for

battle by taking the sacrament of bread and water.

Onward marched the Indians, and Valdivia determined to give battle unto death. But all at once the Araucanians withdrew, without any one, being able to comprehend the object of such a movement. But a soldier, declaring that he had seen St. James seated upon a white palfry, the delivery was attributed by many to divine interposition.

Two years later Valdivia, at the head of an army, marched into the Araucanians' territory without meeting any great resistance, and founded the city of Valdivia and La Villa Rica—the rich city. In 1553 he founded four other cities. But the Araucanians, in the meantime, had elected a chief to supersede their cowardly leader, and soon appeared before a newly erected fort, Arauco. So closely did they besiege it that the occupants, exhausted, concluded to abandon the post, after which the Indians razed it to the ground.

Valdivia again went forth in person to give battle—met the Indians near the reduced fort and engaged them in a desperate encounter. After many hours of hard fighting the Araucanians fled and the now bloodthirsty Spaniards followed in close pursuit; but, at this juncture, a young Indian boy whom Valdivia had captured and reared as his

servant, named Lautaro, rushed among his fleeing countrymen and exhorted them to once more stand and give battle, assuring them that the troops under his deserted master were spent, exhausted completely, but few in number, and that one final effort would overthrow them. His efforts were availing, after much entreaty, and the Indians, rallying, fell upon the Spaniards. Great was the carnage. Valdivia was captured, and though he plead for his life and made many promises to leave the country forever, with all his followers, if only released, he was put to death. Only one or two out of his proud army were left to tell the tale.

The youthful Lautaro, a lad of only eighteen summers, was, by the unanimous consent of a council of wise men assembled, elected to share the honors of assistant ruler-in-chief of the Araucanian nation. The honors were well conferred; for this boy chief, with lofty aspirations, at once commenced a series of manœuvres, the outcome of which, as he planned it, was nothing short of ridding the whole land of Chili of her Spanish invaders. He met Valdivia's successor, and in fearful battle, with six pieces of artillery mowing down his brave men, with the musketry and fierce horsemen to contend with, he displayed such generalship as to outwit the Spaniards and put them to rout with fearful slaughter, so that none were

left but their leader and a handful of men. He appeared before Concepcion, burned it to the ground, and feasted over its smoking ruins. Emboldened by his success, he formed a plan of striking a deathblow by attacking the great Spanish stronghold at Santiago.

With this end in view, he marched at the head of a selected army toward the capital city. On the way he passed through the country of the Purumancians, a tribe of Indians who were the enemy of his nation, reduced them by laying waste their territory, burning their villages and destroying their crops. For this, however, he suffered defeat and death; for, instead of pushing on to the attack of Santiago, he fortified himself on his enemies' stronghold and prepared to reconnoiter. This was his fatal blunder.

The Spaniards were no less astonished at this bold adventure than they were tremulous as to the result. The Governor, who, as Valdivia's successor, had met this Lautaro, and suffered such signal defeat at his hands, well knew that the task before him needed all his cunning, as well as the combined strength of his forces. The city was at once fortified, and all the public roads and avenues of approach doubly secured. Then, as Lautaro did not appear, a company of horsemen were sent to reconnoiter. These were attacked and almost de-

stroyed. A second detachment suffered the same fate; for, allowing themselves to be led into the Indians' intrenchments through a decoy that pretended flight, they were cut to pieces. Still a third army shared the same fate.

The Governor, Villa Grau, now determined to conduct the war in person, for which purpose he selected an army of twelve hundred men, and set out for Lautaro's camp. Through the aid of a spy he reached it without being detected, and as the day dawned, and the watchful Araucanians had ceased their vigilance, he made the attack. The surprise was very great, and Lautaro, at the head of his men, was the first to fall. But the Indians, undaunted, continued to fight. They courted death. In vain did the Governor call upon them to surrender. They would not survive the death of their cherished boy-leader, and crowding around his bleeding body, they fought desperately until the last man was dead or dying. Not one remained.

This boy-general, an unlearned barbarian, displayed such rare skill in his military exploits that even his enemies sought to honor his memory, and some have lauded him as one of the foremost commanders of antiquity.

After this battle the Marquis of Canete was sent from Peru to rebuild the city of Concepcion.

Scarcely had he landed when the Araucanians, again assuming the aggressive, gave battle; but, wanting the generalship of Lautaro, they were defeated. Canete, with a superior army, soon took up the march into the Indians' territory. Everything that came within his reach was destroyed. Some prisoners falling into his hands, he mutilated terribly and set them free. Some were emasculated; some had their ears, some their noses, some a hand, severed from their bodies. Others had their eyes put out; but these cruelties, instead of intimidating the natives, only incited them to greater hatred.

When Canete reached the City of Imperial, which had withstood the Araucanians, an attempt was made to capture the town and his army by stratagem. A pretender had met an Indian spy who was appointed to find out the secrets of the fort, and agreed to admit the Araucanian warriors through the gates the following day at noon, when he claimed the Spaniards would all be enjoying their naps. The appointed time found the natives with noiseless tread creeping into the town; the gates were opened as agreed upon; the Spanish soldiers were everywhere lying upon the ground feigning slumber. When a large number of the Indians were well within the fort the gates suddenly closed. A murderous fire at once commenced from

the pretended sleepers, and none of the captives escaped. Some who were taken alive had their heads severed from their bodies and displayed on tops of poles extending over the fort. Others were killed by piecemeal, and still others blown to pieces from the cannon's mouth.

In a battle that followed soon after, Caupolican, the Araucanian general—for such he was—with a host of warriors were defeated, and he himself taken prisoner. He was instructed in the religion of Rome, baptized, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and sentenced to be killed with a sharpened stake. His successor had various encounters with the Spanish for six years, when he was slain and his army nearly all massacred. Thirty years of warfare followed, without any decided results.

A nephew of the founder of the Jesuitical order was, in 1594, made Governor of Concepcion. His name was Senor D Martin de Loyola. His first thought was to establish friendly relations with the invincible Araucanians, and to this end he met them in council. No terms, however, were agreed upon, and hostilities were renewed with great vigor.

Martin gave his attention to the founding of new settlements, and to the improvement of the old. Every post was so well fortified that they successfully baffled the attacks of Indians. For four



years the progress of the colonies and settlements was all that could be desired. The Governor was here, there and everywhere. His success caused him to be incautious; and, becoming emboldened, he, on one of his journeys through the enemy's country, camped on the open plain, without necessary precautions against attacks. The bold Araucanians, ever on the alert, had been stealing silently in his footsteps all day.

No sooner had Loyola and his band retired for the night than the Indians, falling upon them, massacred the whole number. This was a signal for a general attack—a bold stroke—whereby it was hoped the Spaniards might be driven from the country. Concepcion and Chillan were plundered and burned. With immense booty for supplies, other places were besieged and in turn were either abandoned or overthrown. The battle was for life. In vain did the Spaniards redouble their energies. In vain were their musketry, their horses, their cannons. In vain were their barbarous cruelties to captives. In vain were their superior knowledge of the arts of war and their civilization. One hundred and eighty years of warfare—it had lasted that long—was not enough to conquer and subdue those invincible Indians. One hundred and eighty years! No, nor a thousand; for nothing would ever have conquered such hero-

ic spirits but complete extermination. Their only crime was their zeal; their only fault a love for their country. Finally, the Spaniards, tired of so much warfare, vexed and chagrined at their losses and continued embarrassments, allowed judgment and humanity to prevail, and granted unto the Araucanians their independence; and in a treaty, fixed and defined the boundaries of their territory. This was in 1724—one hundred and eighty-nine years after Almagro undertook the conquest of Chili.

## CHAPTER III.

The Darkness of the Colonial Days—Spanish Intolerance and Bigotry Deeply Rooted in all the Colonies—Communication with the World Forbidden—A Governor Condemned to Death for Allowing an American Vessel to Anchor and make Needed Repairs—An English Captain Decoyed on Shore, and Murdered for his Rich Cargo, by an Official of High Rank—Religious Intolerance—The Important Ecclesiastical Question of Bangs Worn by the Clergy—Five Years of Legislation upon the Importance of the President's Dress upon Great Occasions.

**I**T is almost impossible to imagine the condition of darkness that existed in this country prior to the independence from the mother country, Spain. Instead of what we see to day of advancement, of education, of commerce, of culture, of freedom of thought and overflow of literature, there was an undeveloped population of less than three-fourths of a million of as ignorant and superstitious people as any Spanish monarch and his court of advisers could desire. In the early part of the nineteenth century, not a newspaper, not a book had ever been published in all the land. The same spirit of intolerance and bigotry that had characterized Spain since the days of Charles V.—that spirit that had sent an Alva, a

Don John of Austria, and a Prince of Parma, with an army of butchers, into the Netherlands to hang, burn, drown and skin alive a half million of innocent people whose only crime was a desire to think as they pleased, and to worship a living God instead of bowing to dumb idols—had taken deep root in all of the Spanish colonies in America. All the ports were closed against vessels of every description, excepting the war boats from Spain. Ignorance and vice reigned in triumph. There were no schools; there was no freedom, no communication with the outside world—nothing, excepting a few thousand mestizoes and creoles, whose only duty was to be obedient and give a liberal supply of gold and silver to the “mother country.”

Any attempt to communicate or traffic with foreign nations met with severe punishment. During the latter portion of the eighteenth century an American vessel sought refuge in one of the Chilian ports, in order to make some needed repairs and secure a supply of fresh water. Communication was most difficult; but when their wants were made known, the Captain,\* with four men, was permitted to land, under the most exact inspection and the guns of the battery—the governor of the port having satisfied himself that they had nothing for trade,

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\*From a lecture on “Constitutional History of Chili,” by Rev. Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso.

and having taken every precaution that they might not ascertain the condition of the country. For having practiced even this small act of humanity, the governor was arraigned by Ambrose O'Higgins, father of the great patriot of later years, and the crown lawyer condemned him to death. Shortly after this, two other American vessels entered the harbor of Coquimbo, seeking nothing but supplies for the crews; but they were ordered to leave without being allowed any succor whatever. Still a few years later, an English captain, emboldened by the prospect of great gain, anchored his vessel in a Chilian port with a cargo valued at \$400,000. He succeeded in selling a few thousand dollars' worth, when it was suggested to him by some tradesmen that he could do better in a port farther south. Sailing thither, he was met by a government official of high rank, who invited the unsuspecting captain and his officers on shore to attend a feast given in their honor. While seated at the supper-table, they were set upon by a band of solders and all murdered, the rich cargo being divided among the captors.

“Incidentally it follows, from what has just been said, that dissent from the Roman Church was not to be permitted or even for a moment thought of. Infidel opinions, or even heterodox Christian views, were maligned, outlawed, branded as intolerable,

excluded by the severest edicts, and put under the ban civilly as well as ecclesiastically. In this, as well as in almost all things else, the will of the King's majesty was made supreme. All were to obey his mandates, and against his decrees no individual rights could be asserted.

“To give an idea,” continues the same author, Mr. Trumbull, “of the scholarship of the Church, a celebrated bishop in the capital once published, in a formal treatise of thirty-six folio pages, double columns, his views on the magnitudinous question of hair worn by the clergy. The fashion of ‘the world’ was to wear what were then called in Spanish, *quedejas*, corresponding to a modern term, *mel-anas*, answering, apparently, from the description, to our present English word ‘fringes’ or ‘bangs.’ Such importance was attached to this matter, that another bishop in Lima had alleged that his clergy were imitating women; he also complained that they parted their hair down the middle; and frowning upon both forms of wickedness, first forbade presbyters to use *quedejas*, under pain of the greater excommunication, and next, deacons and sub-deacons, under penalty of ten days’ imprisonment, with a warning that they must expect no further ordination to higher grades of the priesthood, since, by these gaities in imitating women’s fashions, they showed themselves unworthy of advancement; and,

inasmuch as they manifested the wish to be taken for women, they therefore ought to be treated as such in exclusion from the ministry.

“Returning now to Chili, the prelate of Santiago spoke to the following effect on this crowning theme: ‘Some people,’ said he, ‘have their hair divided into two locks, *madejas*, falling over their ears—*quedejas*, we call them. Some frizzle them, some curl them. Women raise on the forehead an elevation which, I know not with what allusion, they call *pepino*—a cucumber—and this adornment the clergy imitate, allowing their locks to grow over the eyes in a frizzle, which they thrust aside or arrange with the fingers a thousand times a day, calling them *pedradas*—flings. To escape this trouble some go to the barber, who, heating small tongs, called curling-irons, secures the tufts in their places. This devilish abuse has come into vogue among ecclesiastics. My clergy, however, with a little effort on my part, have been thoroughly reformed, for the people of Chili are modest by nature. If those who come to be ordained have not taken the precaution to reform their hair, I myself save the barber all trouble by making the work of tonsure thorough. There is in this city a young man, well-born, rich, known to be virtuous, but intensely ill-favored, and yet he is so superstitiously in love with his hair that his locks, *quedejas*, being spread over his ill-

avored countenance, produce, not the portrait of a fury, but the original of one. He uses the clerical habit, desiring much to be ordained, but the fear of the bishop's shears keeps him back. He has sought to secure indemnity for his hair. A gentleman, his relative, spoke to me at a period of ordination, earnestly asking me to ordain him and allow him to preserve his hair; yet I did not care to consent to the arrangement, and to this hour he has neither been ordained, nor laid aside his clerical habit, nor reformed his curls.' "

This may give an idea of the matters with which theologians in the colonial period sometimes, to say the least, busied themselves and were occupied. In order now to take a glance at political matters in those early days, here is a question that for five years occupied the attention of civilians. The "President of the Kingdom of Chili," as sometimes even then he was styled, in 1710 had attended service in a church, in honor of San Ignacia, in company with the grand *Audiencia*, a council, wearing only his military uniform. This gave offence to the councilors, who claimed that he ought to come with them to the church, not in uniform, but *en gotilla*, which meant with a lace ruff around his throat, used in high dress. The punctilious question was appealed to Madrid, laid before the Council of the Indies and his Spanish majesty, and, after fifteen



months' time had elapsed, the reply of the most Christian monarch came, to the effect that the President might do just as he pleased, appearing on all warlike occasions in uniform, but on other occasions in the costume of either a soldier or a citizen. With this the *Audencia* were not satisfied, but sent back to Madrid another epistle, asking finally, if the President were not commanded on grand occasions to appear wearing the ruff about his throat, that the King would give orders for them not to keep his company. Three years later still, came the King's final reply, to the effect that the President might attend all public ceremonies in his uniform, and that this order must be carried out under peril of the royal displeasure, and of severity to be used against any one who should dare to resist.

All this may seem very trifling and not worthy to be recorded, but if the reader will remember that it is the history, and that, too, of some of the most important measures of a colony destined in after years to become the foremost nation on a great continent, he will readily see that this short chapter will serve as an index to the civilization, not only of the long centuries of colonial days of Chili, but of all the American colonies belonging to Spain.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Usurpation of the Spanish Throne by the French Emperor Napoleon in Consequence of a Civil War—Its Effect upon the Spanish Colonies in America—The Death of the Viceroy of Chili Favorable to Revolution—Arrest of the Leading Rebels—Abdication of the new Viceroy—A Mass Meeting at Santiago Organize a New Government—The First Constitution of the Republic—Bernardo O'Higgins—Patriot Soldiers Overthrown—Battle of Chacabuco—Declaration of Independence—Abdication of O'Higgins—The New Government—No Slaves in Chili—A Poor Constitution—Torrents of Blood—Assassination of President Portales—Order out of Confusion—Rapid Strides of the Republic.

**D**URING the first years of the nineteenth century, the King of Spain, Charles IV., became involved in a bitter quarrel with his natural son and heir, Prince Fernando, in consequence of the elevation of Don Manuel Godoi, a person of inferior rank, to the important position of Prince of Peace and First Minister of Spain and the Indies. The agitation increased till it assumed the form of a civil war. The Emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had long desired to carry his conquests into Spanish territory, seized the opportunity to offer himself as mediator between father and son. He was sly and cunning enough to insinuate him-

self into the good offices of both parties, and, under pretext of reducing Portugal, introduced an army of French soldiers, and placed his brother Joseph upon the Spanish throne.

Scarcely was this usurpation known to the Spanish colonies of America, when they commenced a vigorous uprising against their Spanish viceroys and governors, under the pretext of holding the countries for their natural sovereign, Fernando VII.

The governor or viceroy of Chili, at this juncture having been removed by death, General Carrasco, who had distinguished himself as a military officer, was appointed in his stead. This proved to be very favorable to the people; for the *Audiencia*, a local body appointed by the king to watch over the actions of the viceroys, were furious at the appointment, on account of the inferior birth of Carrasco. From the very commencement of his administration he had great trouble with this royal *Audiencia*, and through his inability he soon became entangled in a bitter war of words with the priests, the city governors and the people. In the midst of these dissensions, the revolutionary ideas propagated themselves, almost unperceived and unheeded, until Carrasco, suddenly awaking to a sense of his danger, determined to put an end to these intrigues. On the 25th of May, 1810, he arrested

and imprisoned three of the leading dissenters. This caused intense excitement. A convocation of the leading personages of Valparaiso sent a deputation to the viceroy requesting the prisoners' release, offering to give bonds for their future conduct. After some delay, Carrasco promised compliance; but instead of fulfilling his promise, he secretly ordered the prisoners' removal to the capital city of Peru. When the news of this duplicity reached Valparaiso, it created a furious storm of indignation. The people appealed to the *Audiencia*, who, desiring nothing better than a chance to show their opposition to the despised governor, ordered the prisoners released. This greatly encouraged the revolutionists, who proceeded shortly after to call a national consultation, or mass meeting of the eminent people of the whole country. This meeting took place on the 16th of July, and as a conciliatory measure it was agreed that Carrasco should abdicate in favor of Brigadier Matthew Zambrano, a native of Spain.

The new governor was over eighty years of age, feeble and childish, without influence or power, and soon became a prey to both parties. The revolutionists became more clamorous and bolder than ever, and succeeded a few days later in appointing two young lawyers to help the viceroy shape the affairs of state; then, making a long stride, a con-

vocation of all the people was announced to take place in Santiago, "*in order to secure public tranquillity.*" This meeting took place on the 18th of September, at which it was determined, almost without opposition, to withdraw from the then existing government in Spain, "in order to hold the country," as they declared, "for its lawful monarch." The loyal manifestations, however, for the "lawful monarch" did not prevent the revolutionists from proceeding forthwith, the same day, to organize a Republic, by electing Zambrano temporary president, Joseph Antonia Martines, vice-president, and also by preparing for the election and assembling of a National Congress.

It now became necessary for this germ of a new nation to have a Constitution, and in accordance with the wishes of the people, one Don John Egaña was requested to prepare, and did write out, "A Declaration of the Rights of the People of Chili."

This first Constitution was prepared in the year 1810, but during the following year the author greatly modified it, in accordance with the wishes and instructions of an assembled Congress.

In 1812 an agreement was framed between the provinces of Santiago and Concepcion, and in 1813 a Constitution was formally published by the national government. These all were incipient attempts, not by any means in the highest degree

successful, for while on the one hand there was war waged against the patriots by Spain, the patriots were not harmonious and of one mind among themselves. In fact, their divisions were perfectly lamentable, and their jealousies interminable; proceeding in one instance even to a pitched battle between the troops led by Carrera and those commanded by Bernardo O'Higgins, who was a son of Ambrosia O'Higgins, already mentioned, of the year 1789. The national cause was jeopardized and so weakened that, in 1814, the Spanish general gave them a crushing defeat, altogether routing, scattering and destroying the patriot forces. For four years after that, there was no constitution-making; the national cause seemed to be utterly lost. The best men were in prison in Juan Fernandez, or wandering as fugitives in foreign lands. Some, however, did not lose heart in the good cause. Even those who had been rivals and ruined it, clung to it still with unflinching fidelity, and, finally, with the aid of the La Platte provinces, gathered a new army, crossed the Andes over precipices and through snow, and meeting the King's forces on the plains of Chacabuco, February 12th, 1817, won a victory that put the patriot cause high again in the ascendant. Still the struggle had to be maintained against the Spaniards until the fifth of April, 1818, when the Chilians inflicted on them

defeat that proved final. Then the domination of the Most Christian King was ended, broken to rise no more, and on the *Diez-y-ochó*, 18th of September of that year, the anniversary of the first step that had been taken toward self-government in 1810, the Declaration of Independence, was officially proclaimed to the world. On the 23d of October a new and complete constitution was solemnly signed and sworn to as the organic law of the land. O'Higgins, their successful leader, was in power, almost a dictator, although the country under him was extremely restless and unsettled. Five years afterwards, at the beginning of 1823, Jan. 28th, he in consequence abdicated. Whatever may have been his personal merits, and great, unquestionably, as the public services of this eminent man had been during the war, yet it seems that the best citizens of the time consented to, if they did not demand and insist on, his withdrawal from the presidency. Considering how he had liberated his country, the language he employed in resigning the supreme power he had held for six years, does him great honor. "Believing," said he, "that it may contribute to the tranquility of my country, under present circumstances, that I should lay down the supreme command of the State, and having agreed on this with the people of Santiago assembled, who in the present crisis were all with

whom I could consult, I have come to abdicate, and do abdicate, entrusting the supreme direction of Chili provisionally to *Junta Gubernativa*." He named thereupon, as a triumvirate, Messrs. Ezrazuriz, Infante, and Eizaguirre; and then the government, which had been uni-personal in him, became multi-personal in them. There were three provinces—Concepcion, Coquimbo and Santiago; but the two former provinces being dissatisfied with the triumvirate, General Freire was next named by their three respective plenipotentiaries to be the Supreme Director of the whole country. The point then aimed at being the unification of the provinces, the very first declaration made subsequently was to this effect: "The Chilian State is one and indivisible, directed by one sole government and one sole legislature." Now, again, Don Juan Egafia's erudition, skill and patient labor were brought into requisition; and a convention being called, a more successful attempt ended in the constitution of 1823, which somehow, although the nation accepted it, they never liked. Public power was vested, first, in a Supreme Director; second, in a senate of nine members; third, in a National Chamber, something over fifty members; fourth, in provincial Assemblies, with powers of censure, supervision and local legislation; and fifth and finally, in a Judiciary, comprising a court



of Conciliation, another court of Appeals, and a Supreme Court. Although a benevolent spirit of civic virtue pervaded this constitution, it fell into the error of attempting to govern too much. One most obnoxious clause specified that "every citizen must be a Roman Catholic, unless exempt by special vote of the Legislature." It contained, however, another more valuable clause: "*In Chili there are no slaves; he who treads the soil for one natural day shall be free. Any one engaged in the slave trade may not reside here more than one month, and never can become naturalized.*" All born in the country were Chilians, as well as those born abroad of Chilian parents; foreigners residing here married to *Chilenos*, domicilated according to the laws and exercising a profession or calling; and also foreigners married with foreigners, (after a year's residence) having legal domicile and means of living.

This Constitution, as intimated, did not satisfy, and in 1825 was set aside. General Freire resigned, alleging that it was not possible to govern with a constitution which the people resisted. The Senate opposed him in asking for its abrogation; but a popular uprising in Santiago, July 24, 1825, made Freire Dictator, when he abolished the constitution altogether. A series of ineffectual attempts to reorganize followed, lasting through the

next three years. Reforms were proposed, resolutions were made, a confederation of the provinces was attempted. Some desired more freedom in religion; some, thinking there was too much, desired less; and finally, in 1828, a new constitution was promulgated, in the time of Vice President Pinto, father of the recent President of that name, who said on presenting it to the nation: "The day for consolidating our liberty has arrived. It cannot exist without organic laws. Now we have them. They are not the product of force, but of reason. The times have gone by in which fortune condemned us to blind obedience to unlimited power. The laws among us are now compacts, that rest on the free use of our prerogatives. This Constitution ensures to the holy religion you profess an efficient protection, placing it at the front of all our institutions; while it establishes the most formidable guarantees against the abuse of any authority, against all excess in the use of power. \* \* \*

The provinces will not longer fluctuate between dangerous turbulence and unlimited dependence on the Government."

This Constitution did not, however, give peace; on the contrary, torrents of blood followed in civil war, and then it was rescinded. Its provisions, it was alleged, were ambiguous; the suffrage too widely extended; too frequent elections also were

complained of, and that officials in provinces could too easily resist the supreme Government. All may be summed up in a word: It was felt that a stronger central power must be had to control the nation, maintain justice in it, and develop its strength. Parties took up arms. On the seventeenth of April, 1830, the battle of Lircai was fought, after which the victorious General Prieto was named provincial President of the Republic, and a new code immediately drafted, being still really "that of 1828, with reforms and additions." This is the Constitution promulgated in 1833, under which, from that day till now, the country has made most gratifying progress; not, however, without conflict, for two wasting though unsuccessful civil wars have occurred in the interval—one in '51 and the other in '59—not to mention the attempt at revolution in 1837, when Don Diego Portales, the head of the Cabinet and moving spirit of the administration, lost his life, treacherously assassinated by the soldiery of Valparaiso.

The general sentiment now is that much is due to this energetic, far-seeing, prompt and patriotic citizen. My own impression has been that his methods were arbitrary; but when we remember that he arranged to pay the debts owed to the nations of Europe, that he introduced order into the public offices and courts of law, and that he

brought order out of chaos during those important years between 1830 and '37, which were the formative period of the Republic's life, we cannot go amiss in thinking that he well deserves the esteem in which thousands hold his memory, and the statue that has been erected to his memory, standing to-day in front of the palace of the Moneda in Santiago.

This brings us near to our own time; and I think that it may be fairly judged that an organic law, under which during fifty years a nation has doubled its population, augmented eight-fold its commerce with the world, widened its sphere of individual and associated freedom, maintained well the administration of justice, grown into the respect of the nations of the earth, waged successfully three foreign and put down two civil wars, merits being considered a success, so that to-day it does honor to the forethought, justice and patriotism of those who in 1830 framed it.

## CHAPTER V.

Physical Disabilities—Indian Blood—Lack of Democracy—Evidences of Superiority—Early Impressions Concerning the Country—Good and Bad Manners—The Typical Rich Man—The Effect of Politeness—Untruthfulness—Education of the Ladies—The Middle Classes—The Independent Poor Man—His Condition, Dress and Manner of Living—Washerwomen—The Cause of Poverty—The Number who can Read and Write—Dignified Politicians—Chili an Exception to the other Nations of South America—Murders in Panama—Pernambuco—Obedience to Law—The Cemetery Bill—Interference of Women—Death of a Bishop—The Greatest Nation.

**W**HEN we for a moment consider the physical disabilities alone with which Chili is beset, we can but conclude that it is inhabited by no ordinary people.

In every direction nature has erected barriers almost impassable, thus separating it from all other nations of the world—shutting out the civilization of the enlightened and friendly, and forming a wall of defense against those seeking to do her harm.

The great wilderness of Patagonia is on the south, with its rugged mountains, steep slopes, perpetual rains, and impenetrable forests near the

coast; while farther up in the Cordilleras, piercing blasts sweep almost incessantly, and snow, sleet and rain prevail during the entire year.

On the north is the rainless, lifeless desert, known as Atacama, whose long stretch of barren, sandy plains, with the heat of an almost tropical clime, render penetration an impossibility. On the east are the snow-capped Andes, which can be crossed only in summer months, and that, too, by mountain passes of perilous heights. And on the west are the great wastes of the Pacific Ocean, whose thoroughfares were long far remote from those of the civilized world.

Besides being thus excluded from the civilizing influences of the world, Chili inherited at her birth a condition of religious darkness, of itself a usurper of power, an enemy to progression, and a breeder of dissensions and immoralities. The independent nation of Araucanian Indians have, by intermarriage, disseminated their blood, as well as their slovenly habits, among the lower classes largely throughout the nation. Again, the political constitution deprives the poor and ignorant of the right of suffrage, making it the least democratic of all the republics in the world. But, notwithstanding all these unfavorable conditions, while other neighboring nations of kindred race, far more favored in their natural surroundings, have languished in

darkness, Chili, gradually overcoming the obstacles besetting her, has gained for herself no mean distinction of being the foremost and most enlightened nation in all South America. School-houses for the education of the masses are supported in every town and village. The printing press is an educator, doing its work without molestation or interference, and railroad and telegraphic communications connect all the principal seaports and cities.

Before I took up my abode among these people I received an impression that the Chilians were about half civilized, wretched fellows, poorly dressed, with no refinement, and but little education. This impression was very incorrect, and again, correct; for there is such a variety of character in this land, and so many conditions of existence, that they are both civilized and uncivilized; they are educated and uneducated; they are polite and impolite; they are well dressed and poorly dressed; they are very rich and very poor; in fact, they are anything, they are everything, they are nothing. They live in beautiful houses, grandly and richly furnished with everything convenient and luxurious, or they live in dirt hovels, and eat clams, fish and boiled beans for a principal diet. But running through all classes of society is to be seen one national characteristic—a quick, sensational, emotional nature, that makes the Chilino soldier a dreadful foe, and the Chilino



TYPICAL CHILIANS OF THE BETTER CLASS.





gentleman an enthusiastic supporter of what he deems right.

The typical rich man, young and old, dresses every day in beautiful costume; his clothes are never soiled or threadbare in the least; his hair is always neatly combed; his shirt-cuffs, beautiful and white, extend just so far down on his hand to exactness. He studies politeness and perfection of manners; he will hold his slender cane daintily in his hand, tip his silk hat, bow gracefully and low, and give you a hearty shake of the hand as often as he meets you. If you call on him, he will assure you that everything he has is yours—his house, himself, and family and servants are all at your disposal. His wife, often beautiful, and always beautifully dressed, will smile through two or three coats of paint, and assure you that in meeting you she is happier than ever before.

And still many of these people are very impolite. They will often criticise you in your absence; and a gentleman, at a public dinner, in your own parlor, or wherever you chance to meet, will puff tobacco smoke in your wife's face by the hour.

The great politeness of the rich has two noticeable effects upon the nation: First, it induces all the middle and lower classes to be polite also, and to carry with them a certain polish that is pleasing and commendable. The servants are very polite;

and the commonest, poorest, dirtiest boy or girl, half-clad, who carries on his head a basket of fruit, and bawls, in a painful monotone, "*Quiere comprar duraznos?*"—"Do you want to buy some peaches?"—would not think of entering the hall or open court of your house without removing the load from his head and making a graceful bow. And again, these lower classes are very vulgar. They do not hesitate, if curiosity is at all aroused, to peer into your parlor windows, flattening their noses against the glass and staring at you in a very interesting but distressing manner; and they do not hesitate to attend to nature's calls, committing shameful outrages in the streets, often disgracefully exposing themselves to the eyes of the refined and cultured passer-by.

The second effect is, the people as a whole learn to have but little regard for truth. They do not seem to consider lying harmful, but regard it in the light of innocent amusement. Call an American a liar, and you offer him the greatest insult; call a *Chilino* a liar, and he merely shrugs his shoulders, as though it were of minor importance. I have met many ladies and gentlemen of culture, who are exceptions to this rule, but they are decidedly *exceptions*, and the rule holds well.

Perhaps this condition of untruthfulness is not entirely attributable to the over-politeness of the

rich, but it certainly is founded there. The desire to please and appear to be pleased leads to so much flattery that truth thereby is ignored. A gain, the whole fabric of social life is so constructed as to augment these conditions. The ladies have completed their education when they have become proficient in music and fancy-work, and know how to read and write well. History, literature, mathematics and the sciences form no part of their mental make-up. Their reading generally consists of sensational novels; and, as they are not educated to assume any great responsibility in the household or nursery, life is relieved of the wholesome joys derived from labor, and thus becomes monotonous. As the mind must have occupation, it seeks it in the lower channels of social gossip. So it happens that the fair lady who is so seemingly delighted in your presence will measure you, not so much by the amount of your brain as by the condition of your finger-nails; should these be out of order, be assured that, when you are gone, you will be a subject of remark with the next neighbor, and will not be pronounced genteel.

The typical man occupying a lower social condition is very like his neighbor in higher life. He may have nothing in his home, but still, in his manner and as far as possible in his dress, he is like the rich man.

But the poor man of Chili is an entirely different being, with a different individuality, peculiar to himself. He has no relations with his rich neighbor other than to serve him and regard him as a great personage. He makes no attempt to ape him in dress; on the contrary, he wears a slouch hat, a pair of dirty pants rolled up at the bottom, and something that might be called a shirt. If the weather is warm, he is bare-footed; if cold, and he can afford them, he clatters around in a pair of clogs with wood soles an inch thick; if he cannot afford them, he goes with bare feet winter and summer. In winter he wears a heavy blanket over his shoulders, with a slit in the middle through which he puts his head.

His wants are very few; he is content to live in a dirt hovel, with earthen floor, but little light, and in a condition of misery and filth that invites disease and death. His furniture consists of a broken chair, a box, a rude bed, and his wife prepares his meals over a kettle of coals in their one room.

The typical poor man in Chili is patient, slow and slovenly. He brings up his sons and daughters without education, and they have no more hopeful outlook than to go to service in the rich man's house. Happy indeed is the young rustic who can become servant to a gentleman who pays him the meager salary of eight dollars per month,

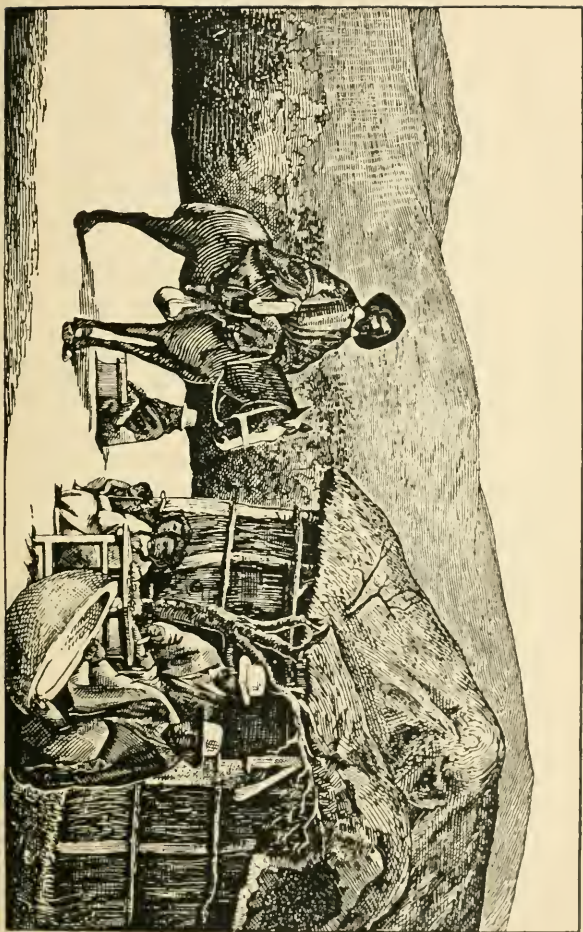


Photo. by Diez y Spencer, Santiago.

THE POOR MAN AND HIS HOME.



and his food from the refuse of the table. The daughter can go to service as cook at a salary ranging from three dollars to ten dollars per month, or as chambermaid or body-servant at less rates. The wife will carry around on her head a basket of fruit, which she peddles from door to door, or, seeking some favorite street corner, patiently awaits her customers, content with a profit of a few pennies for each day's labor.

Women may seek other avocations. They may, perhaps, if the husband or father has had sufficient frugalty, drive for him his yoke of oxen hitched by the head to a lumbering cart, and sell for him wood prepared for the stove, or the farm produce.

But the greatest of all drudgery is borne by the poor washer-woman. How they live God alone knows. It makes the tender heart bleed to see these humble creatures, with a poor excuse for a dress pinned high around the waist, standing ankle deep in the cold water of the rivers, pounding the dirt from the clothes. Water is never heated in Chili for washing purposes; neither is soap used extensively. The woman or young girl with a large bundle of clothes on her head to be cleansed, seeks a favored spot on the banks of a running stream where there is a projecting rock, and there, standing in water almost ice cold, she moistens the garments one at a time, and laying them upon the rock



pounds the dirt from them with a club or wooden paddle. I never saw whiter linen than is found in Chili; and for a while it was a mystery, until I learned that from three to four days are required to do an ordinary family washing. The clothes are wet and pounded and bleached, over and over, again and again, until they are not only clean, but clear and white. I have seen these poor women during the cold winter months, when the chilly, penetrating rains would drench their garments through, and when I was compelled to dress in flannels and overcoat, standing with feet and ankles bare in the cold stream, six or seven hours every day in the week. Still, they seem to be contented with their lot.

The condition of the poor is terrible. Everything is comparatively expensive but muscle, which is of but little value. A suit of clothes for a man costs from forty-five to one hundred dollars. A pair of shoes are worth from six to fifteen dollars, and breadstuff is very high—far beyond the means of the ordinary laborer, compelling him to live on the coarsest and plainest of food.

Besides this condition of poverty, a large portion of the people can neither read nor write. According to the last census there were 382,575 persons who could read, 415,893 who could read and write,

and 1,177,502 who could do neither. The latter are all of the poorer classes.

This, however, is no fault of the General Government. The appropriation made by Congress, in the year 1882, for educational purposes, amounted to almost one and a half million of dollars, or about seventy-five cents for every man, woman and child in the nation. There are also public libraries, and many schools established purposely for the poor. The Government is even making arrangements whereby education can be brought within reach of a large body of the Araucanian Indians occupying the beautiful territory bearing their name.

Nor is it, in my judgment, any fault of Government that the poor people are in such a deplorable condition of poverty and distress. All kinds of farm produce bring extravagant prices: a good fat pig is worth from thirty to fifty dollars; eggs are never worth less than forty cents a dozen; butter is always worth fifty cents a pound—and these prices do not change materially.

I have no theory that would account for the poverty of the poor, other than it is due to their natural indolence; they seem to be, as a rule, contented, and to desire nothing better. In fact, I strongly suspect that they have inherited much of the Indian's characteristics of slovenliness and indisposi-

tion to work, and that they are therefore contented to live a miserable hand-to-mouth existence.

This theory is well supported by the fact that in times of war the Chilina soldier—who, excepting the officers, is always of the lower class—is as inflammable as tinder. The great army is composed of the very lowest scum of society; but their quick resolution, their fearless determination, make them terrible in times of battle. In the war with Peru and Bolivia, everything was carried by storm at the point of the bayonet, in a hand-to-hand encounter. Who could resist them? What body of men could stand before them?

The typical Chilina politician is always a man of dignity and wealth, and I believe, as a rule, is tolerably free from the intrigue and rascality so common in those seeking office.

So much cannot be said of all South American countries. Personal observations made in the United States of Colombia lead me to believe that the average politician of that republic is a man of no great moral character. All society is in a terrible condition; marriage laws are disregarded, and a system of concubinage seems to be in vogue. A man who has a little money lives almost beyond the control of any law the legislative body may enact. In Panama, in the year 1882, a woman, somewhat noted for her beauty, quit her lawful

husband and took up her abode with a rich neighbor, living as his wife. In a short time, however, she repented and returned to her first love; whereupon the rich neighbor employed a "native," *for the sum of two dollars*, to murder the favored husband. It was to be no half-way affair, as the contract required the head to be entirely severed from the body. The "native" did not seek to cover his crime by the darkness of night, but went at it, business-like, in the day time. He called upon his victim, ate breakfast with him, invited him into the front yard, slew him, cut off his head, and killed another man who tried to interfere. The murderer was arrested, but upon the payment of thirty-seven dollars to the government officials by his employer, he was set at liberty and stood ready for another job.

In Peru, law apparently has only been obeyed when it has suited the convenience of the rich man to obey it. In fact, the average citizen of that ill-fated country seems only to have lived to plunder his government. "As rich as Peru," has become an adage; but, while it is immensely rich in natural resources, it is also very rich in rottenness.

In Pernambuco, Brazil, in the year 1883, the leading daily newspaper criticised the police of that town very severely for taking a well-dressed man a prisoner and marching him through the streets. The complaint was that the man was

dressed as a gentleman, and that such treatment belonged only to the lower classes.

But the Chilina politician, being a thorough patriot, enacts only such laws as he hopes will be obeyed and as he believes will be for the welfare of the Republic.

After the famous cemetery bill, compelling the authorities (the priests had always had charge of the cemeteries, and collected a death tax of eight dollars on every person who died, but refused Protestants the right of burial) to permit the burial of Protestants in public cemeteries. had passed both houses of Congress and was awaiting the signature of the President to become a law, that gentleman was visited by a delegation of three hundred of the wealthiest, most influential ladies in the state, requesting him to veto the bill.

They were the wives of senators and churchmen of great standing, and the reported value of the jewels they wore upon the occasion was a million of dollars. The President received them with great courtesy, but the bill was duly signed and became a law.

Of such importance was this cemetery bill, that upon its passage being heralded over the land, the Bishop of Concepcion, the most influential Jesuit in all South America, and a man of powerful physique, fell dead from the shock. The wealthy Cath-

olies, moreover, commenced a wholesale removal of their dead, to bury them in churches, and in private houses, but were stopped short by the prompt enactment of another law making it a crime to remove the dead without sufficient cause.

This political energy and discriminating wisdom has made of Chili the most intelligent nation in all South America. Small, but wonderfully energetic, she is, one by one, lopping off the dead limbs of superstition and ignorance inherited at her birth, and is marching forward with rapid strides to write her name high among the list of civilized nations in the world.

## CHAPTER VI.

Gold Horseshoes — Rich Wheatfields — Araucanians — Large Women—A Wonderful Miracle—Pehuenches, Llanistas, Castinos—A Visit to the Llanistas—A Chief and our Reception—Skulls for Drinking Vessels—Fighting in the Clouds—A Spirit Volcano—Bumblebee Heaven—A Present—Resurrection of the Dead—Child-birth—Early Education—The Devil as a School Master—Public Speakers—Witchcraft and Witch Doctors—Great Surgical Operation—Sleight of Hand—Big Medicine Men—House Raising and Feasting—Foot Ball—Justice—The Blood of the Lamb and its Signification.

**W**HEN Valdivia desired to recruit his army, while attempting to overthrow the dusky Araucanians, he shod his favorite mare with shoes made of pure gold, driven on with headless nails, and appeared thus before the Peruvians. The next day, while racing for a high wager against a horse owned by one of the princes of the country, the golden shoes, as Valdivia expected, were left on the race course. When the common people gathered them up and took them to their owner, expecting to be handsomely rewarded, he said: "Keep them, my countrymen; in the land of Chili, whither I shall soon return, riches are to be had for the gathering. There gold and silver are but

little valued; here they will serve to make you comfortable." A great army accompanied him on his return.

Winding around the Bio-Bio, and emerging into the great plain of the Veragara river, I was led to believe that Valdivia's statement was almost the truth—"Riches are to be had for the gathering." As far as the eye could reach were great fields of grain. Such grain! Golden fields of ripened wheat were being harvested that would yield from thirty to forty bushels per acre. The land is immensely rich, and but little cultivation is required. Who are those dusky men and maidens that wield the reap-hook, bind the gathered grain into bundles, and pause anon to wipe the gathered sweat from their brows? They are Araucanians. Civilization has conquered them, and they form a great body of plodding, patient laborers, who work for a mere pittance, and help make this a land where riches are gathered easily.

Yes, we are in Araucania. When the Spaniards gave them—the Araucanians—their independence, a great law was enacted by the wise men which punished any Indian with death who would be guilty of selling his lands to the white man. Even thirty years ago any one was considered venturesome to travel in this country. But now it is all owned by men who, if they are not white, would



be greatly insulted to be called anything else, and who are intelligent enough to reap great riches and to have happy homes.

How fat and stalwart those dusky maidens! What broad shoulders, great fat arms, immense bosoms and broad sides! No wonder they can work; no wonder they can bear children as easily as the animals of the forest; no wonder that the wife, when the husband gets drunk and unruly, can take the lash and flog him into submission, as I have often seen done!

But when I look into their faces, and see the sweat streaming down, leaving lines and furrows washed out through the dirt, I am inclined to believe Diegoss' story of the Virgin Mary having thrown dust in their eyes. He solemnly records it as a matter of history, that, during one of the many battles of Concepcion, when the fighting Indians were suddenly reinforced by an addition of forty thousand warriors, and the Spaniards were almost overcome, the Virgin suddenly appeared on a beautiful white horse with fiery nostrils, and ordered the Indians to desist. Awed for a moment by her great beauty and the terrible light of her eyes, they suddenly recovered, determined to take her captive, and complete their work of destruction. But the Virgin, having great compassion for them, did no further harm than to seize a handful of



Photo. by Diez y Spencer, Santiago.

**ARAUCANIAN CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY.**



dust and sprinkle it in their eyes, whereupon they all became blind and fled.

The Araucanians, as they now exist, are divided into three tribes—the Pehuenches, inhabiting the pine groves (Pehuen) of the Andes; the Llanistas, living in the central plain (Llanos); and the Castinos, who have submitted to the Government and form the great body of laborers of whom I have just spoken. The two former tribes are quite warlike, live in entire independence of the government of Chili, and retain many of the customs of the primitive or indigenous people.

Determined to visit the Llanistas, who are said to be the most independent and warlike, in company with three guards, an interpreter and two gentlemen friends, I left the military capital of Angol on horseback, and proceeded southward to their territory. After traveling seven days, much of the time among the wilds, and during which, sundry halts were made for fishing and hunting, we came to an Indian camp.

Before we reached the houses, we were met by a young Indian who had evidently been sent to inquire who we were and where we belonged. Our interpreter assured him that we were friends; that we had written passports from the great white Governor of Concepcion; and that we had come a long way to see the great chief and his people.

The young man told us that we were heartily welcome, and although the chief lived farther down the river, the under-chief, who was himself a man of valor, would be glad to entertain us. He escorted us at once to that worthy's house. A man of powerful frame, an immense head, a low but broad and intelligent brow, met us at the door. When informed who we were, he shook hands with us all around, and bade us enter his dwelling. It was quite roomy, contained three compartments, and was made of logs and mud, and thatched with straw.

As soon as we entered, dressed skins were spread upon the earthen floor for us to sit upon, and the chief introduced his favorite squaw, who placed before us horn cups of cider, taken from an earthen vessel. Before we drank, however, the chief, whose name I never could spell, but which sounded like "*Loamqui*," and which, as we afterwards learned, meant "who is fat," told our interpreter that his squaw would drink first. This, he said, was the custom of his people when anything was placed before a guest to drink; and it went to show that the drink was not poisoned.

The cider, which is called "*chicha*," we all knew well was not unpleasant to the taste; but knowing that the Indians, big, little, old and young, sometimes perform an important part in its manufacture

by taking repeated mouthfuls of grain, chewing it into pulp and spitting it in a large vessel to ferment, we had a delicacy about accepting Loamqui's treat. But our interpreter assured us that we would give great offense if we refused, and himself setting the example, we all drank our horn cup of cider, or all pretended that we drank it; for, observing that none were looking at me, I poured mine on the wooly sheepskin on which I sat.

Loamqui then told us that he had thirteen wives, twenty-one ponies, and a large number of sheep. He said his people were all very happy, as were all the tribe to which he belonged. They had much to eat, were at peace with everybody, and all had good homes. The smallpox had raged among them fearfully, about four years before, and carried off great numbers; but still the Llanistas, he assured us, were a great nation of people.

Some one of our party then told him that we had read with pleasure about the way in which his forefathers had withstood the Spaniards, and that we knew they must be a very great nation of warriors from that fact. The chief seemed greatly pleased, and said something to his favorite squaw, who at once left the room, soon to return with an armful of human skulls. The face part was cut away from each of these, and some of them looked very old, and were worn perfectly smooth.

Loamqui assured us that they were the skulls of men of great rank, who had been slain in battle while fighting his people. Some of them, he said, had been handed down from one generation to another for a long period of time, and were used by the chiefs and wise men for drinking vessels on great occasions. The others had been taken from persons in his own time, and were used also for drinking vessels during all ordinary feasts.

Being anxious to learn all I could about these people, I told our interpreter to ask Loamqui if he were not afraid of some of the slain coming back to reclaim those skulls. He was very certain, he said in reply, that it could not happen; for the Spaniards who died were well entertained in the clouds by fighting the departed Indians.

In reply to the question whether all Indians go to the clouds at death, he said they do not; only the great ones go there —those who have been great warriors and have distinguished themselves in battle. When these departed braves are mad, their friends on earth can always tell it by seeing their anger in the shape of lightning; and when they have a great battle with their enemies, and the enemies are beaten, it is always known by the thunder, which is their cry of distress.

A very great chief, who has led his people through many successful battles, goes to a better place, and

is distinguished by becoming a volcano; when such an one gets mad he always spits out much fire and steam.

When a common Indian dies, he continued to inform us, he at once becomes a bumblebee, which has nothing to do but to wander up and down the earth eating sweet things. The friends of such departed never have a feast but what they put some *chicha*, sugar and other good things upon the grave of the departed, so that the bumblebee into which he has entered can have its share.

After we had been entertained for an hour or more, we told Loamqui that if he would excuse us we would retire, pitch our tent for the night and get our suppers. He assured us that he had sent for a young sheep, and that he could serve us well and with much pleasure. But no amount of persuasion could induce us to accept his hospitality; and after we had made many excuses he seemed satisfied to let us go; but before retiring we made him a present of a new, red blanket and a pair of leggings, to his infinite delight.

On our emerging from the house, to our astonishment our horses were nowhere to be seen, but our man John, the interpreter, said it was all right, the squaws had provided for them, and we had best make no inquiries. It was but a few minutes till our saddles, blankets and tent were all brought to



us, and before we had things in order to cook our supper a young squaw laid at our feet the slain sheep, as a present from the chief.

We had an excellent, refreshing sleep, and in the morning John told us more about the Araucanians' religious belief. Putting his head out the tent door, or entrance way, and observing that it was very cloudy, he said:

"Perhaps now we will have a battle."

"Why, John?"

"Because it is going to rain. If there should be a thunder storm, these Indians would all conclude that a battle is going on in the clouds, and that the Spaniards, or other enemies with whom they are fighting, are crying much, through fear and distress, as the chief said. I have seen whole villages turn out in the rain to cheer the Indians in the cloud-battle."

"But," he continued, "when the storm is clearing away they have one sure sign, which always tells who has won the battle: if the clouds move toward the village, the Indians have been victorious, and there is much rejoicing; if they move from it, they are certain that they have been defeated, and then they are sorrowful."

"Old Loamqui didn't tell us," he went on to say, "that the whole tribe of Castinos believe in the resurrection of the body; but it's a fact, sir.

They believe that the dead pass at once into a happy hunting ground in the far west, where each Indian has a piece of land, and all the wild animals he can slay and eat forever. When one of that tribe dies his favorite horse is slain to accompany him, and all his jewels and other trinkets are buried with him for his use in the happy land. I have known them to put food on a grave every night for weeks, and when the wild animals, such as foxes or wolves, would eat it during the darkness, the friends would feel sure that the departed had eaten it to give him strength on his journey."

John then went on to tell us that all these Indians are very superstitious. Every dream is supposed to mean something, and they confidently look for its fulfillment. The singing of a certain kind of a bird is a bad omen and augurs death. The twitching of the muscles in the left arm also foretells death; and if it should occur en route for the field of battle, the whole army will turn back. If they see a fawn on the left side of the road, it foretells sickness or ill-luck; on the right side, assures long life with plenty to eat and numerous friends.

After a delicious breakfast of savory meat from the lamb supplied by Loamqui, we strolled down the banks of a creek running close by, and there saw a woman, in a secluded spot, washing what we

afterwards learned was a new-born infant. We also learned that a woman in child-birth is compelled to flee to the river or some other place where there is water and seclusion, and there endure her sorrows alone. When she starts on this journey, she flings a stone at the sun, if it is shining, or at the moon or a bright star, if it be in the night time, and says: "May my offspring be as bright as thou art, and may my sufferings be as swift as the flight of this stone."

As soon as the child is born she bathes it and herself in the cold water of the creek, no matter how inclement the weather, and then returns to her home. But instead of finding friends she finds the house deserted—her husband and all the other inmates of the family having gone to a neighboring house. Even the furniture and everything else but a new suit of clothes for the woman, and some skins for her to lie upon have been removed. She is compelled to remain there for eight days alone, when her friends return. The babe is then named, generally after some bird or animal, as Spotted Crow, Big Tiger, or Great Bear; and the whole is attended with much ceremony and feasting.

This, however, is hardly a commencement of the new-comer's career, and his cold bath at the creek upon whose banks he was born is only a hint of what he has to endure. He is firmly bound to a

board, so that he can be conveniently set away in a corner, and his cold bath is continued daily through childhood, without fire and with but a scanty allowance of clothing. In his early boyhood, in order to teach him to endure hardships, he is compelled to eat and sleep out of doors in all kinds of weather, and is never given a mouthful of meat. If the boy should become too fat on his vegetable diet and his life of exposure, the friends at once give him a trial. He is sent on an errand on which he is required to be very fleet; but if he does not run fast enough, he is pursued by swift runners, who prick him with sharp irons to let the blood out, so that he will become lighter and run faster. He is then denied salt, as they believe it is the salt that makes him heavy and fat. If the poor child dies during this terrible exposure, the parent feels sure that he has become a happy bumble-bee, and is much better satisfied than to have him grow up a sickly Araucanian.

But the Indian boy who thrives under such harsh treatment soon commences an education for his appearance in public. Strange that these people should believe in a devil! but they do believe in one, and he becomes their school-teacher, too! I asked Loamqui one day, if he believed the earth had ever been destroyed by water, and he assured me that *Cici*, the great evil one, had caused the sea

to rise over all the earth, as was plain to be seen by the shells and bones found in the high hills and mountains; so I concluded that their belief in the devil was a part of the old tradition of the deluge. When the boy is of proper age, he is taken daily to some dark recess, and there the great evil one teaches him the art of public speaking. This exercise is continued until the boy has grown to be a young man, and has learned how to appear well before an audience, and to entertain them with a fine flow of language.

But the boy's education does not always end with this voice-culture alone; for if he is smart, and can get the consent of the wise men, he can learn how to cure witchcraft, and also how to detect it. All sickness, it is believed, is due to the witches, and when a young man becomes proficient in detecting the witch and the poison she has given to the sick person, he is given the title of "medicine man," and has high honors among all the people.

When a medicine man is called to see a sick person, as we witnessed on our fourth day with Lo-amqui, he converses in a loud, gruff voice for a long time with the devil, calling upon him to know how to cure the sickness. Sometimes the would-be doctor gets instructions to plant a young tree in front of his patient's house; sometimes he holds religious services by rattling a tin can containing

gravel stones over the sick man's body; and sometimes, when the afflicted is rich in squaws and herds, and the medicine man desires a great fee, he performs a wonderful surgical operation. Truly, they have the cunning and sagacity of medical quacks in the United States !

The great surgical operation is attended with much ceremony. The medicine man's attendants beat loudly upon a large drum-like instrument, rattle tin pans and old cast-away buckets, and sing in a fearful monotone, to drive away any lingering witches. The medicine man, meanwhile, bending over the patient, with a blanket covering them both so as to shield them from view, proceeds to remove his—the sick man's—stomach, heart, liver and bowels, in search of the poison given him by the witches. After a long search, he always finds it, and proceeds to show the astonished man and his friends a lizard's tail, which is considered deadly poison, and which he claims he found secreted in some of the vital organs. He calls upon the friends to witness the fact that although he had just cut him open, not a trace of it remains—all being healed perfectly, so that the man is as sound as he was before, and is entirely free from the poison !

No doubt such a ceremony often so stimulates a man that a reaction takes place, and he gets well. But, should the patient die, the doctor always

claims that another witch visited him after the great operation was performed, and caused him to take in re deadly poison.

In case of death, the medicine man is called upon to point out the witch, who is at once killed.

The devil teaches the doctors many skillful tricks in sleight-of-hand, such as changing noses with people, taking out the eyes and vital organs without pain, and of thrusting a sharpened stick clear through the stomach of any individual. The last one is said to be performed in full view of all the people, much to their astonishment and admiration; and any man who has learned to perform it is a complete graduate of the devil's college, and is a great man in all the nation.

The evening of our fourth day among the Llanistas, Loamqui informed us that the next day some of his relatives across the creek were going to build a house; that he was expected to attend, witness the ceremonies, and participate in the feast, and invited us to accompany him.

Accordingly, the next morning, we found our horses awaiting us, which we soon saddled and mounted, and being joined by the chief, started for the scene of house-raising. The ride only occupied about half an hour. On our way over, the chief informed us that every one who attended the feast was expected to contribute something to eat or to



ARAUCANIAN'S HOME.





drink, and, knowing that we did not understand the custom of his people, he had sent over some cider and a small sheep in our name. We thanked him; and one of our party took from his saddle-bags a half dozen strands of large, frosted glass beads, the color of gold, and presented them to him for his kindness. He was more pleased than a child would have been. He held them up to the light, with his face all aglow with satisfaction, then putting them around his neck, he galloped his horse three or four times around us as we proceeded onward, laughing in great glee all the time. During the whole day he never ceased to think of his beads, and display them to his friends. He would talk and laugh about any commonplace matter, and always end by holding his beads out from his neck so that he could look down upon them, and his face would show every expression of gratification.

When we had crossed the creek, we came to a beautiful opening, free from brush and young sapplings, where were situated five small houses, and where the sixth one was to be erected. As soon as we dismounted, some squaws came forward and took charge of our horses. I noticed that three or four sheep were lying bound among some vessels of *chicha*, and some bags of green roasting corn, and that additions were made to these as new guests kept arriving. John assured us that great

ceremony was observed in handing in the donations to the feast; that the squaws in charge of the articles presented would always say: "My master prays you to accept a mere trifle as an offering for this great occasion." And that the squaw who received them would always reply: "How very generous! Indeed, he ought not to have done so, as nothing of the kind was expected."

Presently some squaws commenced digging holes in the ground, near by, and we were informed that the ceremonies had commenced. Two other young squaws seized one of the bound sheep, laid it across a log, and while one held it, the other turned over its head and ran a knife into the large vein behind its ear. The sheep soon bled to death, the blood all being saved for pudding.

When the squaws had finished digging the holes, the cider was passed around and the Indians all drank very freely. In about an hour afterwards some posts protruding far enough above the ground to form the four corners of the house were planted in the holes. After the lapse of another hour or so, cross-pieces were bound firmly to the tops of these posts, and the raising was completed for that day. We were told then by John that it required about a week to complete a house; that the next day they would weave in the small poles for the

walls, on another day put up the rafters, and so on, till it was completed.

Feasting soon commenced; but prior to that we had persuaded John to ask Loamqui and his friends to excuse us—the three Americans—telling him that as we had only visited the great nation of Llanistas to learn their ways, we could not observe so well if our stomachs were filled with wine and meats. In view, perhaps, of the golden beads, and of the readiness with which John and the three guards took hold, we were excused.

When the company were all seated upon the ground, some clams, placed in a wooden trough with a large red pepper upon them, were passed around. Every Indian took a clam, and each one gave the red pepper a suck with his lips and placed it back. This, we were informed, was a token of everlasting friendship.

When the clams had all been eaten, great vessels of cider, kettles of cooked corn, and quantities of raw mutton were placed before them. There is no poetry in being a glutton. Those fellows drank *chicha*, ate corn and raw meat till they were full; then they rested. Ate and drank, and ate again for two hours longer, till nature could stand no more, and most of them were in a heavy, drunken sleep.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, the glutton-

ous, drunken sleep having worn off from most of the young men, they indulged in a game of football. The ball was made of strips of rawhide, covered with many pieces of woolen cloth, so that it would not injure the moccasined foot. So far as I could see, there were no rules regulating the game, and the whole outcome was to see how far and how often each one could kick the ball. They laughed, and yelled, and jostled each other in the scramble for the ball, just as a set of school boys would have done.

When we returned to our tent that night, we learned that some complaint of stealing was to be made to the chief against one of the Indians, and repaired at once to his house. We were all anxious to know what kind of justice would be meted to the offender. Loamqui assured us that we were welcome to hear all that should be said on the subject. In a few minutes two young women entered and told the chief that they had seen a young man steal some skins from their house during their temporary absence. He at once sent for the young man and ordered him to either return the skins or pay their full value. The young man denied taking them, but soon returned with others which the girls accepted as equal value, and the case was dismissed. On inquiry we learned that two witness-

es ordinarily were enough to establish the guilt of a person accused; that if proven guilty of theft, the injured party must always receive full value for the articles stolen; that if the person was not able to pay, his friends must pay for him; and if they were not able to do so, the thief was challenged to deadly combat with any of the friends of the injured party who were most able to do the fighting. If the thief should be successful in slaying his adversary, it was generally accepted as evidence that he was not guilty and that a mistake had been made in accusing him.

It is strange that the blood of a lamb is an emblem of safety with these Indians! Such we were assured is the case. When they go to war, a lamb is killed, and the blood sprinkled upon the arms of the warriors, as a sign that vengeance shall not come upon them. And when they make a treaty of peace the slain lamb is again brought into requisition. Each one of the covenanting parties tastes of the blood and eats of the flesh, to show that what is sealed by the blood of innocence shall not be broken.

The next morning, owing to the expense of our hired horses and guards, we distributed presents to each of Loamqui's wives, gave him a large butcher's knife, and took our leave, feeling greatly

satisfied with our visit, and confirmed in our belief that the Llanistas are a remarkable tribe of Indians.

## CHAPTER VII.

A Wicked King—The Conditions of Birth—Falsehoods—Sabbath-breaking — Prostitutes — Church Services — Image Worship—A Talk in the Church Yard—Crawling to the Cross—Good Effects—Money Making—Church Bells—The People Desire Religion—Blood Money—Belesario Para—Good Friday—"Holy Ghost" in Bad Repute—What Caused Religious Reform—The Burning of a Great Cathedral—3,000 Women Carbonized—The Heavenly Letter Box—Cowardly and Crafty Priests—Their Ruinous Practices—The Confessional in Bad Repute.

**C**HILI was born under a very dark cloud. During a period in the world's history when an ill-conditioned, low-browed, lantern-jawed, ignorant king, with small stature and great pretensions, sat on the Spanish throne and dictated to the rulers of more than half the world; during a period when the Spanish Inquisition was hunting down men, women and children of high and low degree, tearing them upon the rack, burning them at the stake, drowning them in rivers, burying them alive, pinching them to death with red-hot pincers, disemboweling them, stinging them to death with bees after they had been skinned from neck to navel—all in the name of Christ; during a time



when the wicked misrule of the same Spanish monarch had so degraded labor that merchants, mechanics, shop-keepers, and all who acquired wealth by production or traffic of any kind, were degraded and looked upon as dishonorable reptiles; when to cheat, to steal, to lie, to murder were among the greatest privileges of the privileged classes; when to bribe and be bribed, to plunder in all conceivable forms, to barter influence and honor, to sell official interviews and offices of trust, were the common practices of ecclesiastical dignitaries, who had obtained a monopoly of such business—during such a period of corruption and from such ignoble parentage the “Kingdom of Chili” was born.

The child of Spain, it inherited all the folly and corruption of its sire. Its government in all its branches was conducted either by the priests themselves or by parties of their own choosing. Long did the powers of darkness reign. The shackles of Spain were finally thrown off, but the shackles of Rome still bound the little nation with the cords of superstition and violence. A great wall of bigotry and religious intolerance completely shut out the light and benefits of religious freedom for many years. And to-day, notwithstanding the fact that by almost miraculous powers the shackles of Rome have been broken, yet by no means have they been cast aside. The priest is still there; and

the paths of darkness, so long and faithfully trodden, are still plainly visible.

As an evidence that Spain was once there, there are still many families of Spanish origin who are as proud and haughty as any grandee under the reign of Charles V. Having obtained great wealth as well as great ignorance by inheritance, they look upon all artisans and tradesmen as mere feudatory vassals to do their bidding. Consequently labor and the laborer have not the great degree of dignity they deserve. No wealthy man's son would degrade himself by carrying a musket for his country, or by performing any kind of manual labor. The *rotos*, or ragged men, do it all. In the United States—that “blessed home of the free”—the laborer has equal privileges with all men. He may shovel dirt in a rich man's garden, or he may occupy a seat of honor in the presidential chair. But in all South American countries the laborer is not even allowed the privilege of the ballot. The difference is easily explained: the United States was born of Protestant England; South America, of Catholic Spain.

As an evidence of the long and fearful rule of darkness and corruption of Rome, one has only to witness that in Chili to-day truth is almost a stranger. Men, women and children consider it quite legitimate to make misstatements. Even

those who appear most eminently pious are those who will mislead you and deceive you in matters of business. The priests themselves are a set of religious liars. It is not a part of their religion to lie, but their religious sentiment teaches, if it teaches anything, that the blackest kind of a falsehood is a mere hyperbole.

The Sabbath day, instead of being a day of rest, is universally profaned and desecrated by misapplication and diversion from sacred purposes. It is a day of bartering and gaining; a day for great entertainments, such as the theater, the circus, the dance; a day for drunkenness, gambling, fighting, visiting, traveling, horse-racing, seducing, debauching, corrupting, and everything else but what the Great Giver of life intended it.

Another evidence, hinted at in former chapters, that darkness has long had a terrible reign in Chili, is the great number of prostitutes found throughout the land. I admit that this is a very homely fact to record; but I am dealing with facts, and must pen them just as I find them. Among the lower classes, at least, Chili has more prostitutes than any other country I was ever in. But the most noteworthy fact of all is, that, with but few if any exceptions, they are all tried and faithful members of the Romish Church. One-third of all the children in the nation are born out of wed-

lock, many of them sons and daughters of priests, without great stigma or scandal attached either to them or their parents.

Again, to an enlightened mind, the church services are not only very barbarous and disgusting, but sometimes they are revolting. During *Semana Santa*—holy week—in every city, town, village, hamlet and parish, there is exhibited a wax figure, supposed to represent the crucified Saviour, just as they were taking Him from the cross. A death agony is on the face. The head is fallen over lifeless. The spear wound is plainly visible in the side, and the blood seems to be actually dripping from all the five wounds. One foot is usually removed from the recumbent cross and carefully placed over an open box. The credulous, superstitious people crowd around this, and, awe-stricken, fall upon their knees, kiss the extended foot, and deposit money in the box beneath. Thus the blood of our Saviour, instead of being represented as cleansing from all sin, is used to wring from the poor and hungry souls—hungry for the real truth—their hard-earned pennies to fill the pockets of the crafty priests.

But the images intended to represent the Saviour of the world are not always even decent looking. In Concepcion, those that I have seen were made of wax and were life-like in appearance.

But in Santiago, the great center of wealth and power, the image I saw there, in one of the largest and most influential churches, was something dreadful to look at. A Peruvian mummy could scarcely have been more revolting. It was rudely carved from wood, roughly painted, and the hair from a horse-tail made to represent the hair of the Son of Man, wearing a crown of thorns.

On one occasion, while watching the great multitude solemnly and sorrowfully approach one of these images, I was met with a smile and a friendly nod from a native lady acquaintance and friend. Knowing that she was honest, sincere, a true friend, and quite well educated, I embraced the opportunity of questioning her concerning the worship of images.

"Why do the people crowd around that image, and bow down and kiss that dreadful, repulsive foot?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear sir," she said, "how dare you! That is the blessed Jesus!"

"No, not Jesus. He is the Son of God, the great source of light and life; and that is nothing but a dumb, lifeless image, made by man."

"My dear sir!" she said, "do not blaspheme in this sacred temple, upon this holy occasion. God might smite you!"

"Pardon me, senorita; I do not wish to be offen-

sive. I assure you that I am an earnest seeker after truth; so please tell me why that image of the crucified Lord is used to extort money from so many of these poor people."

"No money is extorted, my friend," she answered. "It is all given freely; and you ought to know that by the giving of good gifts we come into favor with God."

"The best gift is the heart, *senorita*."

"True, but God accepts the heart more readily when he sees these tokens of our sincerity and devotion. I would lay all the world on this altar to-night if I had it. Come, my friend," she continued, growing very earnest, "leave your heretical doctrines, join in this blessed worship, and become a true son of the Church, and gain eternal life and glory, instead of resting under the condemnation of the blessed Saviour!"

Poor, devoted creature! I turned away and busied myself in studying the strange scenes before me. I had observed before that the priests and attendants were robed in black; that the church and altar were stripped of all ornaments and draped in heavy mourning; that the priests were reciting long and oft-repeated prayers for all orders, ranks and classes of the true church, as well as for heretics, heathens and Jews. But the strangest, most impressive and striking part of the ceremony was

the great crowd of female worshipers, led by the dignitaries of the Church, and joined by a limited number of men, all creeping to the cross on their knees—in memory of the awful events which the crucifix represents. The great throng first knelt in the front yard, and slowly walked on their knees through the gravelly courts, up through the long hall, until they reached the image of the Crucified, and each in turn kissed the wounded foot. The scene was solemn and awful, and many who came to look, reverently joined in the worship.

This worship has one good effect: It brings rich and poor to the same level. For here, all wrapped in black *mantos*, were rich ladies side by side with those who, in social life, are degraded as servants.

That *foot* is a money-making institution. Concepcion has nine Catholic churches, and the harvest during the one week has been as great as *eleven thousand dollars*. Poor people, who do not know where or how the next meal is to be provided, deposit there their hard-earned pennies. On Thursday night of Holy-week, all the churches are grandly illuminated, and decorated profusely and often beautifully with flowers. Each church seems to vie with its neighbors in beautifying the altars and walls; but there is no strife. Everything is in perfect harmony, and every church has its own image of Jesus.

All the communicants congregate first in their own edifice, approach the image on their knees, kiss the extended foot, and deposit their money; then the whole congregation marches to the next nearest church, praying aloud as they go, as though trying to repeat the *Ave Maria* each oftener than his neighbor. In this way all the churches of the city are visited, the devotions and donations repeated in each, so that the harvest of money is much greater than it would be were there no interchanges of congregational visits. The priests are often among the wealthier classes of the country.

The nine church buildings of Concepcion could not have cost less than one million of dollars. They are very large, plain-looking on the outside, but inside they are grand. Large marbled columns, thirty, forty and fifty feet in height, support arched roofs, studded with golden ornaments of beautiful design. The paintings are expensive and quite numerous, and everything seems to have a dignified, rich appearance that would say, "We are wealthy people who worship here !"

One feature about these churches worthy of notice is the great number of bells belonging to each. That, of course, of itself would be nothing very uncommon. These bells, however, are all discordant and out of tune. The more hideous the noise they make, the more satisfaction they seem to give. The



church nearest our residence rings its every-day bell each morning at five o'clock the whole year round; and soon after we can hear the faithful *senoritas* trudging past our window, obeying its call to attend mass. It rings again at six, again at seven, again at eight, at twelve, at two, and at six and at eight in the evening. For special occasions the same church has three larger ones, all differing in size and tone, all of them discordant and ringing in great confusion. The church on the next square rings its bell every hour in the day, from five in the morning till nine in the evening. Its one large bell is *hammered*, for special occasions, by a boy who beats time to some imaginary quickstep, not unlike, in time and measure, to the playing of Yankee Doodle on a snare drum. O Saturday evening all the bells of the city are run at once, and I am sure that the *bellowing* of a thousand bulls would not be more distressing or discordant.

I never knew a people more devout than the people of Chili. If torture, confession, self-denial and self-inflicted punishments will take people to heaven, a great throng will go up from that little republic. It is no uncommon thing for persons to march to the shrine of worship on their knees, over sharp and flinty gravel-stones, and then beat themselves continually with leather straps, con-

taining sharpened nails. The bodies are often thus punished until the blood runs profusely; and when the poor creatures can do no more, they leave all of their moneyed values upon the altar and depart.

It will thus be seen that a large portion of the wealth of the Church is blood money, obtained as recited above. I have gone into details somewhat, but I think no more than is necessary, for I want the world to know what an earnest, enthusiastic set of worshipers the Chilians are, and how they are really hungering after religious truth. They are seeking the bread of life, and are being fed on husks by ravenous wolves. When will the shackles be cast aside? When will the power of Rome be superseded?

My poor servant, Belesario Para, than whom a better man never lived, is an example of the wonderful influence the Church exerts over the great body of poor and ignorant people. His infant daughter was very sick, and the poor man, instead of seeking the wise counsels of a physician, laid the whole case before *Saint Sebastian*. And although receiving but eleven dollars per month—a third more than he could receive elsewhere—from which he had to support himself and family, he vowed to give the Saint fifteen dollars for interfering with the disease, and five dollars more with which to buy wax candles.

Now, this man was no fool. On the contrary, he was very shrewd; knew how to read and write, and, after his fashion, was something of a philosopher. His baby died, even before I knew it was very sick; but he did not lose confidence in *Saint Sebastian*. However, when he was preparing to do what all the rest of his class are compelled to do—wrap the dead body of his beloved in a rag, dig a hole and bury it—and when I came to the rescue with a coffin, hired a carriage to carry himself and family with their dead to the cemetery, he could not help contrasting such principles of love with the treatment he had received from the priests, not one of whom had darkened his door, and he wisely concluded not to pay his vow to the *Saint*.

Chili is making rapid advances, even in matters of religion. Ten years ago the religious enthusiasm did not permit a man to ride through the streets on Good Friday. Even the cars were not allowed to run. All business was stopped, and woe to the carriage that made its appearance upon the streets. But now business is conducted at liberty as upon other days; the omnibusses run with as much clatter, and people generally do as they please. The great mass of people, however, please to patronize the Church.

One of the many customs, so foolish, and still so dear to the hearts of the priests, that is gradually

dying out, is the "Procession of the Holy Ghost." It is still practiced; but the poor ghost has but a ghost of an audience, composed mainly of rag-muffins.

The "holy ghost" of the occasion is a priest, who generally enters a carriage with great pomp, bearing in one hand burning incense and in the other the consecrated wine and wafers of the communions. Somehow this is supposed to represent the Holy Spirit, but just how, I have not learned. The moment the priest enters the carriage the procession commences. The carriage is drawn by some of the faithful. A few years ago, it was required of every person meeting this procession to fall to the ground and uncover the head; but now it is in such ill-favor that it is carried into the suburbs of town or into the country to avoid the sneers of enlightened people.

The saints, too, are rapidly losing their power; and educated people are refusing to bow to their images. Saint Sebastian, however, is still a great favorite in the province of Concepcion. At Yumbel, as mall town near the city of Concepcion, there is a church dedicated to this saint. Being a patron saint, a day is given every year, set aside and consecrated for his worship. People flock to Yumbel by the thousands, and when night comes, the priests find themselves usually about twenty

thousand dollars richer. This is somewhat unusual in the country at large, and many of the better classes, who are devout Catholics, shake their heads ominously regarding saint worship.

Perhaps not one thing has done more to open the eyes of the people of Chili, and cause a growing reversion of feelings for the priest and his avarice, than the burning of the Cathedral in Santiago in 1863. On the eighth day of December, in that year, that magnificent structure was burned to the ground, in such a manner as to stir the heart of the nation to its profoundest depth, giving it such a shock as to depict sorrow and sadness upon the brow of every individual in the Republic.

Long before dark, while the doors of the temple were still closed, the square in which it was situated was densely crowded with people, most of whom were women—the wives and daughters of the noblest and wealthiest men in the capital city—waiting for the doors to open to receive them.

“The Tale of the Confessional,” an admirably written novel, by a Chilina gentleman, who was himself a member of the Catholic Church, and who was an eye-witness to this dreadful calamity, truthfully tells the tale of horror, as I quote below:

“The crowd kept increasing rapidly, for in all the streets which opened into the square were seen hundreds of persons, thronging in haste, that they

might reach the church in time to secure good situations to see the whole ceremony.

“It was not long, however, until the temple doors were thrown wide open, into which the immense crowd rushed like a torrent, to gain the interior of the church, spreading themselves in all directions through the extensive aisles, but more particularly the nave and the large open space before the high altar.

“People kept arriving in great numbers. They commenced to light the thousands of lamps, which in great abundance were hung in every part, wherever it was possible to place them. Many boys were seen crawling along the cornices, in imminent danger of their lives, lighting the innumerable colored glass vases filled with paraffine, which were most artistically distributed among the gauze and muslin clouds to represent stars.

“All the women were in ecstasies. In no theater in the world had ever been seen such a splendid light; but it was at the high altar where the greatest blaze of splendor was displayed.

“The Virgin was arrayed in most beautiful and costly dress, shining in glittering and valuable jewels and ornaments; around her head were sparks of light, forming a phosphorescent aureole. All the world was in ecstasies, and yet that sea of paraffine was not all lighted.

People kept arriving in great numbers. All classes of society were confounded together, and it may be said that nearly half of the women of Santiago were collected in that place, where, in a few minutes, was going to be the greatest sacrifice ever known—not of a hundred oxen, as the ancients were in the habit of offering up to their idols, but between two and three thousand human beings, who were waiting to be offered up as a burnt offering to the gorgeously dressed idol of the queen of heaven, which stood behind the high altar of the church.

“Lamps containing paraffine were placed behind a transparency representing a half-moon, which served as a pedestal to support the colossal image of the Virgin. The flame from one of these lamps caught the painting; it immediately ignited, and soon the whole was in a blaze. The fire spread with frightful rapidity, and communicated itself to a painted screen of wood and canvas, which rested against the wall at the back of the altar; thence running along the wreath of artificial flowers formed of paper and muslin, it reached the roof of the building, which was soon a mass of flame.

“When the first cry of fire was heard, the women, alarmed, confused, ignorant of what was the matter, rushed and crowded against each other, without knowing where to go or what to do. The confusion

and disorder were indescribable, and the cries heartrending and harrowing. The immense quantity of combustible matter in the building, the strong current of air set up between the cupola on the roof and the doors, the woodworks dry and freshly painted, the paraffine in the lamps in every part, hundreds of which were suspended from the roof, and from which poured down streams of liquid fire upon the devoted crowd beneath—all this contributed to form an immense furnace, in which were consumed, in a few minutes, more than two thousand human beings.

“Many of the male part of the congregation, by desperate efforts, succeeded in escaping; but the females, encumbered by their crinolines, getting their feet entangled in the ample folds of their dresses, fell prostrate in heaps upon the very threshold of the door, where they lay piled up by the hundreds, thus forming a barrier impassable to the horror-stricken crowd behind.

“Soon the whole interior of the building was enveloped in flames, the light of which rendered distinctly visible a most horrifying and appalling sight. From the entrance of the church, far back as the great altar, was an immense lake of fire, in which hundreds of human beings, mostly females, were seen. Some of the victims appeared in the act of embracing each other; some in a supplicating at-



titude, as though they were imploring the mercy of God; some on their knees, and others standing, but in all life was extinct. All description, however exact it may be, will fall far short of painting the facts as they were in reality; and it is beyond the imagination to form an idea of the agonizing and horrifying scene.

“This famous temple of Campa<sup>ña</sup> was reduced to ashes, and more than two thousand persons, the greater part of whom were women, perished with it, without a voice of one of the priests being heard to restrain them, to direct them, and to prevent the confusion peculiar to the female sex.

“If any one of the priests had only said in those awful moments to the affrighted crowd, ‘Do not be alarmed, my children; make not such confusion there is time sufficient for all to leave,’ the loss of life would have been less. And if those priests had been more zealous, more humane, and had performed their duty—if they had guided the poor women with calmness, and sustained them by their presence; with their words, as they ought to have done, it is evident that hundreds of lives might have been saved, and perhaps we should only have had to lament the loss of the church.

“Such was not the case, however, for it was the contrary of all this. The ravens of the sacristy were the first to escape by the same sacristy (side

doors of the vestry), occupying themselves only in removing to a place of safety their clerical ornaments and those trumpery of paintings and images which serve them in their religious or rather pagan ceremonies and phantasmagoria.

“In a short space of time all effort was useless. To the cries for succor and pity, succeeded a death-like stillness. The lamentations of all were hushed, and nothing was heard save the frightful crackling sounds caused now and then by the flames, which, impelled by the strong currents of air, rushed through the doors of the temple.

“Scarcely a murmur was heard in that immense number of persons congregated together, astonished, frightened and stupefied, who gazed without being able to comprehend the extent of the evil and the colossal proportions of the catastrophe. This sepulchral silence, this hoarse sound of devouring elements, the burning fragments flying through the air and carried to a long distance, the sight of those human heads, carbonized and apparently lying in symmetrical rows, one above the other to a considerable height—all this produced a fear and a terror in the minds of men we will not attempt to describe. There is nothing more frightful and alarming than to see an immense crowd without movement, without noise, silent and contracted, each individual within himself, and with their eyes

all staring and fixed on one single point. A paroxysm of violent pain when the sufferer is mute is most terrible.

“The night arrived before the fire had exhausted itself and was almost extinguished. Here and there might be seen a faint bluish flame, fed by the gases exhaled from the dead human bodies. Pieces of wood were still burning, but they were only brands or smoldering embers, the flames from which were weak, and there was nothing left to admire or to fear. And then that crowd, as though awoke from profound lethargy, commenced to show signs of life. They run in different directions, they question each other, they embrace, they weep, they disperse themselves in every part, seeking for those friends whom they love, and whom they fear are forever lost.

“Husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers, sons, relations and friends—the population of the entire city, without exception, are all in great commotion. All the streets are filled with crowds of people.

“In all parts resound outcries, complaints, sobs, curses, questions, afraid to be made acquainted with the reality—evasive answers or sad and cruel truths. No one knows what has truly happened, but all fear to know. In all directions may be seen individuals of different sexes, ages and conditions, who

run to and fro; they inquire at their homes if the lost ones have returned, and not finding them, again start off to inquire at the houses of their friends, and, heart-broken, direct their steps toward the place of the fatal catastrophe.

“There was one particular circumstance, although not noticed at the moment, yet afterward attracting the attention of everybody, which was, that during the whole of that dreadful night, when many of those persons who had been drawn from the fire were dying by the dozen, in the hospitals, in the chemists’ shops, and in the streets and houses in the vicinity, not one priest, not one of those black-robed gentry who are to be found as thick as flies in all the streets in our Catholic capital city, was to be seen to afford the last consolation to their expiring flocks. \* \* \*

“As the morning light of the following day appeared, it made more palpable, more evident, the fatal results of the tremendous and destructive conflagration. No one could doubt the reality of what had occurred, no one could mistake the loss they had suffered. Very few were the houses in which they had not to lament one or more members of the family, and some houses remained closed, entirely shut up, for masters and servants had died, and there remained only the dogs, the fowls and the cats, and they, too, died in their turn—

died of hunger, for there was no one to feed them.

“It was not unfrequent to find men left completely alone, having lost wife and children, and obliged to return to their desolate hearths, filled with tender and painful reminiscences. How many of these may not have found relief in their despair by committing suicide.”

This wonderful event, so full of sadness and so heart-rending in all its contingencies, penned by an eye witness, is a true picture, as I have been abundantly informed by those who were themselves witnesses of as well as sufferers in that great calamity.

It was intended for the grandest display of religious devotion ever witnessed in all the world. It was during the “month of May”—a month set aside for the worship of the Virgin. The whole of Chili had gone into ecstasies over the religious rites, the different churches in the different towns vieing with each other in the great display of wealth and in the enormity of the sums collected for the priests.

“The Heavenly Letter-Box” was established in Santiago, and a large sisterhood arose in all parts of the state called *Daughters Predilect of Mary*. This sisterhood made all of its wants known to the Virgin through the heavenly letter-box.

A priest being the appointed mouthpiece of the Virgin, received and opened all these letters, answering them as his fancy dictated. It was of immense value to the church, and gave a power to the priest he could not command through the confessional. For example: A young lady desiring a husband asked for one in her secret correspondence with the Virgin Mary; this desire not being a sin, she does not reveal it to her confessor, thus making the letter-box the complement of the confessional. In the confessional they confessed their faults; but in the sacred post-office "*in heaven*" they revealed what was most delicate and susceptible in the soul of woman. The confessional could only exercise its sway over the conscience; but the sacred postoffice, with its mouthpiece of the "*Queen of Heaven*," could penetrate even the wishes, the desires and aspirations of every woman belonging to the order.

Thousands of letters were registered every week, some of which were of the greatest importance. The postmaster-general of heaven, acting as the mouthpiece of the Virgin Mary, was owner of the whole of the capital city, if not of Chili. His nets were extended in every direction; from the hovel to the gilded mansion, the names of the women were recorded upon his book. This gave him a sure clue to all the family secrets, which was used

as a means of great power and gain. For example: Some pious sister of *Daughters Predilect of Mary* discovered that her husband, who was a distinguished senator, would oppose certain measures in Congress beneficial to Catholicism; whereupon, her heart being greatly troubled, she conferred with the Virgin Mary through the secret postoffice and told all her fears and misgivings. The mouthpiece of the Queen of Heaven, having news of great importance, would send a message in answer, direct from the Virgin herself, assuring the unhappy woman that by her aid and influence the views of her husband could be changed; whereupon the faithful wife would consider it her religious duty to engage in secret plottings with her priest to defeat the husband of her bosom and love.

This order of the *Daughters Predilect* had its headquarters in the ill-fated church, and the gorgeous display, intended to eclipse any and all former attempts of the kind in the world, but which ended so sadly, was born of the enthusiasm of the women and priests of that order. No doubt the great power this private letter-box gave the priests over the secret workings of all the families had caused great discontent and annoyance among the husbands and fathers in all the land. Catholicism in Chili was then in its glory; but its dominant power had been carried so far that without doubt

many of the better classes were weary and were longing for something else.

The fatal destruction of that grand edifice, containing so many mothers, wives and fair daughters of the land, and the terrible cowardice and selfishness of all the priests in the hours of peril and danger, are thought by many to be the stroke that said plainly to Catholicism, "thus far and no farther." Be that as it may, it is certain that since that day Romanism has been slowly on the decline. A liberal party has come into power, which, one by one, is taking away the wings on which Romanism sailed to glory.

Nothing now prevents a separation of Church and State but for the liberal party to step forward and claim it by constitutional revision. This, in the judgment of all who have studied the situation, will be done before many years.

That such a high-handed humbug as the heavenly letter-box could ever have existed in a country with a school house in every town, and where there are many thousands of gentlemen and ladies of refinement and education, is truly a marvel. It shows to what extent extreme religious zeal can misguide and mislead the people of a nation. Pagan lands have many idols; but Christian Chili, in the nineteenth century, overshadowed them all with an



idol that was carried into the homes of all classes in all the country.

The heavenly letter-box has ceased to exist; but many of the poor, deluded women still cling to the phantom. In the year 1882 three hundred letters were received at the postoffice in Santiago, directed to the Virgin Mary—a sad comment on a land that resounds with the whistle of the locomotive and the electric click of the telegraph.

But the priests are not lacking in power, and many are the devices and subterfuges by which they control their flocks; for, like all good shepherds, they look upon them as *their* flocks, and proceed to shear them accordingly; and many are the fat fleeces they put into their pockets.

But here in Chili, as in all other Catholic countries, the great rock Peter, upon whom Rome has builded her Church, is the confessional. When the poor, earnest seekers have become so humiliated that they long to repent and find rest and salvation, they know no other way but to carry their burdens and lay them at the feet of the priests. The whole heart is laid open, and the mind is in that plastic, mouldable condition that makes the penitent willing to do anything the cold-blooded priests may dictate. But their power is particularly with the women and young girls. The latter are probed and questioned with things

they do not understand, and taught that things shameful to mention are in accord with the will of God. For, be it known that the priests often teach that they are authorized by the mandates of Rome to investigate the most secret and hidden things, thus often tearing away the veil of modesty and purity, which is the most precious gift of the tender young girl, and her most fascinating attraction. Is it any wonder that virtue here is not highly regarded among all the people of the nation? Is it any wonder that one third of all the children born are begotten in sin through lusts and unholy desires?

“Woe unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord.”

This veil of purity should never be touched. But the priests of Rome are those who contaminate and blunt its delicacy, and blast it with their poisonous breath. What else could we expect of men who have renounced the family tie and the natural affections implanted in their hearts by the Creator? How should we expect men to conduct themselves who have solemnly sworn to disobey the commands of God to “multiply and replenish the earth”? Ah, sad indeed! for as they have denied themselves of the love of wife and children, and renounced all the greatest blessings given to man, so they avenge themselves by stirring up “contentions

among families and nations; by propagating ignorance and superstitions; by teaching the most horrible and wicked doctrines, and blaspheming the Almighty God, our Heavenly Father. In their ambitious endeavors to subvert mankind to their yoke, and to reduce them to the level of the brute, they cause war and persecution in every part, and, to such an extent, that there is not a spot upon this beautiful earth on which any of them have placed their feet but has become contaminated by being made to suffer the consequences of the discord they incite by their bigotry and insolence."

That there is a better class of priests, I admit. I have not drawn this picture, however, myself, but I have quoted, and, to some extent, been aided otherwise by the works of Don Martin Palma, a Chilina gentleman, who is himself a member of the Catholic Church, and who knows all about the terrible, withering, blighting influences of the confessional.

But no other fact serves so well as a finger-board to point to the truth that the small but energetic Republic of Chili is gradually growing into the light of freedom and Christian civilization, as the one fact that *here among the better classes of people the confessional has lost its power.* I know of scores of refined mothers in Concepcion who are devout Catholics who would sooner bury their daugh-

ters than see them go to the dark cloisters  
to confess to the cold-blooded, villainous priests.  
Amen.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Altar of Penitence—Mysterious Whisperings—Faithful Women—The Holy Fight over the Tablilla—The Happy Priests—Their Magnetic Influence over their Flocks—Their Power Slowly on the Decline—A Marriage Law and its Result—Burial of Paupers—Blood Money—Getting Married—A Steel Trap and a Dollar—The Blighting Influence of the Church—An Impeachment of Rome—Infidelity—The Great Power Broken—The Pope's Ambassador Sent Home—Not Done in Ignorance—Horrible Image-Worship—Disgraceful Mummery in a Church—Saint Peter's Day—Children of Priests.

**T**HE most powerful weapon ever hurled against any nation endeavoring to give her sons and daughters religious liberty, freedom of thought and speech, and a government so free from internal strife and dissensions as to bless the greatest possible number of its subjects with peace and prosperity, is that sanctuary of Catholic fanaticism which they choose to call the "altar of penitence." It would be better named were it called the "altar of superstition and corruption."

It is a small wooden box in a dark and obscure corner of the church, so constructed that the father confessor can look over his subjects and, with his ear placed at one of the peculiarly-constructed win-

dows, hear all the whispered confessions, while those on the outside who may chance to be spectators remain in ignorance of what is said.

Beneath these windows is a small wooden stool about six inches in height, over which the Chilino penitent throws her carpet, which she always carries with her to church, and in a kneeling attitude upon this commences her holy and mysterious whisperings.

Throughout all the land of Chili, and perhaps other nations of Spanish origin, this stool upon which the penitent kneels is called the *Tablilla*. At about half past five o'clock every morning throughout the year, the church bells ring out invitations for the faithful to attend mass. I must say that I never saw so many devout women in any country; for the different churches are visited each morning, no matter how inclement the weather, by scores of female worshipers. Our own American ladies deem it a hardship to attend Sabbath-school once a week as early as ten o'clock in the morning; but the Chilino devotee considers it a privilege to attend mass each morning of the week and confess her sins, before she has even had her breakfast. As confession is made after mass, it often happens that the number of penitents is great, and the squabble for the tablilla turns into a field of battle.

For this the pious penitent goes prepared, and

woe to the one who receives a favored nod from the father confessor on his high altar. This, however frequently happens, and if the priest desires to favor some particular wealthy person, or person of great influence, he beckons her at once to the *tablilla*, and those who are nearer, and hoped to be first to confess, must stand aside and wait, without daring to show any signs of displeasure toward the mysterious fraud in the confessional. But the poor culprit thus favored cannot go on "flowery beds of ease," for the envious sisters immediately commence a warfare, consisting of cuffs, kicks, pricks from pins, scratches of the nails, crowding, jostling, hair-pulling—all of which is a holy pastime and mirthful recreation for the priest.

"This holy fight," says Mr. Palma, "is a favorite diversion of the priest or friar who sits in the confessional, and the more arduous the struggle and more numerous the combatants, the greater is the inward satisfaction of the confessor; because they show his great popularity and the credit he enjoys among the *beatas*, and how he is sought for and admired by his beloved lambs.

"In this merciless conflict there is no quarter given, no consideration held for one another, for each and every one is determined to be the first to gain the *tablilla*, and the pious fervor and the devout antagonism to gain it is the cause of this

cruel struggle, at the end of which all the combatants come off with bruises in various parts several pricks with pins, scratches, etc., affording matter for conversation for the day in the different circles of society, according to the number, more or less, who have have taken part in this Catholic contention.

“We make no false assertion when we say that this is the pride of the priests; for the height of their ambition is to see themselves, and be seen by other members of their fraternity, surrounded by a large number of penitents, as it is this that gives them more prestige among themselves and with the public, independent of a thousand other perquisites they receive from the young and handsome sinners, and also from the old and ugly ones, when they have anything to bestow.

“In that holy tribunal, and among that no less holy flock, the shepherd exercises an impartial sway, for he is more omnipotent among his penitents than the most powerful and despotic monarch of a nation of slaves; for the priest determines, decides questions and concedes privileges without any one daring to raise his voice against his decisions, or show the least opposition. \* \* \* If one could only relate all the ridiculous, grotesque and sudden changes in those who surround the confessional, we would never finish or cease to



laugh at the animation of the countenances of the penitents, who appear absorbed in mystical contemplation, and bowed down by the enormous weight of their sins, yet possessed of only one exclusive idea—that is, to gain occupation of the *tablilla*.

“And the priest ! Yes, this is the interesting personage, a person much more interesting than a trainer of wild beasts, because the priest, on whom all the women who surround him fix their looks of supplication, draws them, excites them, ecstasises them and magnetizes them to such a point that they depend on him alone, and in those moments only live by him and for him. A wonderful phenomenon ! But a phenomenon not less evident because it happens every day in the Catholic congregation, but which we do not notice because it has become quite familiar.”

Such is Romanism in Chili, penned by one who is a native of the country, and who was born and reared in the Catholic Church. Such I know it to be by personal observation ; but, as remarked elsewhere, this wonderful power of the Church, still wonderful and awful, is, to an extent, on the decline. Slowly but surely is the great controlling power of the nation freeing itself from the fetters by which the priests and prelates of Rome have bound it.

But, notwithstanding, the Church rules in Chili to-day in more respects than one. The Government of this nation still pays annually large sums of money to the legates of the Pope, whose sole office, in return for their annuities, is to deceive and corrupt the people; for either they never knew the Gospel themselves, or they, knowing, are willfully leading the people away from the teachings of that Gospel. The priests have always enjoyed a complete monopoly of all marriages, burials and baptisms, until the winter of 1883, when the cemeteries were made public. The news of the passage of this bill killed the Bishop of Concepcion in fifteen minutes. He was buried, at great expense, as though he were a king. The next day the writer witnessed the burial of another Roman Catholic. He was poor, and died in the government hospital in Concepcion. Although surrounded by thousands of his religious advisers, and nothing had ever estranged him from his Church, not a soul followed him to his grave. The black-robed prelates who controlled the cemetery permitted him, a brother of their faith, a child of their own nursing, to be thrown into a cart, drawn to an obscure corner of the cemetery, fenced off for that purpose, and to be partly covered with dirt, with his feet and head protruding from the ground. Hundreds are buried in this manner every year, as witness the great

number of skulls and other human bones scattered around on the grass.

No person, no matter of what position in life, excepting the paupers, could be buried in the cemeteries without paying to the iniquitous apostles of the Church a blackmail as fees for burial service. For, in addition to the cemetery and undertaker's charges, a fee of eight and one-half dollars was always paid into the pocket of the parish priest. It was not a fee for attending the funeral—for he does not do that, only on extra occasions and for extra pay—but it was a revenue tax of sorrow, laid upon bleeding and stricken hearts to help fill the pockets of idle priests.

It is a mystery to any one without the pale of the Romish Church how such a thing could be in vogue among a people of so much intelligence and education, and of so much independence of spirit, as the people of Chili. Yet it is an undeniable fact. And more: The holy marriage relation is abused in the same manner. No one can get married [at this writing there is a bill before the Senate to establish civil marriage, but its passage is somewhat doubtful] without a solemn vow to serve the Church of Rome, unless—yes, unless he has money. That settles it—covers over the sin, and makes it all legal! A trap baited with the almighty dollar will catch the soul of almost any Catholic priest on

earth. If any evidence were needed to manifest the enslaving, crippling, blighting and benumbing influence of that Church, to show how it stupefies men, stifles their generous emotions, stultifies and deadens every inborn principle of good, and makes them indifferent to the wants and sufferings of humanity, one has only to look at the fact, patent and undeniable, that Chili has been free from Spain since the year 1820, and still the laws of the government justify and enforce such direful practices as those mentioned above.

O Rome ! There are fearful evidences against you in this land ! In every street, in every village, in every parish, in every district and province are to be seen the workings of thy power, the blasted blight of death where thy hand hath swept over. See the thousands of noble sons of toil, disgraced, compelled to live in filth and rags, in such wretchedness and woe that pen fails to depict the misery—and for what ? Because your self-appointed advisers, your sons of Belial, who claim to be ministers of light commissioned to preach the Gospel of good news, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to heal the sick, to bind up the broken-hearted—have neglected them, spurned them, robbed them, treated them as inferior animals, and never have put forth one exertion to ameliorate their condition of distress and

ignorance. Look at the great multitude of men and women, willing to do the most menial service, who live in damp holes where rats and lizards and death are their companions, and whose food is a scanty allowance of beans, shell-fish and a little parched wheat, and behold thy work, O Rome! Look at the great number of prostitute women, who sell their virtue, not to enrobe themselves in luxuries, but to get the crumbs wherewith to sustain life, and the necessary cheap clothing sufficient to cover their naked bodies. Ah Rome, you have been teaching here! For hundreds of years your masters have ruled these people! Look at the great number of old men and old women, grandfathers and grandmothers, with silvery hair and wrinkled brows, who go about the streets in naked feet, destitute of proper clothing and food, and with such expressions of sorrow, heart-break and humility that one would think the tears of angels would moisten their unprotected bodies! Look at the great throng of infants—seventy-five out of every one hundred born—that die and are buried, a large portion of them without coffins or other covering than to be wrapped in a rag and placed in a hole in the ground; die because they are born in damp holes where death is a terrible victor, and because the parents are in such ignorance and poverty that they cannot properly warm and nourish their little

bodies! Look at the great multitudes of rich, who have become so through other men's necessities, who pass by these familiar scenes daily without considering them, without having heart for their distress, or seeking in any manner whatever to relieve it! Look at the great throng of well-fed priests, who call themselves ministers of Him whose whole mission was to elevate fallen humanity, who pass by these scenes without a word of consolation, without a visit as a token of kindness and love, but who compel the payment of the death-tax of sorrow, or in default, refuse burial of the dead of their own flocks, and who use every possible sort of intrigue and treachery to wring from this mass of suffering humanity a portion of their hard-earned pennies, so essential to the support of their own bodies! Look, O Rome, and behold thy work! The half of thy damnable infamy can never be told, for pen and tongue fail in their mission of justice to tell of thy horrible deeds. Had any other potentate under heaven attempted the one-hundredth part of the misery and destruction that you have brought upon Chili, every stream and every rivulet would have been tinged with blood. But Rome, you have been permitted to do it, because you have done it in the name of the Lord Jesus, the crucified and risen Son of God.

But more: Infidelity is the great correlative of

thy work. In every land where you have had sway it has flourished as mould flourishes in holes of dampness. So here, where you have so long held sway, the number who have discarded religion and are living and dying without it are legion.

But, Rome, the mighty sceptre of your power is broken. Your nefarious practices can only flourish where there is ignorance and lack of freedom. The Chilians are now an enlightened people; and down deep in the heart of every one is an inbred spirit of freedom--deep indeed in many, in others a mere germ, that will as surely find the light and bloom forth into a perfect flower as the hidden water lily, buried in the black mire and slush of a pond, pushes forth to ride upon the wave a thing of beauty.

In 1882 you sent an emissary to this land as *sindico*, to rule over the Church and the people, sell indulgences to fill your coffers, and if possible, regain the power you saw was slipping away from your grasp. It is true, he came under a blind, wearing the garb of a lamb but possessing the appetite and disposition of a hyena, and pretending he had other business. But the President and members of Congress in this Republic saw the mask, tore it away, and in terms of dignified politeness informed him that he need stay no longer

—in fact, that he *must* leave the country. Your bishops and priests howled terribly; they published resolutions; they made speeches; they draped themselves in mourning; they pronounced anathemas and maledictions; they ordered all the faithful to do penance, and they took collections (another pretext for robbing the people) for forty consecutive days in all the convents and churches in the land. But all the secular newspapers, all the lawyers, a vast majority of the senators and politicians, nearly all of the merchants, the doctors, the educators, and a majority of educated people of every calling, applauded, in the highest terms, the actions of the Government; and your prelates, bishops, priests, a majority of the women of the nation, and the great body of ragmuffins whom you had disgraced, were left alone in their confusion.

It is comforting indeed to know that private judgment and common sense so far prevail among the enlightened men of the nation that they cannot be terrified by the empty noise of fanatics, willing to sell the independence of their country to any pretender who receives his authority from the Pope.

I wish to disabuse the minds of any who may read this terrible record who may think that these transactions are the result of ignorance, and are



only practiced by the ignorant in heathen countries. Chili is not a land of ignorance; but it is a land of colleges, schools, seminaries, telegraphy and railroads. Were any one of America's fair sons to suddenly wake from sleep and find himself traveling in some first-class passenger car in Chili, were it not for the language of the people, he would not know but what he was still in his own country, so much do they appear and dress like our own gentlemen and ladies. The priests, far from being ignorant, are shrewd, wide-awake, and many of them well educated. But the great mass of these people have large instinctive natures that lead them out to worship in some form, and, as they have never been taught any better religion, and look upon the priest as the ambassador of God, clothed with the spirit and power to execute his divine will; and, as it is the policy of Rome to benumb and corrupt and cripple and dwarf, the nation has become full of absurd, grotesque and ridiculous follies. Hence, one can see how men and women who in all other matters exercise shrewdness and common sense, in matters of religion do things, in the best possible faith, that look childish, foolish and disgusting.

On Christmas Eve, every town, village, city and district is in commotion. The churches are pro-

fusely decorated, and lighted with wax tapers and candles numbering thousands. In a conspicuous place is an excellent wax figure of an infant, representing the new-born Saviour, surrounded with stalls, and cattle, and donkeys, and goats, and nests of doves, and the doves and many other things, all made of wax, so arranged as to represent as nearly as possible an oriental stable, such as one in which Christ was born. Here, too, is a large wax figure of the Virgin Mary, surrounded with much glory—the whole scene being so arranged as to be picturesque and beautiful.

Before these images the immense audience bow as silent worshipers till the hour of midnight. Then a priest steps forward and declares that “now the man Jesus is born from the holy and blessed Mary, a perpetual Virgin, who by her piety and purity of life has brought much glory to herself and the world, entitling her to be adored by the sons of men forever and forever.”

No sooner is this announcement made than the church becomes a din of discordant noises. Many boys and young men have been appointed to blow upon horns, play upon accordions, sing and halloo at the top of their voices—this, of course, all varying according to the mood of the priest and his flock of female advisers assisting him in the preparations of this pharisaical phantasmagoria. In

Talcahuano, besides the horns and bugles, a committee of boys were appointed to bray at the top of their voices, in resemblance of donkeys; another to bellow like cattle, another to neigh like horses, still another to crow like roosters—all to show the joy supposed to have been manifest among animals and men when Christ, the Saviour of the world, was born. After the din and confusion of horns and voices has somewhat subsided, the faithful crowd around, kiss the wax figure of the infant, offer presents of money, to the great delight of the priests, and burn incense; the boys withdraw to the streets, toot their horns, and carouse in unmolested enjoyment till dawn of day.

I imagine some one saying, with a supercilious smile, "That is heathenism in its worst form, and if Chili is not an ignorant, heathen country, there are no ignorant heathens."

Quite to the contrary, my dear sir! The better class of people compare favorably with those in our own sensible America. The only difference is, Rome has lived here for a century. It would be the same at home could the long-robed gentry of the confessional succeed in throttling our public schools and in substituting their parochial schools instead. If they could control the children for four generations, the transformation would be complete. Besides, if this "heathenism" is not Chris-

tianity, it is all done in the name of Christ, and Christianity gets the blame or the credit, as the case may be.

Saint Peter's Day is a great day in Chili. Peter was a fisherman, and fortunately for priestly avarice and fanaticism, Chili has many miles of sea coast, and its greatest width is not so great but what a large portion of the devotees can go to the sea and worship this saint in a fit and becoming manner. It is a holiday. In the morning the bells are rung and mass said at six, as usual. The church being decorated, time is given until half past ten for the faithful to congregate, when the procession is formed and marched to the sea. At the head of this procession is carried a large wax figure, representing the Apostle Peter; and because he earned an honest living catching fish, the priests seem to feel themselves authorized to earn a very dishonest one by duping and catching men. With great pomp and ceremony the wax figure is carried to the water's edge, placed in a boat, and held over the sea, while the "holy fathers" go through a farcical form of blessing the waters that they may produce fish abundantly as food for the faithful. The image is then set up in a conspicuous place, and gifts become the order of the day, affording a large benefit for the pockets of the priests.

It is not my desire or intention to enumerate all

the follies of Romanism during the many feast-days appointed by the Government or authorized by the Church in the Republic of Chili. They would of themselves afford subject matter for a large book. With one more thought, therefore, I will close this chapter.

It often happens, during the confessions and mysterious whisperings, that some over-confiding, robust daughter of respectability is led into disgrace and ruin by the crafty priest who has denied himself forever the blessings of a wife and who seeks to satisfy the hunger of his nature through such low and disgusting avenues of sin. I said the daughter is led into disgrace and ruin—not so, however, in Romish circles; for when the fair one finds that such is the case, she seeks the bishop with her priestly paramour, to whom they confess their sins, receive holy absolution, and become as *pure and perfect* as they were on the day they were born. Bastard children, the result of such unholy relations, are common in Chili. They are called *children of the confessional*, and are by no means held in disrespect.

We have seen enough. Draw the curtain and cover it over.

## CHAPTER IX.

Missionary Societies—War-Stricken Peru—Invitations from United States of Colombia—Poor Bolivia—Ecuador—Missions in Chili—Index to South America—A Nation in Darkness—Rev. William Taylor and His Missions—Personal Work in Concepcion—Progress of the Schools—Five Persons Converted — Wm. Taylor No Organizer — The Methodist Episcopal Church.

**I**T is now proper to call attention to what is being done for the religious amelioration of this country. Our friends in England and the United States who direct great missionary enterprises are certainly aware that in this vast continent, of seven and one-half million square miles of fertile soil, the light of religious freedom has scarcely ever penetrated. While they are directing their efforts to the heathen millions in dark Africa, in China, in India, thirty million of benighted pagans are living and dying without a gleam of truth on the very threshold of their existence. While they are interested in the glowing reports from those far-away lands, their very neighbors are living under the bans of a Church that bears the name of the cross only to degrade, cripple, blight and enslave the people. Look at

war-stricken Peru! With a population of more than 3,000,000 souls; with the greatest natural resources of any nation perhaps in the world; with immense mines from which wealth is shoveled up and counted by the million; with a vast expanse of broad acres, a fertile soil, and a salubrious clime that produces food for man and beast in spontaneity—*she has not a solitary minister of the gospel\* to proclaim the good news of salvation by faith.* Look at Colombia! Nestled almost in the very lap of the United States, with a constitution that guarantees religious liberty, freedom of speech and of press, she thus invites her enlightened neighbor to show her more plainly the way of life! What are the facts? Three million of souls steeped in ignorance and crime, priest-ridden, cursed with wealth and revolutions, are crying for light. Constitutional enactments have removed every barrier. The way has been made plain. “Come and help us,” is the cry that rolls up to the very vault of heaven itself and extends outward to the whole civilized world. What is the answer? The *Truth* is proclaimed to the natives *at one solitary mission post in the whole nation*, and to the English speaking residents on the Isthmus of Panama. With these exceptions, the call, long and oft-repeated, has not been answered. Why? Truly, not

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\*Since writing the above two ministers have located at Calao.

because of climatic influences, for Colombia's inhabitants experience in one day's travel all the climates of the world; and besides, the vast majority of the people reside on plateaus at such an elevation as to experience delightful, temperate climes. Bogota, the capital, is almost 9,000 feet above sea level. The eastern Cordillera consists almost wholly of a vast system of table lands, cool and healthful, where white men flourish as vigorously as they do in Europe and America. Cattle, horses, wheat, corn, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, sugar, plantains, cinnamon, cedar, mahogany, gold, silver, lead, iron, coal, copper, emeralds and pearls are among the productions that enrich the people. Truly, it is a most favorable field for missionary enterprise, and it ought to be used.

Behold poor Bolivia! Like the lazy swine, she wallows in her own mire, and knows not the condition of her own filth. Like her sister states, she is an oligarchy, bearing the name of a republic, but governed by a degraded, ignorant aristocracy. Like all nations of Spanish origin, the breath of Rome has long been there, blighting and withering. Contumely has met and crushed, and will long continue to meet and crush everything that lifts its voice or raises its head to favor the light of reason and freedom of conscience. And nothing is being



done, nor is likely to be done soon, to ameliorate the condition of the people. God help them!

Ecuador is no better. Its 600,000 white people, 700,000 Indians, 8,000 Africans, and 35,000 Mestizoes are, all alike, living under a moral cloud of midnight darkness. Not a solitary voice has ever appeared among them to invite them to a higher plane of manhood. With the exception of a few of the most enlightened priests and leading men of the nation, they have never heard of any other way of life. A million and a half of souls there have never seen a Bible or heard of a Gospel of love.

In Chili, where all people are encouraged to pursue their own religious tenets, there is a mere handful of earnest men and women engaged in evangelical missionary effort. The Presbyterians are in the lead. They maintain three native churches, under four missionary pastors, two mission schools, and two periodicals. Rev. William Taylor's workers are directing six mission schools, and maintaining preaching in the English language at five of these points, and a German organization in the interior numbering about sixty-five members. Besides these there may be half a dozen other places where preaching is carried on in a foreign language.

Thus, from Panama to Terra del Fuego, those who are scattering the blessings of religious truth

can be counted upon the fingers of a man's hands; and this is a fair index of what is being done—or rather, what is *not being done*—in all South America. What do our missionary societies mean? Are these vast fields—where there is no Sabbath, no Gospel, no moral sentiment—to be neglected? Are the workers so few, the supplies so scarce, that at least the *waiting* fields shall not be harvested? Shall we let thirty million souls perish in ignorance, vice and superstition, without an effort to better their condition? Shall we let them live and train up their sons and daughters for generations to come in the same paths of moral darkness that has long kept this whole continent a wilderness, without roads, without commerce, without agriculture, without factories, and with an average of only three and one-half souls to every square mile of territory? Truly, the call is very great. From every valley, from every mountain slope, from every plateau, it rises from beneath the great, overshadowing clouds, and says: “Come!” Two hundred earnest, Christian men and women—teachers and preachers—would no more than supply the open fields on the Pacific slopes.

“The poor people,” says Rev. Dr. Trumbull, who has given the best years of his life to direct missionary effort on this coast, “the poor are but one degree removed from abject heathenism. They

do not know the way of the Lord. They are ignorant of the grace of God in Jesus Christ. They are strangers to the sanctifying power of truth. Poor, degraded, untaught children of nature, how shall they hear without a preacher; and how shall any preach unless they be sent?"

In 1877, Rev. William Taylor visited nearly all the countries of South America. He promised himself that, by the grace of God, he would undertake the Christian education of all the nations willing to receive instruction. Accordingly, he arranged with the people in different places on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts to send them teachers. The sum total of his plans is about as follows: The people of these states, many of them, are abundantly able to educate their children; they are also willing and even anxious to bring about such great desiderata; as their schools and teachers, native of the country, are necessarily as yet inferior, they cannot in consequence offer superior educational advantages. This deficiency he supplies by furnishing teachers, who instruct the youth first in the sciences, and then, as soon as possible, in matters pertaining to religion. The teaching is all done in the English language, which the natives, as a rule, are anxious to learn. These teachers sail under no false colors, but let the people know at once that they are Protestant missionary teachers,

but generally consider it wise for a time to teach no church creeds.

Parents are attracted by the superior advantages these schools offer for the education of their children; but they are at first somewhat reluctant about sending them to Protestant schools; for, be it remembered that Protestantism is not at all popular, even with the most radical of the progressive liberal party. But upon hearing good reports from the few who have ventured to send their children, and learning that no allusion is made to the dogmas of the Catholic Church, or no attempt made to enforce upon them Protestant religion, the schools quickly fill up with the sons and daughters of the wealthy and influential of the land. In time the sons and daughters of very stiff and decidedly zealous Roman Catholics are enrolled upon the school register; the singing of religious songs is introduced; the Bible is read and explained and the children induced to attend Sabbath-school and even divine service on the Sabbath. By careful management and painstaking to not mention the doctrines of the Church of Rome, the religious exercises become popular with all of the students. The children of Chili dearly love to sing, and through this alone many of them will be finally led to God.

No matter how great or how little a young man

or young woman leaving these schools has been impressed religiously, he goes out a confirmed friend of the missionary with all his prejudices against Protestantism scattered to the winds. This is a great thing, and will, in due time, open the way for direct evangelical missionary labor that could not now possibly be accomplished.

In the year 1883, I commenced the school year at Concepcion, the third town in importance in all of Chili, as successor to the Rev. A. J. Jeffrey, A. M., who had been director of "Colejio Americano" for some time previous. At half-past eight in the morning I struck the bell, and a crowd of boys assembled, nearly all of whom were the sons of wealthy and influential Catholics in southern Chili. I passed around a number of Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, and announced that we would sing

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of his love in the Book he has given."

Miss Lelia Waterhouse, a missionary of great zeal, who almost gave her life in this work by constant and continued effort and hard labor, had spent two years in teaching these boys to sing; consequently, this song was not new to them, and they all joined in the singing. Their voices sounded so strangely sweet, as, in broken English, they rang out the chorus,

“I am so glad that Jesus loves me,”

that I could not restrain the tears. When this school first commenced, it would have been an impossibility to have taught these Christian songs; such an act would have been a blow that would have struck the school to its death. But now they not only sing with fervor, but they join in repeating the Lord's Prayer. I read and explain to them the Scriptures, take many of them with me to the Sabbath-school, and quite a number are regular attendants of our preaching services.

In the department for girls and young women the same instructions have been given, but with results of much greater importance; for from that school five bright and precious girls were led into the light of the Gospel, mainly through the efforts of Miss Waterhouse. These are all members of our little church, and two of them have risen to important positions in our schools—one as primary teacher of English and interpreter in the female department, and the other as teacher of Spanish and interpreter in the department for boys.

With these results obtained in so short a time, and our schools still continuing to grow in favor with the masses of the people, and with the same encouraging results from other places on the Pacific coast, I am led to believe that Dr Taylor's missions in Chili and other portions of South Ameri-

ca will be a means of gathering into the Church a great throng of those who have been saved through the atoning power of the great Redeemer.

The following letter from Mr. Taylor, dated at Coquimbo, Chili, September 1st, 1883, will give his opinion as to the great importance of school-room work in connection with evangelical missionary efforts:

“DEAR BROTHER: God has a great work for us to do in Chili; and, though it will take time, the most direct way of introducing the Gospel to the hearts of the people of South American nations is through the school-house. They despise a professional padre, but have a high respect for a professor of the sciences. We want a great number of professors, who, like you and Bro. S——, can both teach and preach.

“Our workers in Pernambuco are getting on better and are quite hopeful.

“Bro. Nelson, at Para, is getting on grandly. He has organized a Methodist Episcopal church, and has a good congregation; says he has the best congregational singing he ever heard—all native Brazillians. His brother, whose wife died there of yellow fever, will, D. V., return this fall, to teach English to the natives and learn Portuguese language for a year, when he will re-open their college. They are bound to leaven the valley of

the Amazon, large as it is, with the Methodist Gospel; and that, too, very largely will be accomplished through the school-house."

But Dr. Taylor's missions in South America exist under many disadvantages. The Doctor, one of the best and wisest missionaries in all the world, is no organizer. There is no head nor tail to his institution. Every mission post is a kind of an independent monarchy, and the missionary does as he pleases and reports to no one. From these conditions arise serious consequences; for occasionally a worker is sent into these fields wholly incompetent for the labor, with none but mercenary desires, and, as there is no one to remove him, the work, if not wholly ruined, is placed in bad odor among the people. But, as Mr. Taylor never intended that his self-supporting missions should have a separate existence from the Methodist Episcopal Church, he is not answerable for these things. The blame rests with the Church. It ought to farther these societies and organize them under its own colors. The work is well and faithfully done, and all the workers at present, so far as known, are earnest, self-sacrificing, educated men and women. It is a shame that the Methodist Church does not sustain one mission field on the western coast of South America.

But Doctor Taylor's work in South America is



not self-supporting. Outside of Santiago College there is not a teacher or preacher on the whole coast but what is compelled to live from hand to mouth. Poor Miss Waterhouse, after laboring for years, was compelled to go home in a sailing vessel. Miss Esther Spink and Prof. F. D. Newhouse, both retiring from the work in ill-health, went home on borrowed money. There is no provision for the care of the sick. It is actually "root hog, or die," as the good Doctor expressed it himself. The Rev. Mr. Collier, a noble minister who wore himself out in this work, took passage on a sailing vessel for the United States because he had not the means to pay his way on a steamer. In mid-ocean he died of dysentery, simply because there were no medical attendants, which can always be found on all steamships carrying passengers. Some of the workers are compelled to dress shabbily, and every school on the whole coast is burdened with debt. If simply existing is *self-support*, then the workers are supported. But there is not a solitary condition of this work but that could be maintained with equal or even better success under the auspices of a missionary society at home. I do not criticise Mr. Taylor. He has done what the Methodist Church has neglected to do—sent earnest men and women to this continent to labor for the salvation of benighted souls, and they have

lived and done good work; but their sacrifices have been both great and humiliating. They ought not to bear *all* the burden.

## CHAPTER X.

Silk-hat Aristocracy—Evidence of a Gentleman—The Difference—The Price of Things—Second-class Fare—A Memorable Ride—The Boston Man and the Fat Woman—His Defeat—Chillan—An Attentive Landlady—A Good Luncheon—Horse Sausage—Religious Women—Irreligious Men—The Landlady's Priest—How He Converted an Englishman—A New Interest in a Circus—The Parade—Plaza de Armes—A Mother Desires to Sell us her Daughter—The Theater—The Clown—Tight-Rope Dancers—Money Made Easily.

**I**N Chili there are notably two classes of society. If a man wears a silk hat and carries a pretty cane, it is presumable that he belongs to the better class. If he has a servant to wait on him at home, or to carry his small luggage when he travels; if he emerges from a first-class railway coach and takes a first-class carriage without inquiring the price; if he settles with his landlord by handing him a large bill without a question, and shoves the returned small change in his vest pocket without deigning to count it, there is no doubt but what he is a *Caballero*—a gentleman of means and influence. But should a man be fortunate enough to have the silk hat and the pretty cane, and unfortunate enough not to be able to pay first-class

rates, or to employ a ragged man to carry his bundle, it is certain that he is not admitted into the first circles. The Rev. Mr. Mc——, my neighbor, a man of great ability and worth, was given the opprobrious name of *vaquero*—cowboy—because he carried home each morning a pitcher of milk. Even his silk hat and polished cane, coupled with very polished manners, would not save him.

The man who makes your shoes, the tailor who fits your clothes, the woman who irons your shirt, will each charge for his labor according to your cloth. If you are a *caballero*, or pretend to be one, the price will be enormous; if you are a laborer, a tradesman, or a clerk, it will be moderate. If you go to the market in person to purchase a steak, it will cost you forty cents a pound; if you send your servant he will purchase the same quality for half the money. The doctor who paid a professional visit to my family, requiring his services for thirty minutes, sent in his bill for seventy-five dollars; but when informed that I was poor, wrote me a polite note, saying that it was of no importance; I could pay him whatever I thought proper.

It may seem strange that a person from Christian America should for a moment debate the question of first and second-rate railway fare when traveling and short of funds. But I found myself doing that same thing when I went to Chillan. When I

left home I was quite certain that second-class passage would serve me very well. When I reached the depot I was somewhat in doubt, and concluded to hastily inspect the waiting cars. They were all manufactured in the United States, and one looked quite as comfortable as the other from an outside view, but when I peeped into the second-class car all doubts vanished—being confronted with things about as follows:

1. My olfactories were regaled with an unpleasant odor.

2. A dirty, poek-marked man, with wartery eyes and a sore face, lying full length upon one of two long benches extending lengthwise through the car.

3. A slovenly-looking woman seated on the floor in the passage-way, surrounded by children from whose heads she was picking parasitical animals, and cracking them between her thumb nails.

I rode on a first class ticket; but I shall never forget that ride! The fat woman occupying the seat just behind me will never forget it! The traveling salesman from Boston will never forget it! It was a memorable day! I swallowed five hundred pounds of dust, more or less. It was in the midst of the dry season, no rain having fallen for months, and the on-rushing train carried with it swirling clouds of dust as though it were a cy-

clone. The fat woman's servant fanned her vigorously. She sneezed, she coughed, she swallowed dust, she cried, she swore terribly in perfectly good Spanish, she vomited, and then she cried and coughed and swore again.

This was great fun for the man from Bostom; he winked knowingly, chuckled behind his hat, and laughed outright, at which the fat woman looked daggers. "Been traveling in this country for ten years; got entirely used to it. 'Tell ye, though it's a pic-nic to watch some of the high-steppers. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" said he, looking at the fat woman.

"D'ye see those mountains, there? Ah! here's the man with ice-cream—ha! ha! Funny ice-cream. Tell ye, though, nothing but a tumbler full of snow with cinnamon water on it—ha, ha, ha, ha! Best kind of thing to take, though, to wash down the dust when a man's traveling—ha, ha, ha! Look at that fool woman! Mountains very beautiful," he continued. "D'ye see that large cañon running away up between the snow peaks? Two robbers lived there in a den and carried on the business till they had killed seventeen men, and—good heavens! ha, ha, ha! hear that woman swear—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-a! The' tried to take 'em hundred of times, but couldn't do it—couldn't find out where they had gone, where the den was, ye sec. Have another

glass ice-cream? ha, ha, ha! But finally one young fellow went out all alone an' brought 'em both in dead on an old cart— ha, ha, ha, ha-o! My! ha, ha, ha, he-e—see that woman (pointing right toward her) ha, ha, ha— —!"

"*Bobo de nacimiento!*" (born a fool) cried she, hurling at him her bottle of cologne, which, while his head was well thrown back and his mouth stretched with boisterous laughter, struck him with a thud squarely in the face. How his poor nose did bleed! How those unfeeling Spaniards did roar and shake with laughter! That man from Boston said something, something that wouldn't sound well to hear it read. But the more he said the more the other passengers laughed; they laughed till he left the car, and continued to laugh till they could laugh no more. Even the fat woman forgot her sorrows and joined in the laugh, in spite of the dust.

Chillan (pronounce Chill-yan) is an inland town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, situated in the great agricultural district, close up to the foot-hills of the Andes Mountains. Like all small towns in South America, it is so ugly that it is wonderful. The houses are all one story in height, made mostly of adobe, have far-projecting eaves with no cornice, and the walls are thick and damp. In company with the man from Boston,

another American and an Englishman, I repaired to the *Hoted Frances del Ferrocarril*, and secured a cool, comfortable room.

The landlady was all attention. She sent a swarm of servants to attend to our various wants, and as soon as we had our bath, and were well curried down by the boot-black and the man whose business it was to dust our clothes, she invited us to an inviting lunch of splendid salads, cold meats (one dish of which we afterwards learned was canned horse, right from France, but which was very palatable as long as we didn't know what it was) and bread. She brought a large decanter of wine, filled goblets to the brim and drank our health. Noticing that two of us did not drink, she inquired at once if we were Protestants, assuring us at the same time that she, though a professed Catholic, had great regard for all Protestant people. Her priest was also a man of large views, as well as of great social qualifications, and he would only be too happy to meet us and entertain us as became a Christian gentleman; and, as he was to dine with her, she hoped that we would all get well acquainted and spend a pleasant evening, long to be remembered; for she was so certain that *el Sacerdoti* was the jolliest and best man in the world.

The truth is, our landlady was very religious,



as are all the women in Chili—that is, they have an unswerving devotion for their priests. I cannot account for it, but it is a noticeable fact that nearly all the women of the educated classes are wonderfully devoted to the Church, while nearly all the men have not the slightest confidence in either the priest or the religion he professes. When the bill for granting civil marriage was being discussed in the Chilian Senate, the priests scoured the country to secure signers to a petition asking that it be defeated. *Seventeen thousand ladies and fifteen gentlemen* signed the petition; and that may be considered a fair index for the ratio of devotion to the Church throughout the nation. But Oh, how wonderfully devout the ladies are! They sleep religiously; they think religiously; they talk religiously; they eat religiously; they gossip religiously; they profane the name of God religiously (I never saw a Chilian who thought it harmful to swear); they lie religiously; and some of them even steal in the name of their priest and their religion.

When the dinner hour arrived, our landlady's priest was on hand. He was certainly all that she had claimed for him—a jolly fellow. When introduced to us, he declared, as he almost staggered toward us, with a bottle of wine, that we should drink his health. He knew, he said, that we were Protestants, but it made no difference; they were

good people here, but they would have a hard time *hereafter*, and so he was going to be merry with them. "Besides," he said, addressing the Boston man, who spoke excellent Spanish, "if I could talk to you fellows an hour over a good glass of wine, I could convince you that ours is the true Church." The Boston man was about to demur, but Jones, the Englishman, said, with a wink, that he was certain of it. "We have never heard your side of it, yet," said he.

"That's it," said the priest; "people are Protestants because they have never known the revealed truths of the holy Church ! Think a moment, gentlemen, of her greatness ! how she is extending her power ! how she has sent emissaries to every part of the world ! Think what her missionaries have done, what they have sacrificed, the kingdoms and nations they have built up and strengthened ! Do you think it possible to have accomplished so much if ours had been anything but the true Church ?"

"Ah ! father," said Jones, producing from his coat-pocket a flask of brandy, "you talk wisely, and there is much reason in your remarks; but pray, drink with me the rose-colored nectar of my own native land, that I may be cheered to listen to more of your manly talk."

Jones actually filled the glass to the brim, and

the half-drunken man in the black gown, puffed with what he believed to be a victory within easy grasp, actually swallowed it at a quaff. In thirty minutes' time he was dead drunk in the landlady's own boudoir.

After dinner our attention was arrested by hearing music in the streets, and stepping to the door we witnessed the street parade of what was advertised as "*Circo Esplendido*"—"magnificent circus."

"A great and priceless thing is a new interest!" How that parade cheered me! How it did take possession of me! How it did bring to my remembrance the childhood days, when, in bare feet, I walked twelve miles, and spent the only twenty-five cents I had ever possessed for the then priceless sight of seeing a vulgar clown and looking at the elephant! And oh, what music! How it delighted me! warmed me! thrilled me! lifted me up and made me cry (with laughter)! Jones, the Englishman, cried, too; and we all of one accord agreed to attend the circus. While we were reading the handbills announcing the great feats of "those kingly performers," whose "reputation" was "word-wide," and whose "fame" had "never been equaled," that music kept ringing in our ears.

True, there were only two horns and a large drum, and one of the horns was cracked; but what of that! Can't a fellow appreciate small things!

If there had been anything in that parade except the music, the dog-cart, and the black driver sitting behind, it would have spoiled it. And certainly, if downright, hearty laughter, long-continued and oft-repeated, is an indication of appreciation, then the whole affair was most highly appreciated.

Whiling away an hour or two prior to going to what we knew, at best, would be nothing but a coarse and vulgar entertainment, but which we had determined to attend in order to see all sides of Chilian life, we strolled down to the *Plaza de Armes*. It was evening. The city band was discoursing splendid music, and hundreds of people were out in full dress. Ah! there are sorrowful things in Chili. The great multitude promenading around, all so merry, so light-hearted, gave evidence of nothing but happiness. But, O Death! there is canker there!

"Would the senor like a little maiden?" said a middle-aged woman, pausing before us, with a girl of fourteen years on her arm.

"Is the young lady your daughter?"

"Si, senor."

"Do you want to give her away?"

"Ah! no, senor."

"Do you want to sell her?"

"No—no! Perhaps the senor would like her for a short season?"

I blush to record it; but the conversation actually occurred, and I afterwards learned that in some of the larger towns it is no uncommon thing for a family in poor circumstances to maintain itself by making merchandise of the young and tender daughters. I turned to the woman and asked where she lived.

"In this city, senor," she replied.

"How many children have you?"

"Four, senor."

"Are they all girls?"

"No, senor; this is my only daughter."

"Are you a Christian?"

"Of course, sir."

"Do you tell your priest that you are in the habit of putting your little girl out for such bad purposes?"

"Ah, no, senor; it is not necessary. She is my own daughter, and the priest does not care what I do with her."

It was half-past eight when the music again broke forth to call us to the circus. Jones danced a hornpipe; and we all set out for the entertainment. Following the crowd, we soon appeared in front of an old, rickety, board barn, with an immense sign-board over the door, on which was

written, in large letters, the Spanish word "Teatro."

"Is the circus held here to-night?" asked Jones, of the man at the window.

"Held here, sir!" said the man, in good English.

"What's the admission?"

"Have a box, sir?"

"Yes."

"Five dollars, sir."

Jones paid for the box, and we went in. I noticed that the ceiling had been made by stretching muslin sheeting over the upper joists, and that in different places the accumulated dirt from above had bagged it down, and even torn holes through it by the weight. That the roof leaked badly was evident from the stains on the canvas. The "theater" was lighted with twelve large lamps hung around in different places, so as to afford the best possible light. The pit, the gallery, the stage, the elevated boxes, in fact, the whole inside of the building was made of unplained boards, and between each two boards was a good-sized crack or opening; and over all was a thick coating of white-wash that readily rubbed off on our clothes. When we reached our box it was empty, and the Boston man again made some remarks that I cannot record. But the good-natured Jones gave a

boy a half dollar to go to the hotel and bring us four chairs, which made us quite comfortable.

Presently, after repeated calls from the audience, the bell—a very large dinner-bell—rang; the music struck up, and the curtain was raised; but not a soul appeared on the stage. We supposed some little blunder had been made, and that soon things would be righted. But after the music had been played clear through and repeated, the audience got restless and uneasy. The Boston man sneered; but Jones said it was excellent—the best thing of the kind he had ever seen or heard.

Just then something white shot out on the stage with considerable velocity. It was a clown. His face was painted white, with the exception of a red spot on his cheeks and one between his eyes. His white cap tapered to a point three feet above the top of his head, and his false ears, which were black, stuck out a foot long, quite like those of a mammoth donkey's. The rest of his dress was a loose-fitting, muslin garment, made waist-coat fashion, and trimmed up the entire length of each seam on the outside of the legs with an abundance of immense white frills. He jumped up and down, stiff-legged, ran around the stage, threw up his arms in wild gesticulations, fell down a dozen times and as often quickly jumped up, and kept up that kind of performance for ten minutes,

with not a sign of recognition, by even a smile, from the audience. Then, from the sheer ridiculousness of the situation, the people began to unbend—just a little at first, but gradually increasing till the whole house was a wild tumult of laughter and cheers. After this performance was over, and the band had again tormented the people with its clumsy music, there appeared upon the stage two young men and two young women, all dressed alike in flesh-colored, tight-fitting garments. They made a low bow, the young women at the same time raising the right foot and bending the right knee, and then they retired. The whole of the performance was in keeping with the surroundings, and I must say that the people of Chili are easily entertained. Then followed, however, some wonderful feats on the tight-rope, the elevated swing, and the trapeze. For instance, a young man climbed into a swing at least twenty feet above the floor, and while it was in rapid motion, with folded arms he stood up and danced, or, at least, kept time to the music with his feet. At twelve o'clock the "*Circo Esplendido*" closed its entertainment, and the people were all satisfied and pronounced it excellent.

Chillan is situated in the midst of an excellent agricultural district, and cattle, sheep, swine and horses are very abundant. It is no uncommon sight to see a dozen or more large pigs lariatied to stakes



and grazing upon the commons. A German farmer adjoining the city makes a fortune of thirty thousand dollars every year by grazing cattle. He has a farm of eight hundred acres, the whole of it thoroughly irrigated and used for pasture lands. A Mr. D—, an American, has a half million dollars' worth of machinery, all under one roof. He smelts his own iron, and manufactures wagons, coaches, threshing-machines, mill-irons, car-wheels, etc. Money is easily made, and any one so inclined can easily secure wealth.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Baths—Flowers—Pleasure-seekers—High Life—Education  
—Courtship—Getting Married—A Good Wife—A Chilean  
Husband—A Steamboat Ride—The Bathers—Soldiers—  
Ashamed of our Countrymen.

**A**BOUT fifty miles from Chillan, high up among the everlasting snows of the Andes, is a place familiarly known to everybody as the "Baths." There is nothing there but a large hotel—where a fellow has the exquisite pleasure of paying at the rate of about a dollar a bite for two meals a day—and a great quantity of mineral springs. The latter are the attraction of every body in the whole nation afflicted with anything like a disease, and of many not afflicted, who resort there during the summer months to spend their money and keep cool. The proprietor of the hotel pays ten thousand dollars a year to the municipality of Chillan for the privilege of entertaining these health and pleasure seekers for three months in the year, and makes a nice little profit of sixty thousand dollars.

The hotel is situated on what appears to be a precipice, which is sumptuously cushioned and

draped with foliage, and breaks up into many beautiful chasms, leading off into the dense woodland of mighty oaks, then delving into the plain far below, in which is situated the town, with its houses barely distinguishable; and far, far beyond are the wonderful wastes of the mighty Pacific, whose blue waters mingle with the blue of the horizon in misty confusion. But what shall I say of the flowers? Chili is pre-eminently a land of flowers. From the time we commence to slowly ascend the mountain at its base, winding in zig-zag lines among the gorges up higher and higher till we reach the limit of everlasting snows, our eyes are feasted and our souls delighted with the beauty and fragrance of flowers. Daisies, pansies immense in size and beautiful beyond description, heliotropes, geraniums with immense stalks like the trunks of young saplings and with red, yellow and variegated flowers! Are we in Paradise? Is this the garden of Eden? Are we enchanted? Are those fairies that nod and bend and beckon to us with blushing face, rosy lips and glory-crowned smiles real? "Is it the fragrance of their breath that floats up to regale us with pleasant odors, that charms and soothes and lulls us off into dreamy existence where we wander in celestial gardens of beauty? Are flowers immortal? Is the odor the *soul* that wafts its way up to a higher Eden

of perpetual beauty, of which all the fragrance and honey-dews of this world are but a foretaste of its grandeur? Are the love-tinted petals and the beautiful leaves the smouldering *body* that shall be resurrected and united with the soul to again send forth a rapturous beauty on the banks of the River of Life?" Ah, no! God is not so impoverished. But why do flowers so elevate us? Why do they remind us of the chubby hands, the dimpled smiles and sweet breath of the tender little one that fell away like a bursting bud plucked from the living vine? Why do we think of heaven when we see such beauty, if these things are not really a foretaste of the great beauty in the life to come?

At the hotel are hundreds of guests. Some are old and ugly, some are rheumatic and feverish, but by far the larger part are young and middle-aged. What brought them here? Certainly anxious mammas are not out to display their daughters as a bundle of fanciful merchandise in order to make a good "catch"—it is not the fashion here. There are no private walks where the belles and the beaux can saunter and gossip, read poetry and love tales, create passions and form attachments that are discarded and broken on to-morrow. There are no secluded *tete-a-tetes* where the young rustic can while away an hour or two with his lady-love, unmolested. It is not the fashion either. In

fact, it would create scandal for the young lady to speak to the young gentlemen, unless it should be in the presence of mother, or auntie, or a confidential servant.

But these young girls are so charmingly beautiful, and they are so polite, and they can play so nicely and sing so sweetly, and—and—and that's all! No, not all, either. If there ever is a time when mamma is not on guard for a moment—just a little moment—which rarely ever occurs, it is so nice for one of them to receive a charming little billet-doux, written on gold-tinted paper, nicely scented, and placed in the sweetest little gipsy of an envelope, tied with a white silk bow with delicate tassels! O dear! how very, very cunning! Then if the rare moment in life should ever happen when a nice beau-like gentleman can only say: "Oh, you are so pretty, that I love you with all my heart!" how that little guarded soul will tremble! How she will remember those words and feast upon them! But mamma or no one else must ever know a breath about it, for mamma would scold furiously, tear her hair, and cry herself sick, and any one else would say that she did something "very, very naughty!" and every lady acquaintance that heard it would hold up both hands, open her astonished eyes and say "Oh, law!" So the dear little darlings must behave very properly, play

for the young gentlemen in the presence of mamma, and read all the little love stories by themselves. It is very wearisome, no doubt; but what is better for weary people than sleep? So, when the dear pets get tired, they just sleep—sleep till ten or eleven every day, and have a good long nap in the afternoon. In fact, most of the pleasure-seekers desire nothing better than the luxury of a good bath, a good dinner, some good wine, to be kept cool, and to have plenty of *sleep*. But the poor girls have the hardest time. They are so guarded, so petted, so dressed, and so much confined to the narrow circles of music, love stories, lily-white and gossip, that their pretty faces are often as expressionless as a mass of putty.

I once said to a very pretty and also very fashionable young lady who had called with her mamma, when we were discussing the people of Spain:

“But, after all, we owe a great deal to the people you now dislike so much.”

“Ah, yes, that is very true,” she said.

“What America would be to-day,” I continued, “if there never had existed a Columbus, would be hard to conjecture.”

“Very true,” she said. But a moment afterwards I heard her quietly, and as she thought privately, inquire of her mamma who Columbus was; and the dear mamma said she was not quite cer-

tain, but she thought he was one of the early saints.

In a short time I asked the same dear lady to play. She seated herself at the piano, and fairly delighted me and every one else in the room. The piano seemed to be a vital, living, breathing thing under her masterly touch, it was so full of expression. When she had finished, a friend from the United States said, after a reasonable silence:

"Señorita, I have no words with which to express my delight! Your music is absolutely charming."

"Ah, you flatter me indeed!" she said. "I play very poorly."

"Excellent, beyond expression!" he declared.

"No, indeed! I make no pretensions."

"The selection you played was from Strauss I believe."

"I do not know from what it is quoted."

"Do you like Strauss?"

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing it," she said.

"Strauss--Strauss!" he exclaimed. "Johann Strauss, the great Viennese musical composer!"

"Oh, certainly!" she said, getting very red. "Of course; he is a splendid musician."

The poor girls! They know so much about music, they can make such excellent fancy work, and they can write so handsomely; but they have learned it all mechanically, as though they were

machines. They scarcely know the meaning of biography, history or methematics, or anything else pertaining to real life.

An Englishman of my acquaintance fell in love with one of the very prettiest girls in all Chili. He did the polite and proper thing by going to her mamma and asking consent to win the daughter for his wife, which consent was given. All the courtship was done under direction of the maternal eye, and soon the happy pair were betrothed. But getting married was quite a different affair. The first thing to be done was to consult the priest, who agreed to sanction the marriage providing the young man would unite with the Romish Church, which, as he had no particular religious views, he agreed to do. For this consultation the holy father expected and got a good fee. The next week the priest called with necessary papers, for which he charged another fee. The young man was instructed to carry these papers to the magistrate for his signature. The magistrate endorsed them, and instructed the young man to go to another officer to have them properly recorded and sealed. For this service he charged a good fee. The recorder put the papers in the proper mill, charged another good fee, and instructed the young man to write to his native land and have a magistrate there certify that he knew him when



he was born; knew his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts;" knew all the rest of his relations; knew that he was not born out of wedlock; and knew that he had no deserted wife in the land of his nativity. After waiting about nine months, some papers were received that would answer, which were forthwith carried to the parish priest. That gentleman, though unable to read a word of English, after examining them for a month or two, and receiving a second fee, pronounced them all right. The magistrate and the recorder each in turn examined the papers critically, pronounced them genuine (another fee for each), and finally, after waiting about two years, the happy pair were made one, at a cost of something less than two hundred dollars.

But the Englishman's troubles were not at an end. The very next morning after his marriage, he said to his wife with a loving smile:

"Darling, can I trouble you to sew this button on my coat?"

"Oh, my husband! I never, *never* did such a vulgar thing in all my life!"

They soon went to housekeeping, and as there were but two of them, he suggested that they might get along with but one servant.

"Oh-o-o-o!" she cried. "Boo-oo-oo! I ca-ca-can't stand it! I can't be redu-du-duced to such

a condi-i-i-tion! I thought that you lo-o-o-ved me! Oh-o-o-oo! Boo-ho-hoo!" etc.

The poor husband, almost frantic, made speedy amends by securing a first-class cook, a dining-room maid, a man servant to wash and wipe the dishes and go to the market, a chambermaid, and a servant at hand to hand the blessed darling wife a drink when required, to fan her when she was warm, to help her dress, bathe, paint, and do a host of other fatiguing things. The Englishman's income was only two thousand a year, and as a consequence he became involved, took to drink, and put an end to his miserable existence, leaving his beautiful wife to return to her darling mamma.

But these dear creatures make better wives for the young men of their own country. The native husband understands his little wifey. If he is wealthy he supports her grandly; he keeps her as nearly as possible in a bandbox; and when he tires of her, which he soon does, he spends all of his evenings at the club, or at the room of his mistress, whom he supports in a different part of the city. If his dear little gipsy wife complains of this, and offers any serious remonstrance, the loving husband sometimes indulges (as my neighbor in Concepcion did about once a month) in the manly exercise of boxing her ears and kicking her about the house.

When I left Chillan and the Baths, I went directly to the bay of Talcahuano, and took a steamboat for Tome, another summer resort, on the opposite side of the bay. The steamboat was a marvel. It was about fifty feet long, fifteen feet wide, with a canvas covering to protect the passengers, and was purchased by an energetic German for what loose money he had in his vest pocket. He makes about ten thousand a year by carrying passengers across the bay.

Tome is quite a manufacturing town—perhaps the first in Chili. They there make barrels, and wine, brandy and whisky to fill them; flour, bricks and tiling, and a very excellent quality of woolen cloth.

Strange, how much the whole of the business of the coast is in the hands of foreigners! We went to the hotel and said, in the best Spanish we could command:

“We would like breakfast for three, Senor,”

“Ah, yes! do you speak English?”

We went to all the other public places in town, tried to air our bad Spanish, but got rebuked by similar answers.

In the afternoon a company of six of us, including two young ladies, strolled down to the bathing places on the beach. We had been assured that everything was delightful, but were not quite pre-

pared for what we saw. There was no bath-house. A party of children and a woman were enjoying a bath in a perfectly nude condition, and were not at all startled or surprised by our appearance. We there learned that it is the custom for each party of bathers to carry with them two small tents, in which all dress is adjusted for the occasion.

On our return we had a chance to see American life and Chilian life placed side by side. An American man-of-war was anchored in the bay, and some two dozen soldiers who were off on a "pass" came sauntering into the car. They were splendidly dressed in new uniform, were cleanly shaven, manly-looking fellows. They all took first-class car fare, which is something no common soldier in Chili would be guilty of doing—no, indeed! They would not for the world intrude so much upon the "senoritas" and the "caballeros." But the American soldiers all crowded in, secured the best seats, became terribly loud, vulgar and foul; swore, yelled, hooped, sang songs, laughed, jeered; filled the whole floor in the passage way with tobacco juice, and succeeded in driving every respectable person from the car.

In the second-class car were a lot of Chilian soldiers; and they were about as slovenly-looking, dirty, unkempt set of fellows as one ever beholds. "Some were drunk and some were sober;" but

they were all orderly and quiet. Some of the ladies who were driven from the first-class car by the foul language of the American soldiers, were quietly seated by the Chilian soldiers when they entered the second-class car. We were almost ashamed that we were American citizens.

Taking it all in all, our trip to the public bathing places was a success, and we felt repaid for our trouble. The flowers, the pretty girls, the tender mothers, the polite fathers, the patient servants, the excellent fare, the solicitious and tender care bestowed upon us—all together were certainly a pleasant episode in a busy life among a strange people.

## CHAPTER XII.

Independence Day—Preparations—Great Festivities—Patriotism—Fine Dresses—Fried Pies—Bill of Fare—Dance Houses—A Chilian Beauty—The Condition of Sampson—Good Order—"Rompe Cabeza"—The Greased Pole—The Fat Man—The Find—On the Pampas—A Fried Man—A Battle—A Private Entertainment—A Tilt on Horseback—The Tournament—The Soldiers—The Rapid Improvements of the Nation—"Viva Chili."

**D**IEZYOCHO means eighteen. In Chili it has reference to their national day of independence, which was declared September 18, 1818, after O'Higgins had successfully broken the power of the soldiery of Spain. It is a great day, or rather a great week. The municipalities usually recognize three days as a time of feasting and rejoicing—the first for the assembling of the people from the country; the second for dancing, drinking, horseback-riding, and general jollification; the third for sham battles between chosen divisions of the soldiers, the tournament, racing and fist-fights.

The people, especially all the lower classes, spend an entire week in festivities, in preparing for which some of them sell anything and every-

thing they possess in order to procure sufficient pocket-money for the occasion.

In company with the Professor we will pay a visit to the *Alameda* (public walk), to see, as "Dick," my six-year-old, expresses it, "the show." The *Alameda* of Concepcion is on the outskirts of the city, lying snug up against a beautiful hill that rises abruptly to the height of a thousand feet. For more than thirty years it has been a public resort. The "Lombardy" poplars are growing thickly in long rows, many being five feet in circumference and nearly all a hundred feet in height. There are no other attempts to beautify the grounds excepting a partly completed highway around the mountain, which will some day be extended to its top; but the place is beautiful, none the less.

Wonderfully patriotic are the people of Chili. The houses have all been newly painted, and nice, large flags are streaming over every doorway. The cannons are booming with joy for the occasion. The band is playing *Viva Chili*, and grandly they play it, too. Carriages and coaches are going to and fro, carrying people with glad faces full of joyful expectations. Hundreds of young gentlemen beautifully dressed, riding the gayest and nicest of horses with ornamental saddles and bridles, are dashing in every direction—some to show

their skill as equestrians, others to prepare for the tournament on to-morrow. Gentlemen and ladies finely dressed are parading up and down the walks, apparently to show their silks, satins, laces, diamonds, feathers, puffs, curls, frizzes and "bangs." Indeed, they are very pretty.

On either side of the first row of trees are long rows of tents, some made of boards covered with cloths, some of old carpets, and others of muslin. In these are thousands of the poor and common people from the country, dressed in their best, whole families together, determined to have a week of undisturbed enjoyment.

In front of each tent are several women preparing dainties for the table. Some are kneading dough, some preparing soups, some frying little pies as large as a tablespoon, in great skillets of hot lard. On rows of shelves, these, with other delicacies, are exposed for sale, so that none may go hungry. Here is a great gobbler, baked with both head and feet intact as in life; in his mouth is an olive, as an advertisement of the boxfull just behind for sale.

If you wish a meal, the bill of fare at one of these tent hotels is about as follows:

Soup—made of chopped clams and beef kidneys.

Broiled lungs of fat pigs.

Broiled sea crabs and grilled entrails of pigs.



Roasted sea-urchins.

Fried fish and baked clams.

Prepared sauce of ox-feet.

Roast turkey—stuffed with onion and spices.

Roast chicken—stuffed with chopped kidneys, red pepper, and coryanders.

Boiled lungs of the ox.

Fried peas.

Pepper salad.

*Yerba*—tea, sipped while hot or drawn through tubes, size of a straw.

Bread, butter, cake, etc.

You can take this whole course—standing up, eating from your fingers—for the modest price of about two dollars; if that is too expensive, you can pass over on the other side, and join in a family dish of boiled meats and vegetables, all eating from the same tray, for about ten cents, and an extra dime for the gallon or two of wine with which you wash it down.

Every tent is a dance-house, where two young women sing some plaintive air, accompanied with guitars, while others whirl the handkerchief and dance, as described in another chapter. Barrels, casks and bottles of wine are strewn around promiscuously; so, while some dance, others drink, and they in turn dance and drink again and still again, until they are top-heavy and can dance no more, when they are stowed away to sleep off the drunk.

Here is a beautiful girl, with close-fitting dress, black eyes and rosy cheeks, whirling the handkerchief in a dance with a rough rustic in boots and spurs. "Ah! she must have her wine!" "So she must!" echoes the rustic, who fills a large goblet to the brim, which she turns off at a quaff.

Other lovers must come in for a dance with the same damsel, for she is so pretty, so fascinating, so sprightly, girlish, innocent and sweet that all admire her. Oh, those large, black goblets of wine, how they make her feet fly! Her tongue flies, too; but it is getting tired now, though she still smiles, still twirls her handkerchief, and—takes another drink. Oh! the floor goes up to meet her; she cannot step straight; she staggers, but regains herself, staggers again, falls, tries to get up, but fails. She raises her head for a moment, her pretty eyes look bleared and crazy, she smiles, bobs her head, is gone—dead drunk.

At the next tent a man with a large head, expressive of Sampson, has fallen among some rubbish where already a man and woman are piled up in drunken sleep; his little two-year-old is sitting on his breast, playing with an empty bottle. Dozens and scores of these people are in some stage of intoxication. But there is no great disorder, no yelling, no bragging, no quarreling or fighting, and as the wine is the pure juice of grapes, the drunken

sleep passes off without many bad effects. The secret of good order is the whipping-post, for while to-day they are allowed to get drunk, they must keep order or be arrested; and once in prison, the police whip them unmercifully. To-morrow they can get drunk and fight all they desire, without being molested.

For the amusement of those not caring to drink and dance, the municipality has fixed up a plaything called *Rompe-Cabeza*, meaning to break the head. It is well named, and consists of wood the shape of a triangular prism, about one foot wide and eight feet long, poised in a horizontal position about eight feet from the ground. It is so perfectly balanced on an iron roller that the least touch will cause it to revolve; and for this very reason it has been introduced as a thing of amusement. Some gentleman places a twenty-cent piece on the solid framework at one end, and tells the boys that the one who crawls across the balanced triangle can have the money. About one boy in every ten is successful; the rest lose balance and are thrown to the ground, to the great delight of the crowd.

The municipality has also planted a great pole, turned, smooth and straight, about sixty feet in length, firmly in the ground. This is well smeared with grease to the very top, at which extremity is a purse of money to be given to the one that gets it

by climbing. Little boy number one, with clean linen pants, vest and coat, thinks the chances worth trying for, succeeds in crawling up about four feet, when down he comes, greased all over. A large, fat man suggests that "it is not an impossibility to climb that pole." A stranger tells about a man in Santiago who tried hundreds of times, each time before making the trial rolling in the sand so as to put grit on the pole, and at last succeeded in getting to the top, and finding ten thousand dollars in bank checks.

The fat man lays off his hat, and walks around the pole. Little boys, numbers two to six, in the meantime have succeeded in wiping the grease off to a height of about fifteen feet. The stranger suggests that the package on top looks as though it might contain bank checks. The fat man declares that he could climb that pole when he was young, and if it was not for his lame knee he could do it anyway. "Of course you could," said the stranger; "it was a man nearly fifty years old that got the money in Santiago."

The fat man declares that he will try it, though he has no hopes of getting higher than ten feet on account of his lame knee. Up he goes, slow and heavy, and having filled his pockets with sand, which he administers freely to the sleekest parts, he reaches a height of thirty feet, and stops. Every

part of his person that touches the pole is thoroughly saturated with grease. He makes another effort, and commences to slide downward, and reaches the ground with a crash, to the infinite delight of the stranger and a thousand others.

But some one is bound to reach the top of that pole. The crowd is increasing; fully ten thousand people are present. The fat man goes in league with twenty-five boys to get the bank checks at the top. He pushes one fellow up as high as he can reach, and immediately starts another after him, followed by still another and another, keeping the pole full below the first boy all the time. In this way, he argues that he can stay on the ground and crowd the boys up, one after another, till the topmost one gets the money; then they will divide. It is a failure.

Finally, after the great crowd had been amused for three hours, and two or three hundred dollars' worth of clothing had been destroyed, a lad, dressed in rags, with arms and legs stuck full of sand-paper, succeeds in reaching the coveted package. It contained a dollar bill.

One day later.

The whole crowd, tents, barrels of wine, drunkards and all, have gone to the pampas, two miles south of town. We go out, anxious to see the tournament. We walk around, watching the gay

gentlemen on horseback canter over the large plains. We are all expectation, for we want to see with our own eyes enactments of the days of chivalry, when hooded knights fought desperate battles on horseback for the entertainment of the people. We walk till we get tired, but there is no tournament. We sit down on the tongue of a cart. A drunken fellow mistakes us for black stumps and puts water all over us.

Our eyes are diverted and wander to the dancing. Our fat man of yesterday is again conspicuous; this time he has forgotten his lame leg, and swings it high in a dance with a black-eyed beauty. A stately grandmother fries her diminutive pies in a skillet-ocean of hot lard, very close to the dancers' feet. The fat man is more than cleverly drunk—steps very high, swings his handkerchief, claps his hands, endeavors to embrace his black-eyed partner—but woe, woe to the fat man! woe to the skillet of boiling lard! and woe to the frying pies! The indignant beauty resents his insult with a push which lands the fat man in sitting posture squarely in the ocean of boiling grease. Poor fellow! We turn away sick at heart, but many of these heathen, half-Indian fellows think it a good joke.

Here are two fellows having a battle, one on his horse, the other on foot. The latter has a stout fish-pole ten feet long, and welts the former over

back and head unmercifully; this he stands bravely, until he seizes the end of the pole and jerks it from the fellow on the ground, runs him down, and pelts him in turn.

Here are some gentlemen in broadcloth and silk hats who are getting up a small entertainment of their own, and as they are *gentlemen*, and charge no gate money, we will stop. A ring is formed and two burly fellows, half drunk, are going to fight, not to settle a quarrel, for they are friends; but to get each of them a dollar from the gentlemen in broadcloth. They have agreed to fight till one of them gives up as being whipped, or till the gentlemen aforesaid are satisfied and say it is enough. They commence in a laughing tussel, and fall to the ground. By degrees they grow more and more in earnest, and soon are fighting like two savage dogs; but not till they are pummeled almost beyond recognition do the by-standers interfere and say it is enough. We learn that one of the men is to be sent to the city hospital.

There are some fellows having a tilt on horse-back; there are eight of them, and they have chosen sides in equal numbers. They start and ride away from each other for a quarter of a mile, then at a given signal turn and rush upon each other in mad fury. The four horses abreast, with their fearless, foolhardy riders, dash right into

the other four horses while all are running at full speed. Some fall and roll over, some dash madly onward, some are lamed, and all more or less bruised and hurt. This is the tournament, but one sight is enough.

Luckily for the horses, at least, the soldiers have made their appearance, and the "tournament," for the present, comes to an end. These half-breed Indian soldiers are very inferior looking men. They are rather undersized, with hump shoulders, bow-legs, and have not the ability, or have not had the training sufficient to know how, to keep step. They cut a sorry military figure, but the Chilian soldiers are desperate in a fight.

All Chilians go into ecstasies over *Dieziocho*. The opinion of the writer is, that the manner of celebrating it is a national disgrace to the intelligence of the country. One by one, however, the nation is laying aside the conditions of society she inherited from Spain at her birth. The bull-fight has been abandoned, and certainly the foolish, cruel custom of trying to unhorse one another, by riding the poor animals into collision while running at full speed is not longer in great favor with the intelligent people. Some daring German ladies commenced in Concepcion the custom of horseback riding with gentlemen friends. It was a bold step, for no Chilian lady of any character



cared for the saddle. But as these German ladies are of high standing and wealth, the custom is becoming general. Our own American ladies do not hesitate to walk out with young gentlemen friends, something that would give rise to great scandal among the natives of the country. But, one by one, they are adopting the customs of the more civilized and enlightened nations; and certainly, no other nation in all the world, under like circumstances of inherited darkness, of great isolation through the physical structure of the country, of the thousands of bigoted priests whose only aim is to keep the people in darkness, has made the progress that this little Republic has made in the last fifty years. With great enthusiasm I am ready to swing my hat, and in a rousing three times three, cry aloud—*Viva Chili!*

## CHAPTER XIII.

Concepcion—Its Early History—One Hundred and Eighty Years of Warfare—Destroyed by Earthquakes—Evidences of Civilization—A Million would not Save a Murderess—Screen-Doors—One Kind of Missionaries—Converting an Indian—American Tramps—Good Newspapers and Their Future—A Wild Bill of the Andes—A Fire Company—Prospective Mouse-Trap Millionaire—Good Police Regulations—A Good Medicine for Thieves—Out of Debt—General Description—Monotonous—Prof. F. in Trouble.

**Q**UAINT old city of Concepcion, founded more than three hundred and thirty years ago—it has a history of its own! What scenes in the drama of life have the surrounding hills witnessed! Here once extended the bay, where, unmolested or undisturbed by his near relation, man, floundered the huge plesiosaurus, and where, on the banks, the monster megatherium played at death games of hide-and-seek with the huge mastodon—all of them passing away and leaving their bones for the astonished gaze of man. Here were great internal commotions, and the subterranean world of surging, boiling, swelling, hissing lava and steam, broke through the crust that confined it, and with tremendous tumult and

crash, broke to fragments the azoic rocks and piled them high in air, in conglomerate mass with the coarser-textured rocks and sand-washings of the sea. Here were earthquakes such as were never witnessed by man—earthquakes that made more than a quaking and trembling of the ground; for at one mighty bound the whole of the beautiful valley on which now stands the city was redeemed from the bay. Then, in later ages, when the then nameless Bio-Bio had cut its channel along the eastern hills, a rival earthquake still farther elevated the land, and left the waters to course their way through the western slopes. Here the wild Indian roved unmolested for ages, built his wigwam in the sunniest, cheeriest places, killed the wild-tame game, and never dreamed that from another world, over the sea, would come a foeman to steal his hunting grounds and murder his kinsmen. Here Valdivia, three hundred and thirty-four years ago, founded the city. Here are the scenes of many battles. To-day the Spaniards are joyous and hopeful, giving out their songs of rejoicings, that are caught up and echoed and re-echoed by the silent, surrounding hills. To-morrow the city is in flames; the few surviving inhabitants flee to the boats; the Indian exultingly swings his scalps, reeking with red, and gory, while he plunders the ruins and feasts upon his

booty. Again the daring Spaniard erects the walls, and the city is alive with throbbing, hopeful hearts. But the cunning Indian, ever on the alert, seeks an unguarded entrance, and the city is again in smoking ruins. Once more does the Spaniard build it up. Once more do the silent hills witness the revengeful Indian raze it to the ground. For one hundred and eighty years they witness the battles on the plain below, between the hardy Spaniards and the determined, unconquerable Indians.

And when the ground is made rich with human gore, and the rivulets and brooklets are tinged a thousand times with the blood of the slain, these towering hills are witnesses of peace; for the Indian and the Spaniard somehow find out that God's world is large enough to afford them both a dwelling place, and that their fighting and murdering has been greatly lacking in happy results.

But these silent sentinels are witnesses of still more death and destruction, and twice do they see the walls of the city tremble, and totter, and fall, crushing to death the stricken inhabitants; for twice do monster earthquakes level all the houses to the ground.

But the grand old city still exists, and the quaint old houses, with their thick walls and open courts, are examples of architecture very ancient.

Concepcion has made many advances in the

scale of civilization. For instance: About twenty-five years ago, a beautiful lady, whose parents were very wealthy, married a young man, and settled in life with many flattering prospects for the future. Her domestic felicity was undisturbed for years. A daughter was born, and had grown to the age of five, and a world of honor and glory, as well as of connubial bliss, was spread out at the mother's feet. But suddenly that world came to an end—her world of happiness and prosperity. She was seized by a "green-eyed monster," who held her in his death-vice grasp, and waltzed her around to the tune of Fiendish Whims; and finally he caused her delicate hands to carry a kettle of boiling water and pour it into her sleeping husband's mouth and face. He died. So did she, but not before her father had offered the whole of his wealth to save her. The Governor was offered half a million in gold to pardon her. On the Hill of Death—place of public execution—she was shot, sewed into a bag with live snakes and live rats, and sunk into the middle of the river.

Civilization, however, has done much to enlighten these people since, and now, under like circumstances, the grave Governor, filled with humanity, would consider how much that money would enable him to do for "his fellow-men," and the woman would be pardoned. If enough money was

not forthcoming to mitigate her crime, she at least might have Christian burial in the paupers' cemetery, where in after years the bad boys could play football with her skull.\*

In Valparaiso I saw even more evidences of civilization than were ever found in Concepcion. I saw there the stained windows and the green screen just inside the door so common in all the saloons in a Christian land. It was the first sight of the kind I had seen since leaving New York. It almost cheered me to know that I was once more in a land that evidenced Christian civilization. Any thoughts that I might have had of stopping were instantly driven away, however, by the appearance of a man from behind the screen. He wore two revolvers, a large knife, and a frightful scar, extending from his temple to the corner of his mouth. I doubted the place from that moment, although it did look wonderfully like the thousands of places established and protected by law in our own Christian America.

I will add, that such great improvement is due to one kind of missionary effort. The Rev. Mr. B——, a missionary of great zeal, was laboring to elevate the Indians in the far-away Montana Territory; but at the same agency were many very

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\*Skulls and other human bones are very plentiful in the paupers' cemetery in Concepcion.

wicked men who largely counteracted his influence. As a number of Indians could speak the English language, he appointed special meetings and talked to them upon the important subject of Christian civilization. But the chief could never be persuaded to attend, although offered many inducements, as he desired much to have him converted because of his widespread influence among the other redskins. The opportunity, however, presented itself when the minister could address the chief alone; for one day he found that worthy sitting on a pile of rails in front of the agency, closely observing some laborers plowing near by with oxen, swearing and yelling at a terrible rate.

"Ah, Trushaway," said the holy man, "you ought to be a Christian!"

"Ugh!" observed Trushaway.

"You ought to come out to our meetings and learn to pray to the Great Spirit, and read in His Book what he says to all the people."

"Ugh!" grunted the chief, still eyeing the oxen.

"If you were a Christian, Trushaway, you might induce all your nation to become civilized."

"Ugh!"

"Then," continued the good man, "you and your people could soon have plenty of oxen and plows, and could cultivate the soil like these fellows you have been watching."

“Heap-a-good !” said Trushaway, jumping up, “heap-a-good ! Indian be Christian ! Indian plow ! Indian drive oxen ! Gee, haw, Buck, Bright ! Whoop ! Wo-haw-back, Buck ! Indian much civilized ! whoop !”

All of this was intermingled with a fearful volley of oaths, in imitation of his civilized brother, the ox-driver, who had intuitively done more to disseminate evil habits than the good minister could ever counteract—the long and short of the Indian’s progress in religious matter consisting in blaspheming the name of God.

Christian America sends into this land of Chili many missionaries. I speak what I know, for some of them have called upon me in Concepcion every week since I have been here. They usually present themselves at the door, and with the forefinger pointing to the open mouth, utter the only Spanish word they have learned —“Hambre,” meaning hungry. A careful diagnosis generally shows they are afflicted about as follows:

They are very ragged.

They are very dirty.

They are very lousy.

They are extremely lazy.

They are excessively impudent.

They are the smartest of thieves.



They are needed at home to be punished for crime.

In fact, the most degraded people in Chili are American tramps, who infest this country by the hundreds, and who, as graduates of our higher civilization, are educating a large class of natives in the Christian accomplishment of being expert pickpockets. Of all the representatives from our beloved land, these tramps are so much in the ascendancy as to numbers, that a gentleman is almost made to blush at times to own that he is an American citizen.

But to return. Concepcion has other evidences of a growing civilization—it has a fire company. The houses being built of heavy brick, and covered with earthenware tiling, it is almost impossible for them to take fire and burn down. But, as all well regulated cities in civilized lands have fire companies, the people, determined not to be out-done, purchased a monster fire engine with all modern improvements, and organized a company to put out fires. Now, there had not been a fire in Concepcion of sufficient magnitude to burn a farmer's smoke-house in twenty-five years. That sounded very tame; it was far behind the spirit and progress of the age, and so some good people determined to redeem the city from this long-standing evidence of barbarism. The insurance

man was encouraged to visit the place, and succeeded in issuing several policies for about double the value of the property insured. Then there was a fire; a fire in which coal oil and other inflammables caused the flames to leap high in the heavens. The people were in ecstasies. The church bells rang out loud and clear. Even the fire engine bustled around and was on hand before the building was half consumed. The fire company got there, too. One by one they came sauntering up, some on foot, some in carriages—all dressed in broadcloth, and looking as though it was a mighty satisfactory affair. So the city was redeemed, and bids fair to maintain a character becoming the third city in size and importance in a growing, civilized Republic.

Concepcion has two daily newspapers, both filled with wholesome articles of biography, of history, of science, of jurisprudence, of theology, of affairs of state, and of the general news of the world. They are papers that will elevate the family, and are a credit to the town and state. They are remarkably free from reports of murders, highway robberies, suicides, seductions, and the great class of crimes so eagerly sought for publication in our journals at home. But civilization will soon regulate this matter also. A generation or two more will witness a radical change, and the young civil-

ian will eagerly scan the columns of "crimes and casualties." He will read how the daring "Wild Bill" of the Andes, single-handed, stopped the passing stage-coach, and made a full baker's dozen of hearty mountaineers "stand and deliver" their money, watches, revolvers and other valuables; how he then generously presented the driver with a purse of gold, and, covering the cowering passengers with a cocked revolver, watched the stage recede from sight; how, when a sheriff's posse of fifty armed men pursued him, he boldly gave fight, killing seventeen of the number and refusing to surrender until his own body was riddled with holes; how the whole city turned out to his funeral, and the ladies wept and strewed flowers on his grave. He will be feasted with articles extolling the manly virtues of the popular "light weight," Jemmy Johnson, who so gallantly pummeled his adversary till he was almost beyond recognition, "to the great delight of the select party of a thousand sports so favored as to witness the fun." He will read of successful "corners" in grain; how a clever gentleman from the West made an immense fortune by "selling short" and watching the markets; how a man in the East commenced with a mouse-trap, and by "watering his stock" and being shrewd enough to "take advantage of the laws of trade," got to be a millionaire of such

immense influence as to control courts and legislative bodies; in short, he will read of high crimes and misdemeanors until his heated, feverish brain will be on fire; he will ponder such scenes by day and dream of them by night. Then he will be civilized. Then Concepcion will not be such a humdrum town, that has not afforded a solitary murder, a bank or highway robbery, for twenty-five years. The Province of Concepcion may even get to be as civilized as the State of Missouri, and support a gang of train and bank robbers, whose lives shall be written in flaming, glowing lines of praise. If these *are* the effects of civilization, I only pray that I may live in Concepcion forever, and that nature, in some way, will erect barriers impassable that shall forever shut out all possibility of intercourse with my own loved America, and all the rest of the civilized world. For here such things are unknown, and perhaps in all the world there is not another town where life and property are so safe from the hand of crime as they are in this city.

Concepcion has the best police regulations I ever saw. Look at that half-breed Indian as he parades up and down the street, dressed in full uniform. He is under-sized, black, stoop-shouldered, and excessively homely. He "cuts the pigeon-wing" on a bone whistle during all hours of the night, by

blowing shrill blasts which one can hear a full mile. But somehow he manages to keep order. Perhaps this is due largely to the great body of secret police, who, disguised and unknown, parade the city in every part. But more likely it is due to the "medicine" the criminal is compelled to take when once in prison. After a man has had one dose, all the powers of earth could not persuade him to take another, and knowing that the jail is the only place where the dreaded "medicine" is given, it has quite a reformatory effect. It is administered about as follows:

1. A good rope with which the patient is bound.
2. A stout post to which he is firmly tied.
3. A broad leather strap, one end of which is cut into many strings.
4. A short, stout whipstock, to which the heavy end of the leather strap is fastened; and
5. A burly man to lay it on to the patient's back in about one hundred quick, successive strokes.

An Englishman, having received a dose of this kind of Spanish soothing syrup for the crime of stealing a saddle in the Province of Concepcion, declared that he would as soon stand for the same length of time neck deep in purgatory; and that sooner than take any chances of receiving another dose of the same kind, he would starve.

Concepcion is out of debt. Civilization, however,

may in time remedy even that; and the progressive Spaniard may live to see the day when gyratory office-holders with gum-elastic souls, will plot together to erect a capitol building of paxillose architecture, after the Albany Statehouse style. As it now stands, the municipality has been so stupidly honest as to erect good, roomy public buildings, pave all the principal streets with squared blocks of granite, and beautify the city with public gardens and walks without appropriating a solitary cent of the public money. An office-holder who would be guilty of such culpable stupidity in the State of New York would never survive an election, if he was even fortunate enough to escape impeachment.

Concepcion is surrounded with beautiful scenery, but like all the towns from Panama to Terra Del Fuego, it is so ugly that it is picturesque. It has nine Catholic churches and no sewerage. It supports fifty Catholic priests and three hundred prostitute women. It boasts of the greatest Jesuit college in South America, and over one-half of the people cannot read or write. It maintains a lively theatre and a great graveyard. It has palaces where dwell the rich and pens where human pigs feast in filth. It has a grand band of musicians as well as perpetual smallpox; four banks and a thousand paupers; beautiful carriages and wood-wheeled

carts; locomotives and thundering trains of cars of latest design, and the primitive plow with wood mould-board and one handle.

Concepcion, like all coast towns of Western South America, is excessively monotonous. The buildings all have the same shape, and only vary as to size and color. The streets all have the same appearance, and it is easier for a stranger to lose his bearings here than in London. This statement was verified in the case of "Fin," the professor of Greek and history in the American College, when he first arrived from the United States. Being out together, I requested him to guide us back home. He was confident, but did not know that we were within ten yards of our own college door. When we arrived there I suggested that we stop and meet some friends. Passing into the parlor that we had left not twenty minutes before, the professor joyously greeted our fellow-teachers and declared himself happy in meeting them in a distant part of the city.

*Stolander's survey*

## CHAPTER XIV.

A Barren Coast—Rich Mines and rich Lords—A Barren Desert—A Great Discovery--The Survey—A Dispute about Boundaries—Rich Mines Claimed by two Nations—War—A Treaty—A Revolution—New Discoveries—Another Revolution and Another Treaty—Peru out of Money—Peru Turns Miner—Peru Makes a Failure—She Stimulates the Quarrel between Bolivia and Chili—A Secret Treaty—Peru again in the Mines—Still Another Treaty to avoid War—An Election in Bolivia—The Strife Deepens—Seizure of Mines—Chilian Soldiers to the Front—A Great Feast—A War on Paper—A Wonderful Army, all Officers—Declaration of War—Chili Occupies the Field—Battle of Calama—The End of the War—The Beginning of Another.

**T**HE whole of the western coast of South America from the gulf of Guayaquil to Valparaiso presents to the eye of the traveler a succession of barren, sandy hills, that to the casual observer has the appearance of being entirely worthless. For many years it was never dreamed that nature had stored away in those monotonous, reddish, sandy barrens untold wealth that was to be had for the gathering; and in later years, when inexhaustible mines of guano, copper and saltpetre had enormously enriched the lords of Peru, it was still supposed that the great desert known as Atacama,



lying between the inhabitable portions of Bolivia and Chili, was a useless waste.

In both of these republics, however, mining had assumed magnitudinous proportions. In Chili the government revenues on mines alone had increased over sixteen millions of dollars in a period of fifty years; and the Chilians were fully alive to the great importance of this branch of industry. Finally some miners determined to investigate the desert. Very foolish fellows they were considered, indeed; for so worthless had the whole barren always been considered that the Spaniards in an early day had pronounced upon it the greatest of curses; and either of the two nations would have willingly ceded all interest to the other for a mere trifle, if not for the asking. But the plucky Chilian miners, nothing daunted, pushed to the north, entered the desert, and were rewarded with great finds of saltpetre, copper and silver, in such abundance that the supply seemed inexhaustible.

When these discoveries were made known, there was naturally great rejoicing in the little Republic. A great fountain was right at her own doorway, where individuals could feast and fatten, and where the nation could easily replenish its empty exchequer. The Government at once commenced complete surveys of the desert, northward as far as the twenty-third parallel, which the Chilians

believed to be the boundary line between their country and Bolivia. Small towns sprang up that at once became the centers of large commercial traffic of immense benefit to the nation.

The Government of Bolivia regarded all this with a jealous eye. The rapid strides of its small but energetic neighbor in obtaining this vast resource of wealth, instead of being viewed with indifference, was somehow considered an encroachment. Bolivians, it was thought, ought to own the mines, and in a short time they began to lay claim to a portion of the now valuable territory. The whole desert had hitherto been considered so worthless that not the slightest attention had ever been given by either nation to a boundary line. But now, Bolivia became convinced that her territory extended south to the *twenty-fifth* parallel, instead of stopping, as the Chilians claimed, at the twenty-third, and made a demand for possession of this strip, also occupied by Chilean laborers, and containing many valuable mines.

Both parties exhibited historical documents establishing different boundaries, and both seem to have manifested great faith in the reasonableness and justness of their claims to the disputed territory. War seemed imminent. On the fifth day of June, 1863, the legislative power of Bolivia dictated a law authorizing the executive of that nation

to declare war against Chili. But neither party was ready for war, and some diplomatic service was rendered that appeared to give satisfaction in both countries.

In 1866 a treaty was signed from which it was hoped there would be continued peace. It stipulated that all the products of the mines within the disputed territory should be divided equally between the two countries, and that each should pay an equal share of a debt of \$80,000.

But Bolivia, in the midst of many revolutions, neglected her part of this treaty, and again there was strife between the two nations. Demands were made upon the Chilians for the payment of the entire debt, instead of the half of it as the treaty stipulated, and the Bolivians were accused of receiving large sums from the products of the mines that were never reported to the Government of Chili.

In 1868 two citizens of the latter country discovered immense mines of borax and saltpetre within the bounds of the disputed territory, which were destined to deepen the strife between the two nations, and to play an important part in bringing about the war that followed, nine years later. Before the owners of these mines were allowed to operate them, they were required to pay the Bolivian Government the sum of \$10,000; also

to build a wharf at the seaport of Antofogasta, and to build a road a distance of seventy-five miles into the interior. To this Chili submitted, though it cost her miners over \$6,000,000.

About this time a new revolution occurred in Bolivia, and the Government that had made these restrictions and signed the treaty of 1866 was overthrown. This was in 1871. The new Government did not recognize the transactions or contracts of the old, and again the two countries sent out engineers to survey the disputed territory, and the company at Antofogasta, notwithstanding its enormous outlay, consented to make new regulations. But many threatening revolutions in Bolivia retarded an amicable settlement. The President, in the midst of many disputes and bitter quarrels with aspiring statesmen—if that term can be applied to hot-headed, ignorant chieftains, whose sole desires were not to elevate the people, but to further their individual interests at the expense of the nation—dissolved the legislature. The next day, at a banquet given by himself in honor of this event, he fell dead, pierced by seven bullets, and another government was immediately organized. After much puerile diplomacy on both sides, another treaty, differing but little from the old, was signed between the two nations in 1872.

About this time it appears that Peru, notwithstanding her great wealth, became painfully aware of the fact that her coffers were empty. In the latter part of the same year, President Manuel Prado appeared before his assembled legislature and declared that the Government could not control enough money to defray daily expenses. Among other methods suggested for increasing the revenues was a proposition that the Government should control the saltpetre mines in her own province of Tarapaca. But even these mines were largely in possession of the energetic Chilians, supported by powerful organizations at Santiago and Valparaiso. But, encouraged by the concessions Chili had made to Bolivia, Peru enacted a law that permitted only the Government to export saltpetre from any of her territorial ports. But, at the same time, it must be said that she offered the miners a fair compensation for their mineral. In fact, the law defeated itself; for the same authority that enacted the law also stipulated that the Government should pay the miners \$2.50 for each hundred weight of saltpetre delivered. This had the effect of flooding the market and reducing the price of that commodity to such an extent that the Government received but little or no profit. To add still more to the embarrassment of Peru, Chilean miners made other great discoveries of the

same mineral nearer to Antofogasta, which threatened the market with ruinous prices.

Probably somewhat envious of the continued success of Chili, and stung by the effects of her own failures, as well as having a desire in some manner to own all the mines situated in her own territory, it seems that Peru quietly determined to stimulate the strife existing between Chili and Bolivia. On the sixth day of January, 1873, the two nations secretly confederated against the Government of Chili, as an outcome of Peruvian desires—at least the Chilians so interpreted the alliance, when it became known to them later. In this secret league the two nations agreed to march unitedly, against any nation that threatened their territorial integrity. Peru, also, at the same time dispatched an ambassador to Buenos Ayres, to induce the Argentineans to join this alliance. Argentine, though cherishing no friendly feelings toward Chili, refused.

Peru, feeling sure of her footing, however, soon after enacted a new law, authorizing the Government to purchase all the mines within the territory of Tarrapaca. The miners who refused to sell were compelled to pay a duty on their mine produce. What this duty was in amount I have not been able to learn, but the Chilians complain of it having been so exorbitant that no mines could

be operated, and that in time the miners were compelled to sell. Be this as it may, Peru became owner of all the mines, and the sellers, it is stated, were persuaded to receive their pay in vouchers, as the Government was out of money.

Chili, not knowing of the alliance between Bolivia and Peru, but feeling her inability to conduct a war, in 1874 made a new treaty with the former Government, in which great concessions were made. All the disputed territory passed into the hands of Bolivia, and all the privileges of revenue granted in the treaty of 1866 were annulled; in fact, the only clause in the new treaty favorable to Chili was one stipulating that Chilean miners within that district should not be subject to an increase of tax or duties for a period of twenty-five years.

This treaty, however, did not solve the difficult problem. For, two years later, the Government of Bolivia underwent another revolution. That country for years had been in a terrible state of anarchy. It was a popular thing for a general or commander of a body of troops to seek out the President, murder him and usurp his power. For many years the presiding officers had all been "elected" in that manner. This last revolution gave the people a violent, dangerous man as their leader. Law and order were everywhere disregarded. Frequent assaults were made upon the

miners in Atacama. Of all the people in that mining district, eighty-five per cent. were Chilian citizens, all under control of a Bolivian colonel. Every report sent to the capital of Chili is said to have contained accounts of murder or some other outrage upon these citizens. The Government at Lapaz, the capital of Bolivia, disregarding the claims of these people to protection, issued a circular, calling upon her officers to protect all of her citizens against foreigners, under *whatever circumstances*. The question of boundary between the Argentine Confederation and Chili threatened war. It was commonly reported that both nations had their armies in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and Bolivia, believing Chili to be in no condition to resent her insults, became more arrogant than ever. On the 14th of February, 1878, a law was passed levying a tax of ten cents on every hundred weight of saltpetre exported. This was in direct violation of the treaty of 1874, under which Chili surrendered her claim to the territory. As this tax was not exorbitant, it might have been paid and war avoided, had not the Bolivians wickedly demanded of the miners a back tax, due under the recent law, of \$90,000. This was too much. The miners refusing to pay, their property was seized and ordered sold. The day of the sale Feb. 14th, 1879, dawned, but with it came an army



of Chilian soldiers, who landed at Antofogasta and took charge of the mines.

They met with no resistance. The Bolivian officers and troops were deprived of the functions of government, but were permitted to retire. This movement was received with great joy in all the mining towns of the coast. But little excitement prevailed. Chilian troops kept arriving, but their actions were strictly limited to the occupation of the territory northward to the 23d parallel, which covered the long disputed territory, and to the protection of her own miners and their property. The Bolivian troops numbering only sufficient to perform police duty, the whole of the territory was at once given over to Chili without resistance. Chili soon had four thousand soldiers in the field.

When Bolivia received notice of these proceedings, all the assembled officers of that Government were occupied in national festivities. The holiday lasted for twelve days, and President Daza, who had received the message, did not make it known even to his Cabinet officers until the carnival was ended, the 26th of the same month. He then assembled his officers, and with their united counsels, sent out printed circulars announcing the facts to the people, and denouncing the Chilians as cowards, bandits, murderers, a people depraved by misery and vice, and enriched by treasures

stolen from the Bolivian people. He next decreed the expulsion of all Chilians from Atacama, a sale of their mines and the confiscation of all other property found.

Sixteen generals, about one hundred colonels, and seven hundred inferior officers then signed a written compact, in which they bound themselves to rid the territory of the Chilians, or seal their vows with their own blood.

The condition of the standing army of Bolivia at this time was somewhat noteworthy. When President Daza usurped the powers of government, in order to strengthen his own cause, he elevated all the men in the army of any note or pretensions to high offices and still higher pay. In the standing army there were 2,232 common soldiers, and *one thousand officers*. Twenty-two of the latter were generals, one hundred and thirty-five were colonels, and seventy-two were captains. One battalion, known as the *chief supporters of state*, consisted of 540 men, 367 of whom were officers. With this condition of affairs, it can readily be seen that but little patriotism existed.

A great difficulty presented itself to the Bolivians. In order to reach the scenes of trouble, it was necessary to march an army across the mountains, which could only be accomplished by rough and dangerous passes, and then to endure the

heat of the desert for many miles, for which ample provisions of food, clothing, and even for carrying water had to be made.

Chili, upon hearing the declaration of war made against her, ordered her soldiers to the north. Every town on the Bolivian coast clear up to the Peruvian line fell into her possession without any show of resistance, excepting the small mining town of Calama. Here the Bolivian soldiers, who had been generously allowed to retire from the mining towns in Atacama, made a stand. A troop of Chilian soldiers appeared before this town on the 23d of March and were fired upon. A short battle ensued, in which twenty Bolivians were slain, thirty were made prisoners and the rest put to flight. Chilians lost twelve in killed and wounded. The aristocratic army from Lapaz, not caring to endure the hardships of the mountains and desert, never put in an appearance on the coast. They had done all their fighting on paper. And as Chili had neither the desire nor the necessary force to penetrate the interior of Bolivia, the war with that country was practically at an end and the long standing war with Peru about to commence.

## CHAPTER XV.

Excited Peruvians—They demand War with the Chilians—Ignacio Prado—A Mob—Peruvian Congress Requests the Withdrawal of Chili's Troops from Atacama—Peru's Preparations—A Secret Alliance with Bolivia Declared—Chili Declares War—The Condition of the Two Armies—Blockade of Iquique—President Prado Sails for Fields of Action—The Huascar and the Esmeralda—A Fighting Retreat—Brave Resistance of Arturo Prat—Overthrow of the Peruvian Man-of-War—Effects of the Battle on Chili—Slothful Peru—Another Sea Fight—Battle of Pisagua—Iquique and Dolores Vacated—Prado and General Daza flee to Europe—Battle of Tacna—Battle of Arica—The Mines—Savage Warfare—Sinking of a Vessel—The Result of the Battle.

**W**HEN news was received at Lima that Chilean soldiers had taken possession of Atacama, great was the excitement of the Peruvians. There was but one opinion—"Chili must be punished"—and as Peru had the best navy, the largest and, as they believed, the best-disciplined standing army of any of the Pacific States, this appeared to be a matter of easy undertaking. They were very certain that had Chili known of the secret alliance existing between the two nations, there would have been no war. They were also certain that in case of continued hostilities, not with Bolivia alone, but with

the combined armies of both nations, there could be but one result—the speedy overthrow of the Chilian Republic; and they therefore exulted over the good fortune that, seemingly, had placed that nation within easy cast of the net long and secretly spread for its downfall. As the Chilians were unused to warfare, having lived in peace with themselves and their neighbors for many years, they were accounted effeminate and cowardly. On the other hand, both Bolivia and Peru had long maintained a condition of civil warfare that had inured their soldiers to the hardships of the field, as well as to the scenes of battle; and it was confidently expected that, ere long, the Chilian songs of triumph over easy possession of Atacama would be turned to lamentations.

Manuel Ignacio Prado, the President of Peru, was the only man of his nation who did not desire war. But a few years had elapsed since he had been compelled to flee before a furious mob that had created a new revolution also characteristic of that country. He took refuge under the friendly protection of the Chilian Government, and though a man of no high order, he could not forget that Chili had given him a home for over seven years, till a new revolution in his own country again restored him to power. The Peruvians suspecting this, a furious mob appeared before the doors of

the municipal palace and demanded his intentions. Prado saw that he must renounce Chili or lose his life. Addressing the mob with the utmost calmness, he said: "Gentlemen, and fellow-protectors of the Government and liberties of Peru: I only ask that you prove me. Chili desires war. Let us see to it that she is satisfied."

Congress, however, advised that war should not be declared, but that Chili should be requested to withdraw all troops from Bolivian territory. The cramped financial condition of the country is all, perhaps, that induced the Peruvians to act upon this advice. Accordingly an ambassador was dispatched to Santiago, carrying with him the secret treaty of 1872, between his nation and Bolivia. He first offered the services of his Government as mediator between the Bolivian Government and that of Chili. This act of seeming kindness was at once accepted; but his next step was to require the removal of all troops from Bolivian territory, in order, as he expressed it, "to make sure of the acceptance of the mediatorial office by that country also." This was promptly refused.

In the meantime Peru improved the time by concentrating the army and strengthening the navy with new vessels and more men. Some men-of-war were sent south and were seen cruising around in the neighborhood of the Bolivian coast occupied

by the Chilian soldiers. When all this became known in Santiago, the Peruvian minister was called upon to define the attitude of his Government. Delay was required; but after some ineffectual diplomatic quibbling, the existence of a secret confederation was declared. Peru believed that Chili would now withdraw her troops, but instead, without hesitation or delay, *she declared war.*

The standing army of Peru at this time consisted of 8,096 men, of whom 3,896 were officers, and 4,200 common soldiers. The navy was quite a formidable affair, and was believed to be the best equipped and best drilled of any belonging to the Pacific States. It consisted of four iron-clads, a frigate of eighteen guns, the monitors *Huascar*, *Atahualpa* and *Manca Capac*, and twenty smaller vessels. To sustain the two armies cost the Government, for salaries alone, an outlay of nine million dollars a year. Many revolutions had made Peru, seemingly, a warlike nation; but in reality it had lost in patriotism and had become effeminated by sustaining in idleness many influential men at public expense.

The forces of Chili numbered only 2,440 men, 410 of whom belonged to the artillery and 530 to the cavalry. The marine contained two frigates of twelve cannons each, three wooden vessels, and

four small ships, said to be old and almost useless.

With all these odds against Chili, coupled with the fact that the combined population of Peru and Bolivia was more than triple her own, it was believed, even in Europe and North America, that but one result would follow—and that, the speedy overthrow of the Chilians. But these people had one great advantage over their enemies; they had a stable government, where revolutions were only known as events of history, and where every man was a true patriot.

When war was declared, they lost no time in establishing the blockade of Iquique—the principal port of Tarapaca and a great center of exports of saltpetre. This was occupied by three thousand Peruvian soldiers. All military operations were of but little moment, however, until the 16th of May, when President Prado sailed from Callao with a large fleet. His plan was to raise the blockade at Iquique, sail south and subjugate all the coast towns of Chili. But learning that the Chilean fleet had sailed northward, and that only two small vessels maintained the blockade, he deemed it prudent to protect his own coast, contenting himself by sending two of his largest ships to Iquique, one of which was the monitor *Huascar*. The two Chilean vessels at this place were under the control of two young officers, Arturo



Pratte and Carlos Condell. Their whole mission was to shut up the port, but on sighting the two Peruvian ships bearing upon them, they sailed boldly to the attack. This was May the 21st. Officer Pratte's vessel, the *Esmeralda*, was singled out by the *Huascar*, and the other Chilian ship was followed south by Peru's second man-of-war in a fighting retreat. The people at Iquique for awhile witnessed an equal contest; but soon the *Huascar* determined to crush the feeble *Esmeralda*, and bore down upon her wooden hull to part it assunder. Pratte, at the moment of collision, leaped upon the Peruvian vessel, calling upon his men to follow, but the vessels separating, he was left standing upon the enemy's deck with but one man to support him. Both were riddled with bullets; but their death inspired the Chilians with greater determination. A young lieutenant, assuming command, called upon his fellow-soldiers to carry the battle to death. The *Huascar* again bore down upon the *Esmeralda*, believing that one more blow would split her in twain. Lieutenant Ignacio Serrana with fourteen men sprang on the deck of the approaching vessel, only to be mown down as stubble. The *Huascar* again struck the broken vessel, when it parted asunder. "Viva Chila!" rang out from the remaining spirited Chilians, as they swung their

hats, and with their shattered vessel sank out of sight. The engagement had lasted four hours, but the iron ship *Huascar* was not injured and had lost but one officer.

The other Chilean vessel, *Covadonga*, a mere boat containing but two guns, maintained itself in a fighting retreat for hours; when reaching familiar waters it sailed boldly into a dangerous recess containing many hidden breakers. The powerful Peruvian vessel, not suspecting the trap, thought victory within easy reach, when all of a sudden it struck a hidden rock and went to pieces. The *Covadonga* was but little injured.

Considering the vast difference in the combatants, Chili, notwithstanding the total destruction of the *Esmeralda*, regarded this first battle in the light of a great victory. In fact, to them it was such; for when war was first declared against Peru, many of the leading men were doubtful as to the results, and feared that a great mistake had been made. As time wore on and but little was accomplished, this feeling grew stronger. There were but few soldiers, no munitions of war, no money, but a feeble navy, and every town and port along the coast was exposed to attack from Peru's superior naval forces. The country seemed upon the eve of a revolution; but now this heroic resistance of Pratte and his brave followers sent a thrill of delight

throughout the nation. The first battle touched patriotism to the very core, and the country became a consolidated union, and Pratte an imperishable hero. The little army was greatly encouraged, and Peru had at least learned the true character of her foemen.

Six months passed without further effectual warfare. Three thousand soldiers in Chili were without arms; and the Peruvian monitor, *Huascar*, became a terror to all the towns along the coast. Had Peru seized this golden opportunity, and landed her whole available army upon Chilian soil, she might have easily subjugated the whole nation. But all her generals boiled down to a single individual would not have made a *good* commander; and instead of seizing the opportunity offered by Chili's needy condition, she contented herself in allowing her greatest men-of-war to slip into the enemy's open harbors and destroy their small transports and puy galleys, and in beholding her foemen daily accumulating strength.

The first of October, Chili, having received arms and ammunition from Europe, dispatched a fleet to capture the dreaded Peruvian monitor. On the ninth instant one of these vessels, the *Cochrane*, came into contact with the *Huascar* near Mejillones, and compelled it to give battle. Early in the engagement its tower was carried away, and at the

same time the chief commander of the Peruvian navy and two other officers of high rank were killed. As this juncture the *Cochrane* was joined by the *Blanco* and other vessels, and in one hour and a half the *Huascar* surrendered, with twenty-eight officers and one hundred men. This was a great prize. Chili's loss was one killed and nine wounded. Peru lost the flower of her navy, and her most intelligent marine officer. The captured vessel was repaired and put at the head of the Chilian fleets, which at the same time were further strengthened by a large vessel purchased from Europe.

Chili now had 16,000 soldiers, all well equipped, and the navy had been greatly increased. Ten thousand picked men and nineteen ships commenced the war in earnest by moving north to invade Peru. For hundreds of miles the whole coast is barren—almost destitute of fresh water and vegetation, so that the soldiers of this campaign were compelled to carry with them food and water for man and beast. Their first point of attack, therefore, was the mining town of Pisagua, in Terrapaca, where the Peruvians had immense machinery for condensing fresh water from the briny ocean. After a sharp battle, which lasted five hours, this town was taken. During the same month, November, Iquique was vacated, and Dolores and the cap-

ital city of Terrapaca fell into the hands of the Chilians, leaving them masters of the whole of that province.

In studying this history the student is forcibly impressed with two important facts concerning both Peru and Bolivia, viz: (1.) No one had any confidence in the stability of those governments. So numerous had been the revolutions that faith in the actions of any general or commander of high standing was limited to a knowledge of his daily actions. The Presidents always lived in dread, for none could tell when the assassin's knife would be used in his removal, to make room for some aspiring chief. This lack of confidence was general, but particularly manifest among the common soldiers. (2) There was a wonderful want of patriotism, for none felt enthusiastic in offering his life in a cause that he could not respect.

At about this juncture some very important changes occurred in the Peruvian army. President Prado, fearing a threatened revolution, secretly resolved to flee the country; but not wishing to leave it wholly unprovided with executive powers, he appointed General Daza, President of Bolivia, Commander in Chief of the army. Daza had risen from the ranks of a common soldier, and, although possessing considerable ability, he was very ignorant and tyrannical, and was thoroughly hated by

the Peruvian officers. They soon requested him to resign, and carried matters so far as to threaten revolt; but to this he paid not the slightest attention. He believed that as long as his favorite regiment, "Chief Supporters of State," upheld him, he had nothing to fear. One day, however, the whole of that regiment, divested of clothing, plunged into the sea to bathe, when other regiments coming up their guns were seized and the "Supporters" were all taken prisoners. Daza, knowing too well the meaning of such maneuvers, fled to Europe. Thus both countries were deprived of their executive heads, and many chiefs and men of wealth and influence followed suit, carrying with them as much of their wealth as could be converted into gold.

On the 26th of May, 1880, the Chilians appeared before Tacna, inland from the coast town of Arica about thirty miles, to reach which they had to undergo the greatest privations. In order to secure secrecy it was necessary to traverse a desert of hot, burning sand for a distance of nearly four hundred miles. Horses and mules became exhausted and died from thirst, but the soldiers, reduced to such straits that they were compelled to drink one another's micturitions, dragged the cannons by hand, and weary and exhausted, appeared before the fortified town. All other hope of life was cut off—they must take the forts or die. For-

tune favored them, for the Peruvians, learning of their near approach, sent out six hundred fresh men to give them battle. While the Chilians, with parched lips and swollen tongues, were dragging themselves wearily around one side of a long sand hill, the Peruvians marched around the other. That saved them, for it is certain that had they been attacked in the sorrowful condition of their weary march, they would have been overthrown, and perhaps the whole drift of war would have been changed. As it was, when they reached the forts they attacked them with the energy of despair, and soon carried everything before them, though it cost the lives of 2,128 men. This opened the way for the attack upon Arica, the second military post in importance in Peru.

That city had a strong defense. An abrupt hill, almost one thousand feet high, known as Morrow (long "o"), towered above it in close proximity, and ended in a rocky precipice of fearful height that overlooked the bay. The battery planted on top could sweep the enemy approaching either by land or water. The hill and the harbor formed two sides of a triangle, lying snug and close to the city. The other open side on the south was defended by three lines of breastworks composed of sacks of sand. Besides, there were eighty-five mines of dynamite within the limits of the fort,

which, in case of emergency, were to be exploded by electric wires from the heights of Morrow. The harbor was guarded by the monitor *Manco Capac*, of two five-hundred-pound guns.

On the 6th day of June, the Chilians appeared before this fort with four thousand men, supported by four of the best men-of-war. After bombarding the fort, they made a demand of unconditional surrender, which was refused. They then determined to carry the city by storm, which appears to be their favorite mode of warfare. The land forces were divided into three divisions, one of which was to charge the breastworks on the south, a second to storm the heights of Morrow, and the third held as a reserve to assist either of the attacking divisions in case of emergency. During the night the first division, without being observed, marched close to the outer breastworks and rested on their arms. At the dawn of day they made the charge, and successfully entered the fort. The Peruvians, depending more upon their mines of dynamite than upon their arms, fled toward Morrow and proceeded to apply the electric spark. But a fatal blunder was made, and instead of firing the outer mines, two of the inner ones exploded, carrying into the air over two hundred Peruvian soldiers. Great was the consternation; and while the defenders of Morrow were giving their



attention to the side of the hill overlooking the city, the second division of Chilian soldiers crossed the breastworks defending the other side. It is reported that a young Bolivian lieutenant, seeing that all was lost, put spurs to his horse and rode over the perpendicular precipice, almost a thousand feet in height. The victors, maddened at the attempt to blow them in the air, raised the cry, "No prisoners to-day;" and before their fury could be controlled, more than four hundred Peruvian soldiers were crowded over the same precipice at the bayonet's point. It was a terrible affair. Many of the poor victims lodged on projecting rocks or crags, and remained there for months, until they withered away as dust, monuments of that great destruction and needless cruelty. The battle was short. The impetuous and irresistible activity of the Chilians had carried everything, and left them masters of that Peruvian stronghold inside of sixty minutes from commencement of the battle.

The *Manco Capac*, however, was still master of the harbor; but observing the fort in the enemy's hands the officers and crew quitted the vessel, after which it was sunken in deep water.

In this battle Chili sustained a loss of 362 men in killed and wounded; but they gained great quantities of ammunition and provision, besides

taking twenty-one large cannons, numerous stands of small arms, and 1,328 prisoners. Eighty-three of the mines of dynamite were not exploded.

## CHAPTER XVI.

New Presidents—Internal Dissensions—Withdrawal of Bolivian Troops—Seeking Aid—50,000 Men on Paper—Chili's Third Expedition—Destruction of Property—A Rich Haul—Mediation of the United States—A Greedy Syndicate of New York—Chilian Forces on the Move—Inland Towns Capitulate—Peruvian Women in Arms—The Great Battle of San Juan—Battle of Chorillos—Horrible Butchery of Peruvian Soldiers—Begging in Vain for Mercy—Mines in the Pumps—Resistance unto Death—Women and Children Cut to Pieces—Flight of Pierola—The Soldiers in Lima Disarmed—A Night of Carnage by a Mob—The Chilians Enter Lima—The End of the War—Treaty of Peace with Peru, and a Truce with Bolivia.

**G**ENERAL PIEROLA was now appointed Dictator of Peru, and General Campero became President of Bolivia. Measures calculated to add to the great discomfiture of the former nation were constantly being enacted. The soldiers of that country threw the responsibility of the defeat at Arica and Tacna upon the Bolivians. "Had not Daza," they said, "deserted the army, the soldiers would have had more confidence, and the disgrace and great disasters might have been averted." The Bolivians retorted by reminding them of Prado, and also by accusing them of acting

the part of cowards; whereupon a mutual distrust and a bitter jealousy sprang up between the two armies. There was confidence nowhere nor in anybody. The common soldiers, naturally brave and obedient, and perfectly willing to be led to the defense of their country, were rendered almost powerless from the extreme lack of military genius or powers to govern, and from the great distrust with which they regarded their leaders; and the officers themselves, endeavoring to hide their lack of patriotism and their inability by wordy promises, were none the less bitter and jealous of each other. Instead of gathering strength for a conflict with a nation determined and patriotic to the core, the Peruvian army stood on the very verge of disintegration, and in the very midst of these perplexities the Bolivian troops withdrew far into the interior of their own country, away from the scenes of battle.

In her despair, Peru again sought an alliance with Argentine, and as an inducement to that nation to join issue against Chili, offered three-fourths of all the spoils of war, including territory. Failing in this, she turned towards Spain and knocked loudly at the door of the courts of Madrid, in hopes that the Spaniards would not allow this opportunity to pass without interfering to punish Chili, against whom it was said she held a grudge since the colo-

nial days of the latter country. Spain, however, was neutral, and the Dictator, persuaded that he must fight his battles alone, announced that his army had been increased to 50,000 men, and that he should speedily march to the overthrow of the enemy. In the meantime, the active Chilians had established the blockade of the seaport of Callao, within seven miles of Lima, the capital city of Peru.

Chili now determined upon the third expedition under command of Gen. Patricio Lynch. The fourth of September he sailed northward from Arica with three thousand men, and six days later disembarked at the town, Chimbote, bordering on the great agricultural district of Peru. As he expected, the blockade of Callao had called all the soldiers to Lima, in expectation of a great battle, and none were left to resist him. Lynch marched into the interior, in the very heart of a rich sugar-refining district, imposing heavy fines upon the people, which they were required to pay in gold and silver. All towns and manufactories refusing to pay his exorbitant tax were razed to the ground. In two months' time he returned, having overrun the richest agricultural district of the State, destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property, captured a Peruvian vessel containing \$7,000,000 in paper money and \$375,000 in postage stamps, and laid down for his Government, besides almost

\$150,000 in gold, \$12,000 in silver, and immense quantities of valuable merchandise.

The great destruction of life and property induced Great Britain and the United States to offer their friendly mediation in hopes of reconciling the belligerents. The latter country was accepted; but as Peru had made overtures to some wealthy parties in New York, a greedy syndicate of American capitalists was formed, that stood ready to gobble the rich mining district of Tarrapaca as a result of the mediation. This was a deep insult to Chili. However, two councils were held at which representatives from the three nations were present, as well as the American plenipotentiaries to Peru and Chili. But, as the latter country was firm in demanding the territories of Tarrapaca and Antofagasta, as well as a war indemnity of \$20,000,000; and as Peru and Bolivia were determined that nothing but an indemnity should be given, which it was believed the American syndicate stood ready to pay, nothing was accomplished.

These negotiations did not prevent the Chilians from making further extensive preparations for carrying on the war. General Baquedano, the commander in chief of the army, was all activity. The infantry was largely increased. New implements of war and ammunitions were constantly arriving from Europe. The army was concentrated,

the navy put in more perfect order, and 25,000 troops turned their faces toward the Peruvian capital.

On the 15th of November the first division of this army left Arica in transports. In four days they disembarked at Paracas, ten miles south of Pisco, and Chief Lynch demanded the surrender of the town. This the Peruvians refused, but during the night they fled, and Pisco was occupied without bloodshed. Two days later, Ica, an inland town, was captured without firing a shot. In the meantime the Peruvian official who deserted Pisco took up his station at a point where he could intercept telegraphic communication, and kept up the appearance with his Government of fighting the enemy. "The bombardment has commenced," said the dispatch, and later, "We will resist till we die." The newspapers at Lima, commenting upon this, promised the people a great victory, and assured them that the tide of war had turned in their favor. Telegrams were also sent abroad announcing the Peruvians' success.

The second division of the Chilean army left Arica and landed on the desert coast about twenty miles south of Lima, on the 22nd of December. Lynch advanced northward at the same time toward the capital city. Peru was now well under arms. Even armed bands of women fired upon

Lynch in this march; but that inhuman monster not only killed them all, but he levied heavy fines upon the remaining inhabitants in the district where they were organized. On the 25th of the same month, two divisions united at Curayaco, giving a force of 26,500 men.

The outer fortification of Lima was a stronghold named San Juan, after a neighboring farm, and this the Chilians determined to occupy at all hazards as an entering wedge to the Peruvian capital. On the morning of the 13th of January, 1881, the entire army appeared before this fort and commenced the attack. In a few minutes the outer works were carried by storm, and by nine o'clock the entire field was won.

Near San Juan was another still stronger fort protecting the town of Chorillos. Many hills and highlands overlooking the town were fortified and defended by strong batteries, on one of which was General Iglesias, Peruvian Secretary of War, with five thousand men. Pierola was also at this time at Chorillos. The Chilians, under a terrific fire, stormed the outer forts in less than one hour after the surrender of San Juan. Hundreds of them were mown down, but encouraged by their leaders, they pressed onward, daunted by no obstacle. By twelve o'clock the outer works were all carried, and Iglesias was taken prisoner. The Peruvians re-



sorted to their old trick of exploding mines when the Chilians had fairly gained the ground, and then commenced one of the most dreadful scenes ever recorded in the annals of civilized warfare. It appears that around the forts were many small corrals or pastures, fenced in, so that it was impossible to pass in or out of them excepting through gates. Into these the retreating Peruvians fled, and, being pursued by the Chilians, got down on their knees and begged for mercy; but the Chilians, who were armed with axes and swords, in the most inhuman manner proceeded to put them all to death. One of the leading Chilean papers published at Valparaiso, *El Mercurio Del Vapor*, commenting upon this, calls the inhuman soldiers *braves*, and speaks of their fiendish actions in a commendable manner: "The enemies who now made any resistance by firing upon our brave men were very few. The most of them were limited to the defense of their heads with their rifles from the blows of the swords and axes. Others hid as partridges among the bushes and ditches. The blows of the swords, which sounded as the hammer on the anvil, were only interrupted by the cries of the dying and the curses of hatred by our men. When they heard the phrases of 'Pardon, Chilenito, do not kill,' they answered indignantly, 'There is no pardon for cowards who take mines.' A Peruvian captain

threw up his arms and begged for life, but a soldier, saying, 'You discharge mines, do you?' split his head to the very shoulders with an ax. Different pastures were visited, and the horses seem to have been as much exalted by this destruction of the enemy as were the men who rode them. Everywhere the cowardly Peruvians begged for mercy, but our men showed them none, and when the work ceased not one of them was left alive."

But the battle still raged in the town below. Chorillos was a summer resort for the wealthy families of Lima, and, though the streets were narrow, the houses were elegantly and strongly constructed. When Dictator Pierola saw that the battle was raging high and furiously, he took shipping for Miraflores, a fort near by, seeking reinforcements. Scarcely had he left when the Ghilian infantry entered the town. But the battle was by no means ended. The Peruvian soldiers fled to the strong brick and adobe houses, each one of which was at once turned into a fort. The resistance was terrible. The Chilian soldiers had to charge these houses one at a time, for the Peruvians were determined to resist unto death. Automatic pumps were so constructed that when the victorious, weary and thirsty Chilians touched them they exploded, filling the streets with dead and dying.

Thus enraged, they forced the doors one by one and set fire to the houses. The Peruvians perished in the flames. Those seeking to escape were at once dispatched, and it is related that fleeing women and girls were killed and cut in pieces; none were left to tell the tale.

Less than four miles from these scenes of carnage was stationed Peru's great reserve army. But so well fortified had been the places that it was never dreamed that they could be taken. The great army at Miraflores was confident that the Chilians would be defeated, and no attempt was made to assist in the defense of San Juan and Chorillos. Pierola, it is true, returned with an army of soldiers, but seeing that all was lost, he retreated unobserved. Chili lost in the two engagements 797 killed and 2,512 wounded, among whom were many distinguished officers. Peru's loss was not less than ten thousand killed, and two thousand prisoners, taken in the commencement of the day's actions.

In the meantime, nearly all the wealthy inhabitants of Lima had taken flight either to foreign lands or to the interior. The Peruvians began to feel that the time of peril had come, and that fate would compel them to submit to the conquerors. A train of cars, bearing a white flag, was sent from the capital city to advise with General Baquedano,

to ask him to spare the property of foreigners, and to see if negotiations could possibly be made whereby the city of Lima might be spared. While Baquedano was willing to entertain this commission, he could name no terms of a satisfactory nature, and the same day, December 14th, marched against Miraflores. The battle commenced in the afternoon, and before six o'clock the Chilian flag floated over the forts.

At seven o'clock the same evening, Pierola reached Lima, and found everything in great confusion. Seeing that not enough discipline could be had to maintain a defense, he remained but four hours, when, accompanied by two thousand men of distinction, he fled. He left not only his capital city to be occupied by his enemies at their leisure, but he left it also to a worse fate—to the wiles of an infuriated mob of his own countrymen. The mayor communicated with Baquedano at once, and informed him that Lima was in no condition to offer resistance, and asked for twenty-four hours to effect the disarming of all the Peruvian soldiers. This was granted. But the soldiers, cursing their leaders for cowardice, determined to enrich themselves by raiding the town. Great was the destruction. Men, women and children ran through the streets shouting, "Viva Peru," and at the same time breaking in the doors of storehouses

and killing the proprietors. Similar scenes were enacted at Callao. The Peruvian vessels in the port were fired. All night and all day the carnage raged, until Baquedano took charge of the city. Four hundred armed soldiers marched through the streets in the midst of profound silence. One of the first measures was to restore order, and to assure the terrified people that their lives and property would remain safe. The great army organized for the defense of Lima was disbanded, and not one hundred armed men could be found in all the surroundings—the most of them having returned to their different homes and avocations.

The war was practically at an end. The small had conquered the great, and the world, though witnessing inhumanities on both sides such as would make older and better civilized nations blush, also witnessed the triumph of devotion and patriotism over misrule and selfishness. Better, undoubtedly, a thousand-fold better would it have been for both Peru and Bolivia had the industrious Chilians conquered and controlled their entire territory; but this they were unable to do. The mighty Cordilleras, with their intervening wastes of hot and glaring sands, were more formidable than any bulwarks human ingenuity could construct. Behind these, in the great interior of Peru, the conquerors, few in numbers and limited

in means, could not penetrate; they had simply gained the ports and coast towns, and the great body of the enemy's country had neither been entered or seen. It was still within the bounds of possibilities for a modern Farnese, a Bonaparte, a Washington, or a Grant, or anyone with a grain of their military spirit and enterprise, to organize and equip behind those mountains a powerful army, surprise the enemy by rapid marches, and drive them from the country. But, alas, for poor Peru! Distrust and misrule had sown well their seeds, and the only attempts at organization were not in defense of the country, but for its farther ruin. Anarchy reigned in triumph. Armed bands of guerillas devastated the country and robbed and murdered the people. For two long years Chili stood ready to negotiate a treaty of peace, but there was no one with whom to arrange the terms of a compact.

Finally, however, in 1883, General Iglesias assumed dictatorial powers, and as *President* of the nation, entered into relations with Chili by which peace was restored. The rich territory of Tarapaca was ceded to the latter country for a period of ten years, at the expiration of which its future ownership is to be decided by a popular vote of the inhabitants. Chili also received a war indemnity of twenty million dollars.

When the Bolivians, fox-like, left the confused and disorderly Peruvians, and retired to their den across the lofty Andes, they had no notion of again coming forth as warriors. Their appetite for war was not at all whetted, unless it was for the achievement of great military results by publishing edicts, and making solemn, high-sounding vows. They had not only lost all their territory in Atacama, the great bone of contention, but with it every seaport and every foot of coast upon the Pacific Ocean; and it had all fallen, too, without a solitary manly effort to save it, or to regain it after it was lost. In 1884 a truce was signed, by which it was agreed that there should be no more hostilities for a term of years, and the Chilian soldiers were sent home and disbanded.

## CHAPTER XVII.

A Choice—Modes of Conveyance—Wicked Coach-drivers—Dis-honesty—No Faith in Romanism—A View of the Houses—Water Barrels and Donkeys—Fruit Venders—A Native Saw-mill—The Market—Meat by the Yard—God Spanish—Purchasing a Cow—A Chilian Funeral—A Ride to the Cemetery—Native Trees—Washing Clothes—Drunken Men—Easy-going People—At the Farm.

**Y**OU can take your choice.

We are going to ride into the country, to see a Chilian farm. We could walk, but the distance is too great; besides, in that event, our rank in life would be put to a severe test and we might lose our standing. The little boys would laugh at us, too; and all the little girls we would meet from the age of five to twenty years would shrug their shoulders, as much as to say: "They are nothing but ignorant foreigners, otherwise they would ride in a carriage."

So, I say, you can have your choice. We can go in a carriage having fine glass doors and cushioned seats, if you so desire. In that case we will pay the driver ten dollars, and right gallantly will he drive, too.

The Chilian horses seem to be made of cast iron



—or what would be a better figure, springsteel—for they certainly have wonderful powers of endurance. I have known one instance in which a team of these speckled, grisley-grey, bare-boned fellows have traveled one hundred miles in a day of sixteen hours.

If we choose the carriage, the driver will, whip in hand, make the horses go in a gallop every step of the way, up hill and down. He will whip the poor animals unmercifully on good roads as well as bad. He will whip them, yell at them, and jerk them until our hearts ache, and we will wish horses were immortal, so that in the day of judgment they could confront him with his cruelties.

There are many other modes of conveyance, and, if you prefer, you can go in an express wagon, or country carriage. Now, the express wagon is a very simple affair, and not half so dangerous to ride in as the carriage. It is true, it has only two wheels, and they perhaps were made by sawing off sections from the end of a log; but it has a regular omnibus car, with windows, and a door in the rear end. Besides, the oxen that draw it never get frightened and run away; the "express" is never crowded, the seats extend the full length of the car, affording ample room for a comfortable nap when the scenery becomes monotonous.

If the express wagon is not to your liking, you

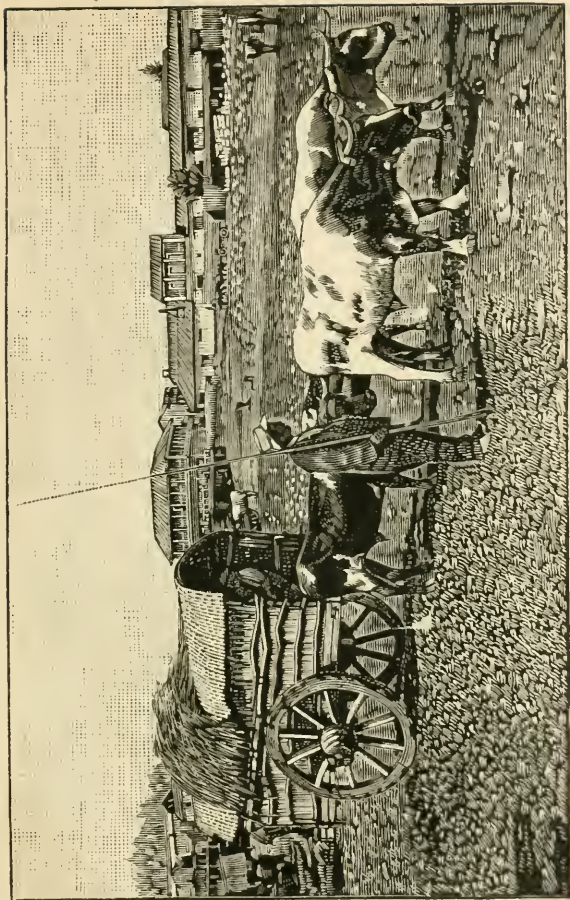


Photo. by Diez y Spencer, Santiago.

## A COUNTRY CARRIAGE.



can choose a goat cart, covered with brush, and drawn by six handsome brown goats; and right royally will they travel, too.

Or you can have a large open cart, heavy enough and strong enough to hold up ten tons' weight—drawn either by a little mule or a frowzle-headed, long-eared donkey.

You prefer the carriage. Very well. We must, however, agree with the driver concerning the price, or he will charge us double when we return. These fellows are terribly dishonest, and I never knew one but would take all the advantage possible in any trade. It is considered entirely legitimate, and strong business men, as a rule, think nothing regarding it.

I had business with a man who was considered very honorable in his dealings, and who stood second to none in social circles in the city of Concepcion. I contracted to pay him one hundred dollars per month for the use of a house to be used in connection with our schools. He said I could have the house, but he was too busy to make a written agreement to that effect. Next day he had gone abroad and left the business with his son. The son, Clerk of the Court, assured me that I could have the building, as his father's instructions were to that effect; but it would not be legal for him to sign his father's name to an article of agreement,

On the strength of this assurance, I released a formerly contracted building, waited two weeks for this man of honor to return, and then did not get the house. Another party had offered a trifle more for the rent, and thus secured it. When I reminded the senor of his pledge he simply shrugged his shoulders, and told me I ought to have secured a written agreement. The secret of this is easily determined: Not one man in twenty has any faith in the religion of the country; and where there are no deep-seated religious principles, one cannot expect very much honor.

But, to return to our ride:

We enter the carriage and pass rapidly down street. The houses are all one-story high, usually about twenty feet. In Santiago and Valparaiso they are higher, and some are very elegant and pretty; but in Concepcion they are made low on account of the earthquakes, which are numerous. They are all made of large, porous bricks, that are so soft that water is absorbed by them as readily as by sand; consequently they are plastered inside and out, the outside being firm and hard, and kept neatly painted by law. Some are red, some blue, some green, some drab, others brown, white and buff—a favorite color being blue.

They are all covered with earthenware tiling, imbedded in mud, and thus held in place on the roof.

This kind of a roof is very homely, and must be repaired every year before the rainy season commences; but, notwithstanding, it is a good roof and has its advantages. It will not burn, and should fire originate in the rafters or sheeting boards beneath, it would go out of its own accord, for after they have burned away, the heavy clay and mud covering falls in and smothers the fire effectually.

That man following a half dozen slim-legged donkeys, each with two barrels of water on its back, is making an easy living selling water from house to house, at one cent a bucket. That other man with a large cow-bell on a small mule, which is hitched to a lumbering cart containing an immense barrel, is his competitor in business.

“Quieri comprar ciruel. . . . . as!” “What in the world is that man saying and doing?” you ask, as you hear these words drawled out by a man on the tail end of an already over-loaded donkey. He is selling fruit from house to house, and is inquiring of the people if they would like to buy some plums. He has three bushels in each of those two baskets, but still thinks it is his duty to ride. He cannot sit on the donkey’s back, for the fruit occupies all the space; he cannot sit on his shoulders, for in that case the donkey would kick up and land him in the road over his head; so he contents himself

- by sitting far back on the animal's rump, in the most uncomfortable position imaginable.

We have now reached the suburbs of the city, and you can take a passing glance at a Chilian saw-mill. There is no large timber in the vicinity of Concepcion; but logs are rafted down the Bio Bio from the timber districts one hundred miles south, and are here manufactured into lumber. They are elevated on large truncheons until a man can easily stand beneath, when the log is ripped into lumber by a man standing on top and one on the ground below, working a large saw up and down by hand power. A few steam and water power saw-mills are being introduced, but a large part of the lumber is manufactured the "other way."

With your permission, we will signal the driver to stop, and we will visit the market. It occupies an entire block or square, and has been well fitted up by the city authorities, so that it is worth seeing. Here country produce of all kinds is bought and sold without the aid of "middle men." The producers either bring or send their fruits and vegetables, butter and eggs, their fish, clams, beef, pigs, etc., and barter them to the best possible advantage. There is no regular price for anything, so that you are as liable to pay thirty or forty cents a yard for sausage as you are to get it cheaper, but

as a rule you get it for twenty cents—it is always sold by the yard.

It being the fruit season, the market is overflowing, so that there is not room for all the vendors inside the building, and the sidewalks are occupied around the square by many old women and girls, displaying their wares for sale.

We enter the building. To our left is a meat merchant who has cut his meat all up into long strips as though he would sell it by the yard also; but he doesn't. He sells it by the strip or chunk, and guesses at its weight. The next is a clam stand. The old woman attending has taken the clams from their shells and strung them on stems of grass, about a dozen on a stem. She sells them three bunches for ten cents. To our right are long rows of fruit merchants, usually women. Cherries, large and fresh, are tied on sticks so closely that they resemble miniature ball clubs painted red.

"*Precios?*" we ask, as we take up a stick.

"*Un Centaro*" is the answer.

As one cent is not much to pay for a half pint of cherries, we will invest. Here are great heaps of figs, black, shining and delicious, for sale at five cents a dozen. Here are melons by the cord; and such melons! Thirty, forty and fifty pounders are common. Here are great stacks of beautiful potatoes; there green peppers in immense piles.



Here are live chickens, live ducks and geese; delicious peaches, large and red; beautiful and tempting apricots; cabbages, green corn, oranges and lemons, peculiar looking earthenware, boots and shoes, cheap handkerchiefs, cheap lace, cheap wine, immense quantities of fresh fish, sea crabs, sea-urchins, oysters, bread and butter, vessels filled with boiled, thickened milk—in fact, in the line of vegetables and other eatables, there is almost anything one could desire, and many things he would not desire.

Before we enter the carriage again we will buy a cow, that is, we will purchase a Chilian water vessel. It is made of black earthenware, and is of the shape of a cow standing on all fours. The water is put in at the top of the head, and you pour it out at the end of the nose. “*Yo quiero comprar uno vaso,*” we say to the woman in the stall. She says not a word. We wonder why she does not understand, and so point to the cow. She passes it to us with a smile, and we know that our Spanish has been faulty. O yes, we have it now; *vaso* means glass tumbler, and *vaco* means cow. We had told the woman we desired to purchase a tumbler, and she had none. We laugh heartily at our mistake, in which we are joined by the women around us. They are too polite to laugh until they see that we make a joke of it.

The above mistake is in keeping with many more I might mention—some not so bad and some worse. The Spanish language is said to be very easy to learn. No doubt. I have talked with men by the half hour, when they would be all attention to catch even a glimpse of my meaning; but they would enthusiastically declare, "*Perfectimenta, Senor; perfectimenta!*" No doubt at all; it *was* perfect. On that basis the language is easily learned. I might tell about a certain person going to the barber shop and asking in perfectly good Spanish if he could get his cabbage head cut; about his going to a hardware store and asking for a good sharp flaxseed to trim pencils with. The same individual once called upon a wealthy lady and said to her: "*Es su alfileres bueno?*" He meant to ask if her husband was well, but instead he asked if her pin-money was in good health. There is not a particle of similarity between the two words; but it answered the same purpose, for the good lady, without a smile, assured him that her husband was quite well.

We get into the carriage and go on. The driver is out of patience at our delay, and vents his wrath upon the horses.

On we fly, out of town on a long, swinging, galloping trot. We turn a corner so quickly that we almost upset, and get a glimpse of what is be-

hind us. All creation seems to have turned out in carriages and are following us. On they come, pell mell! They are surely trying to overtake us! No, they are racing! Not so; they are drunken rowdies on a spree! But upon looking closer we observe that the front one is not a carriage, it is a hearse, elegantly plumed, and the procession turns out to be a first-class Chilian funeral.

The first time I ever attended a funeral of this kind the scene was strange and awful. An English gentleman, who had lived in Concepcion for many years, sickened and died. I took a carriage, as the custom of the country required, and after appropriate religious services at the house of the deceased, the procession started for the cemetery. From the very first every carriage was in a trot, and after we got well out of town, racing commenced. The roads were rough, and very sandy; the drivers, however, were "not afraid." Sometimes half a dozen carriages were side by side, when one getting a trifle ahead would veer off and partly get into the track of the one next to him. This would cause number two to rein up, and all the others had to exert themselves to keep from smashing headlong into their neighbors. Presently the roads grew heavy, and our carriage fell behind. The driver whipped and jerked and yelled terribly; but in spite of his efforts we came

to a standstill. Two of us got out, and away went the carriage, full gallop, for a quarter of a mile. We caught up and got in; another gallop; came to a hill, and another stop; we got out; a gallop up hill. When we got in again, the horses were galloped down hill until we reached the graveyard, where we found the rest patiently awaiting us. The poor man was hurriedly buried in a shallow grave. Then we raced all the way back home, and I really felt as though I had been to a sad and sorrowful circus. The custom of the country prevents the relatives from following their dead to the grave. It is a merciful custom.

But the driver has been vigorously using the whip. We have gone quickly around the mountain valley, passing rivers and groves of pretty trees. The latter are mostly a shrub belonging to the spice family, very strongly scented and beautiful; but we recognize a few old friends, such as the elm, cottonwood and sycamore, but they have a different look from those in our northern homes; the leaves are smaller, the bark smoother and the wood more compact. There is something singular about the trees in this country. The common currant bush is here an evergreen; the sycamore is manufactured into beautiful parlor furniture, equal in beauty to black walnut. The rain and sunshine of the winter months keep the grasses and flowers growing and

blooming all the time; but the trees that shed their leaves in Autumn remain intact, with bud dry and hard, and no amount of coaxing will cause them to push forth until the full season of rest is completed.

That group of women standing knee-deep in water are washing clothes in the ordinary method of the country, of which I spoke in a former chapter. It is a laborious job, for which they are poorly remunerated, and is a frequent cause of much sickness. The most patient people in Chili are the poor washerwomen.

That man lying by the roadside is sleeping off a drunk; yesterday was a feast-day, and feast-days always mean drunkenness. In the city we see but little effects of it, for the police punish drunken men severely; but here in the country they are not molested. In the United States men grow rich adulterating wines with dried cockroaches, bed-bugs, logwoods, etc.; but here in Chili the ingredients for adulteration would cost more than the wine. A hogshead of sixty-three gallons can be purchased for from five to nine dollars, according to the age of the liquor. Consequently we do not see such bad results from drunkenness as we see at home.

Do not judge that, because the miserable driver is taking us along so rapidly, it is a characteristic

of the Chilians to hurry; that would be a bad mistake. No Chilian ever hurries except the coachman, and he only because of his mania for beating dumb animals.

The average Chilians are the easiest going people in the world. If you have an engagement with a man at ten, he will think it near enough if he meet you at eleven. If the business is not urgent, he may put it off till two, or perhaps the next day, or forever. I had business transactions, as agent, with a banker, involving property worth \$20,000. We appointed next morning at ten as a time for meeting at his bank; but at that hour the bank had not been opened. I waited till eleven, went home, and returned at one. The banker had just come in and was ready to talk business. It is not a usual thing for ladies of fortune to spend much time in a store "jeweling" down the price of a piece perhaps of lace worth fifty cents a yard. They do it because they love to talk and have much leisure.

But we will stop the carriage, get out at the farm, and tell about it in another chapter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A Model Farm—Fences Ten Feet High—The Sick Overseer—The Parlor—A Chilian Dinner—The Landlord and the Spirit-Witches—A Haunted Lake—The Workingman's Meal—Keeping Accounts—Loading Grain in the Bundle—Threshing Wheat—Large Vineyards—Cheap Wines—Cheap Donkeys—Milking the Cows—Evening Sports—Dancing the Culca—Sleeping-Rooms for the Poor—Selling to the Devil—Implements—A Talk with a Doctor—Statistics of Agriculture.

**T**HIS farm belongs to our friend Juan Santiago Latinero. The English of it would be John James Tinker; but it sounds better in Spanish. In coming here we have passed many smaller farms; but as Senor Latinero is a representative man, who owns one of the average large farms of the country, we prefer to visit his rather than a small one. He owns five hundred acres, all under one fence.

We will examine the fence. Barbed wire\* has never been patented here; if it should be, the patentee would not make a fortune from it. Rails are never used excepting in the south. Stone

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\*The Government of Chili is fencing its railroads with barbed wire imported from the United States.



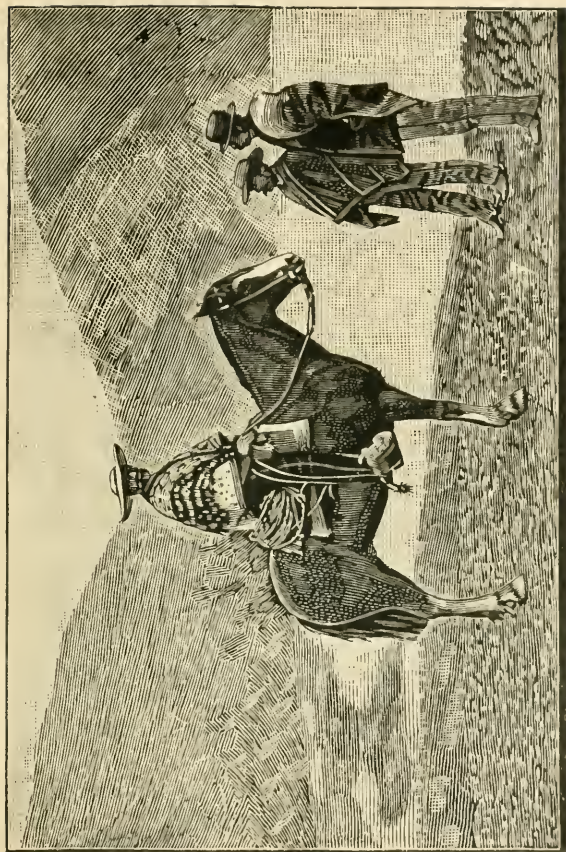


Photo. by Diez y Spencer, Santiago.

## CHILIAN RANCHMAN.





fences are sometimes made, but always solid, with lime and sand. I never saw a board fence in Chili outside the city of Concepcion, where there is an occasional lot weather-boarded in like the side of a house. But still there are fences—fences that would defy a kangaroo or a Colorado steer. The one around Senor Latinero's farm is ten feet high, three feet wide, and has a roof on it all the way around. It is made of mud. Large quantities are moulded into squares, dried in the sun, built into a wall, and covered with earthenware tiling. It looks strong enough to last forever.

We pass through a large, swinging gate up to the house. The senor is not here; he lives in the city, and perhaps does not visit his farm oftener than once a month. The overseer, however, sends out servants to conduct us into the house, where we find that gentleman sick in bed, and are ushered into the parlor to be entertained by his wife.

The parlor is carpeted with fine Brussels; heavy, gilt-framed paintings, expensive and beautiful, are on the walls; rich lace curtains of great length are at the doors and windows; heavy mahogany chairs, center table, corner stands, armchairs, and two sofas form the rest of the furniture.

We are soon invited to dinner, and accept the invitation. Our meal consists, first, of soup; then roast meats; a dish of meats, onions and bread,

highly seasoned and called jihote (pronounced he-goaty); a dish of rice and sausage cooked together; bread, butter and fruit; a pudding made of new Indian meal and sugar boiled in corn-husks; and lastly, tea and cake.

After dinner we turn our attention to the overseer and inquire the cause of his sickness. He is an ignorant man, very superstitious, and for some reason hesitates to tell us. His wife, after many assurances and indications of sympathy from us, comes to the rescue, and informs us that the ghosts have been after him. He was returning from town on horseback the previous evening, when all at once he was aware of something sitting in the saddle behind him. He did not dare to look back for a long time, but felt the presence of some dreaded personage holding him as by a spell of evil, as though he were frozen to the spot. His limbs seemed loosened from their sockets, and his tongue was dumb and useless. How long he remained under the power of this dread controller he was unable to tell; but it must have been a considerable time, for he remembered the horse was walking slowly without being guided, and that he had forded the brook and passed by the sandhills. But at length he thought of his good patron, Saint Sebastian, and prayed him to come as his deliverer. As soon as he had done this, and vowed to pay the

saint a sum of money and to give many candles to burn on saint's day, he had courage and power to look around. Sitting behind him he recognized the departed spirit of a man with whom he had quarreled, and who had died without being reconciled. He had come back to torment him till he confessed his wrong; and as he was sure that it was the will of his saint, he promised to confess, and the spirit departed.

The middle and lower classes are very superstitious. Many of them believe that the witches have power to change a man into any kind of an animal or hideous hobgoblin. If you give a stranger some fruit he will gladly accept it, but will not eat of it for five days; if at the end of that time it is not eaten by worms, there is no danger of its having been bewitched, and can safely be eaten by man.

Near Concepcion is a small lake, covering an acre or more of ground, which, as the story goes, the owner once attempted to drain. It proved to be very deep and to require much work; and while the workmen were digging deep in the ground, they came across the trunk of a large tree which, upon being cut with some of the tools, issued great quantities of blood. The work was at once abandoned. But the strangest thing about it is, that since that time spirits have always visited the lake

at nights, and sailed upon it in steamboats brought with them for that purpose. This story is told and believed by all the lower classes in the city and surrounding country.

As we came out on a tour of inspection, we ask permission to see what the laborers have to eat. The request is granted, and we pass into a room in the rear part of the building, where twelve stout, healthy looking men are seated around a rough, board table with no cloth. The meal consists wholly of beans and peas. Twice a week they receive meat and potatoes. Every farm house has a small mill for grinding grain, that two men could easily carry; upon this mill wheat that has been previously roasted is ground into flour. The workmen, after receiving a cold lunch in the morning, get a measure of this meal, which they carry with them for dinner or lunch; this and the horn of water is all they receive until they return at six in the morning.

The overseer, being a man of "letters," writes each laborer's name in some convenient place, and when his day's work is done gives him a mark. At the end of the week he receives his pay, but, as a rule, parts with it the following day, as the Sabbath is generally spent in drinking and gambling. We pass out with the laborers. Some of them have been hauling bundles of wheat for others to thresh,

and some have had exclusive care of the vineyard. The day is not finished until the sun is well down. So we accompany those to their labor who have been drawing wheat. All work requiring heavy draft is done by cattle, a yoke of which, in this instance, is fastened to a lumbering cart containing a hay rack, narrow and high, made of cane poles. The cart being driven to a convenient place where the bundles are thick, the cattle taken from the tongue and secured to a wheel, the labor of gathering commences. Each man seizes a bundle and carries it to the cart; he is not in a hurry, but takes time to laugh and chat with his neighbor, and even to give him a push forward on his face when he finds him in the act of stooping for a bundle. The work goes on slowly; the fun is more lively. Presently the bundles near the cart are all gathered, but it never occurs to them to move the cart; no, the bundles are still carried, the distance gradually increasing until the load is complete.

The wheat is hauled to threshing yards, where it is thrown into convenient heaps, without the necessity or trouble of putting it into stacks; as it rarely ever rains here during the summer months, there is but little danger of it spoiling, no matter how carelessly thrown together.

The threshing is going on slowly and surely. A large spot of earth has been previously swept

clean, and upon this the bundles are thrown and tread upon by a large number of horses marching, or rather running, around and around until the wheat is shelled from the straw; the straw is then removed, the wheat raked to the center of the floor, and more bundles thrown down to be tread upon. When the floor gets full of wheat and chaff, the threshing is stopped and the windmill is introduced. No wheat could be of better quality: the grains are fully one fifth of an inch in length, and are plump and round.

We pass by the vineyard, which contains more than one hundred acres. The vines are in hills about six feet apart, each hill supported by a stake, and the entire vineyard is remarkably free from weeds. They are not plowed, but hoed. The hoes used are about fourteen inches high, five broad, and each weighs about eight pounds. Every well regulated farm has its vineyard, many of which are very large; the grapes are excellent, and the crop is nearly always abundant. They make an excellent quality of raisins as well as of wine. They sell cheaply on the market, and in their season can be purchased for about one cent a pound. Good wine can be procured at from five to ten cents a quart. Every Chilian, old and young, drinks wine at all times in the day, but more especially at meal-time. Apparently, they are rarely

intoxicated; especially the better classes, who do not drink to excess. Cheap liquor, however, is bad for Americans and Englishmen. A large per cent. of them coming to this country, instead of making fortunes, a thing easily done, become objects of contempt and often of charity.

We pass from the vineyards to the cattle-yard. It is milking-time, and over two hundred head of cattle are in the corral. Cattle-raising is profitable. A cow, comparing favorably in size and appearance with our Colorado or Texas cattle at home, will sell for about forty dollars; a steer sells for from sixty to one hundred dollars, which is a high price, considering that there is plenty of grass the entire year. Donkeys are very cheap, and are the most despised and worst abused animals in the land. A good-sized donkey will sell on the market in Concepcion for about three dollars and a half, with a small one thrown in for a "yapa"—meaning a gift. They are whipped and hammered unmercifully, and it is no uncommon thing to see them with ears cut off, or minus both ears and tail. The most abject, degraded-looking animal I ever saw was a big-headed, thick-legged donkey with both ears cut off close to the head, and his tail cut close to his backbone. This poor, degraded fellow makes the rounds every day, in Concepcion, carrying on his back at least thirty gallons of wa-



ter. He is the most patient animal I ever saw, wearing neither halter nor bridle, but being guided by his owner following him with a huge whip, and telling him when to go, when to stop, and when and where to turn. He always obeys, and serves his master as though he thought him a god, with patience enough to drive a Christian to shame in his half-hearted service given the Deity.

Let us return to the cow-yard, where the women are out, in full force, milking. They take no chances whatever. Each cow, in turn, has her hind legs firmly tied to stakes made fast in the ground before the milking commences. They milk from either side; and these dark-skinned, black-eyed women handle cattle as skillfully as do the men. The milk is carefully cared for and manufactured into butter and cheese, of which they make an excellent quality. The whole coast of northern Chili, Bolivia, and Peru depends largely on this section for supplies; as a consequence, these commodities are always in demand and bring good prices in the markets.

After the milking the men and women gather in the open court of the house and spend an hour in singing and dancing. Only two dance at a time. A young girl selects a young man to assist her, and they both step out into the middle of the *patio*. They do not clasp hands or touch each other in

any manner; but as she sings they each flirt a handkerchief and turn slowly and gracefully, keeping time with the music. In this instance the singing is accompanied by a banjo, and its dead thumpings and the doleful singing reminds one of Edward Eggleston's Baptist preacher swaying his body and singing in nasal tone, "Come buck-ah! Come buck-ah!" Nothing could be more doleful and plaintive than these songs and the music accompanying them. Here is a song just as Senorita Rose Vasareo sang it, as she danced with the young rustic of her choice. While she sang they both danced and kept the handkerchief whirling around and around, continually.

Disen que no me quier,  
Porque no tengo;  
La Mavis aflida,  
Y los ojos nigros.

Para que me pareguantes  
Que vida paso,  
Que vida pasare  
Quenendo un huaso?

Cauntos tormentos  
Sufro por ti;  
Y siendo asi  
Me pagais mal!

Trista a la tumba,  
Su cumbire;  
Y llarare:  
Mi amor fatal!

A somewhat literal translation of this song is as follows:

They say they do not like me.  
Why I cannot tell,  
Except my nose is sharp,  
And my eyes are very black.

Why do you not ask me  
What kind of a life I live?  
What kind of a life I live  
Loving a country-man?

How many, many torments  
I suffer now for you!  
And suffering so for you  
You pay me badly.

Sadly to the grave I'll yield,  
I soon will come and yield;  
And when I'm there, I'll cry:  
"O my fatal love!"

Having spent an hour with the singers and dancers, we will retire for the night. Our room is nicely furnished, and we go to sleep on a hair mattress, on a little bedstead made of iron, even to the slats. Could we have followed the poor, hard-working servants to their rooms we would have found their apartments damp, barren and gloomy. The sun never shines in them, and the thick earthen walls and clay floors retain their winter dampness. Rats, lizards and long, slimy snails are in abundance. There is but little or no furniture, and the workman lies down to sleep on

a coarse wooden bunk, filled with straw. Before going to bed each one kneels and crosses himself several times.

Protestants are not so much despised by these people as they are dreaded. They believe that in order to become a Protestant a person makes a solemn contract to serve the devil forever; opens a vein in his arm and signs the contract with his own blood. Whereupon Satan receives the blood-sealed parchment and gives the signer a thousand dollars. Protestant ministers on this coast have received calls from poor women, broken and discouraged, who thus came to sell themselves to the devil for gain. Poor souls! They believe that the moment one receives the money evil takes possession of him; that, though he may have power to smile, appear happy, give good gifts, he does it all to deceive people and lead them to sin.

We sleep a sound and refreshing sleep, and are up at dawn. These laborers commence work at six o'clock. The ghosts have given up their claim on the overseer, and he is out ready for business. Six men are sent to cut a small field of late wheat. They each carry a reap-hook, a cow-horn of water and a small bag of meal. It will be twelve hours before they get anything else to eat.

The overseer, at our request, shows us the farm implements. The plows are very rude affairs, con-

sisting of a beam with one long, stout handle extending far enough downward to attach a piece of flat iron that has been hammered sharp on a stone. With this they can but little more than scratch the ground. Wheat is sown broadcast, and covered by dragging over it a weighted plank. Corn land is furrowed into rows in one direction; in these, at regular intervals, holes are made with sharpened sticks, into which the corn is dropped, and then covered with the foot.

We learn that wheat yields on an average about twenty bushels to the acre; but the yield of corn is small, as the seasons are always too cold. However, oranges, lemons, figs, peaches, apples, pears, grapes, etc., are always a sure crop. This can readily be understood when it is known that in winter there is never frost enough to kill the flowers, and in summer it is never warm enough to require thin clothing, in the south. Cabbages, turnips, potatoes, carrots and beets grow in abundance. When a native plants beets, he ties a knot in the small end of each growing plantlet to keep it from growing long.

Our carriage has returned, by agreement, to carry us back to town; so we say "*Adios*"—"adieu," literally, "to God"—to our friends at the farm and return.

And now, if you will go with me, I will intro-

duce you to my friend, Dr. Enriquè H. B——, an Irish gentleman who has resided in Chili for over twenty-five years. He has amassed a large fortune here, and as he owns many farms in this Province, we will be glad to meet him. After the introductions we proceed to interrogate the Doctor, as follows:

“What is the average per cent. of deaths that occur in this country, compared to the whole population, Doctor?”

“I do not know, indeed; but I can tell you that about eighty per cent. of all the children born here die in infancy.”

“Why, Doctor, you very much surprise me! It cannot possibly be so great!”

“It may be overrated a very little, sir; but not much—a very trifle, if any at all. Why, just think of it! Years and years ago Chili had two million of people, and she has only that number to-day. They never move away; but few were killed during the war—that is, comparatively few; and besides, this is a healthful climate. But these poor people live like hogs, and they don’t know so well how to care for their young. They do not properly clothe them, and when the cold rains come they permit them to crawl around in the wet, which soon puts an end to them. It’s a terrible shame, sir; but it’s a fact!”

"Doctor, I understand that you own a great deal of farm land in this vicinity. May I ask if farming is a profitable business?"

"Yes, sir, it pays very well. Labor is very cheap, and crops are always sure. It costs about one dollar to raise three bushels of wheat, and it usually sells at about a dollar and a quarter a bushel. Wheat and barley, though, are the only crops we can raise profitably; there is no foreign demand for anything else. Oats will yield sixty bushels to the acre, easy enough, one year after the other; but we can never sell them."

"How much grain do you usually grow in a year?"

"Not much; I only sowed three thousand bushels this year, as I have grown tired of grain, and have commenced raising cattle."

"Do you have all your large harvests gathered with reap hooks, Doctor?"

"Reap hooks! Law, bless you, no! I own twenty-five of the latest improved reaping machines, right from the States, and two good threshing machines. The reapers cost me \$450 each, and the threshers cost me \$3,200 each."

"What makes them so expensive?"

"The duty, freight and exchange. You see, we have no direct line of communication with the United States. We have a line of English steam-

ers, one of French, one to Germany, one to Italy, and another to China and Australia; but we have none with the Yankees, and we care most for their goods. I have ordered goods from New York that would first go to Liverpool, and then to Hamburg, Germany, before they would reach here."

"Are the farmers here ready, as a usual thing, to introduce improved farm implements to take the place of their reap hooks and wooden plows?"

"Yes, if they were not so expensive, and we could get them here by a direct line of steamers. You see, there is nothing manufactured here at all, and such things ordered from the States are six months in transit. That makes matters bad; for were the people to introduce machinery, when anything would get out of repairs it would require six months to mend it. If we had a direct line of steamers, I think the American farm wagon could be introduced without trouble."

"Would it not be better to have them manufactured here, Doctor?"

"Well, yes; but all the timber would have to be shipped from abroad. The timber here, though beautiful for furniture, is not fit for wagons; it's too brittle and porous, and swells terribly in wet weather. You must know that these huge carts are a necessity in this country. If they were made smaller they would twist all out of shape in wet



weather, and the wood is so brittle that they would be broken unless made very large."

"Are taxes exorbitant here?"

"No, sir; I would gladly pay double the amount to be as sure of life and property as I would be in the States. You see, rich men here living in the country are considered common prey for every man inclined to steal. They are not under the eyes of the police, and cattle-stealing, horse-stealing and robberies of every description are very common. Life even is not safe for a man of means in the country; hence the rich farmers nearly all live in the city. There are some, however, who are rich and still live in the country; but they have the appearance of being very poor, or have gained the good will of their neighbors. They do this to protect themselves and to keep from being murdered."

"What are some of the hindrances to farming other than the thieves?"

"Not anything, excepting a rotation of crops. You see, wheat is the main thing, and so much of it is raised that the same land is necessarily seeded down year after year, and thus becomes weedy and foul. People in this country never manure land either, and, of course, in time it becomes foul."

“What kinds of grass are cultivated here, Doctor?”

“Here in the south we cultivate rye grass largely. We also cultivate timothy and clover, and sow considerable corn, too. In the north they raise alfalfa altogether.”

“Why are not horses and mules more in use as draft animals?”

“Because of the harness, which are very expensive if brought from abroad, and those made of leather tanned here are worthless. Consequently horses are used only for the saddle and the coach. Horses bring about one hundred dollars a head, though, because the Chilians like the saddle; but mules are worth only about ten or fifteen dollars a head for the very best. Donkeys are raised so that the natives can have something to abuse.”

“What are the custom-house duties on imported articles, such as agricultural implements?”

“About forty per cent. of their valuation.”

The total valuation of real estate in Chili is estimated at about \$900,000,000. In 1882 the total amount of wheat produced was over 14,000,000 bushels.

Total amount of corn, 500,000 bushels.

“ “ “ barley, 5,000,000 bushels.

“ “ “ wool, 11,000,000 pounds.

“ “ “ beans, 900,000 bushels.

“ “ “ potatoes, 3,000,000 bushels.

The wealth of the nation is not in its agriculture, although that is great considering the limited territory within bounds of the agricultural districts. But in the products of the mine the nation is rich. The most important minerals are gold, silver, saltpetre, copper, mercury, nickle, lead, cobalt and stone coal. But there is also found in considerable quantities, tin, borax, marble, aluminium, agate, zinc, antimony, chalcedony, magnesia, jasper, slate, lime, building stone, and in lesser quantities all the rest of the known minerals.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Santiago a Beautiful City—Wonderful Mountain Scenery—Decorated Mounds—Beautiful Shrubs—A Theater on the Mountain—Ghosts and Witches—Old Aconcagua—The Wonderful Climate—A Mother at Twelve—A Set of Laborers—A Scandal among the Seasons—Ignorant Roses—Future Chilians—Fleas and Dust—The Great Alameda—Cow-Girls—General O'Higgins—A Rose-Bud Plaza—Rejoicing of Demons—The City of the Dead—A Rich Legacy from Death Tax—Out into the World.

**S**ANTIAGO is by far the most beautiful city in all South America. Standing at the western base of the mighty Cordilleras, at an elevation of 1,800 feet, it overlooks a vast, fertile plain, dotted with tasteful villas and well-cultivated farms, while the great Cordilleras, that tower above it, and seem to almost enclose it in a wonderful embrace, afford scenery of the grandest description. Enchanting mountains, with their deep, dark-shaded ravines and snow caps, rise one above the other in sublimest grandeur. From every principal street, in any direction one chooses to look, the eye beholds and feasts upon the loveliest of scenes. It is the nook of the world. Old Alpine travelers, standing upon the banks of the

Mapocho, that goes rushing through the city like an army of merry boys let loose from school, say that more beautiful scenery was never beheld. Around you, above you, the mountains lift, eight, ten, fifteen, twenty thousand feet into the air, and seem to watch each other like silent ghosts. You are lost in admiration. The varied tints of light and shade, as the sun falls upon the green, the brown, the white, and loses itself in the deep ravines, impress you with a great sense of loveliness; while the towering cliffs and misty peaks, that reach to and blend with the vaulted skies, compel feelings of reverence and awe.

Cross spurs, ending in well-defined mounds, extend to the very midst of the city. Some of them are thousands of feet high, and would be of themselves very attractive; but the municipality, as well as gentlemen of private fortune, have spent millions of dollars in making of them modern gardens of Eden. Here is a path, winding around a rock-hill in gently ascending slope, almost hidden by green shrubs and trees that "flourish like the wicked." As we ascend, the way grows crookeder, narrower and wilder. You now enter a craggy, romantic grotto, where are hidden caves from whose walls trickle the ice-cold waters from perpetual snows, and where artificial serpents, raised for a blow, gleam upon you with wicked eyes, seeming

to say: "Come a step farther, if you dare!" The minor grottos and niches appear to have been properly and happily mated, and, as a result of their union, statuettes of new-born angels, with delicate wings, and older saints, with expressions of love, are guarded by the careful mastiff, and by lions and tigers, of which no man need be afraid.

All along the crooked path the honey-suckle, giant geraniums, ten feet high, with trunks like young sapplings, delicate roses, the Indian pink, blue-bells, azaleas, giant pansies, forget-me-nots, and a variety of other flowers and ornamental shrubs cling to the seemingly barren rocks, with faces toward the road to greet you, like pretty children in summer dress.

The air is pure from the breath of mountain snows and sweet with the perfume of flowers. We ascend the rude steps cut into the stone wall, and mount up higher and still higher, but there is no sense of danger; for the flowers, the clinging vines, the over-lapping branches obscure the giddy heights below and seen to again reiterate, "Who's afraid?" Away up in the heights, far above the city, in an obscure corner, reached only by ever-changing, ziz-zag foot-paths, is a pleasant promenade, with rustic seats and over-hanging trees, leading off to a miniature lake, cut in the solid rock, where the weary can rest and bathe, and

amuse themselves by tossing pennies into the water and watching the peon-lads dive from a great height and bring them up from the bottom. On the top of one of these mounds, at least two thousand feet higher than the city, is a theater that is well patronized. No wonder; for the tints of the setting sun light up the tips of ten thousand mountain peaks in night-cap attire, and reveal clefts and gorges whose crags frown down from the very sky; and as the last crimson glow mounts the terraced stairs, and

"The splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits, old in story,"

the red-roofed city below, in the dimmer twilight, looks like a vast herd of sandy swine huddled for the night. The on-coming darkness and the newly lighted street lamps change these into weird monsters with fiery eyes, that wink and beckon and nod, and seem to whisper together in the hollow winds. Hamlet's ghost may be down there, "weird witches in black attire" may be issuing from the tombs for high revel. The fiery eyes winking in silence, imaginary figures beckoning to and fro, and the mysterious whisperings of the hollow winds are all that is left of the mantled city below, while up on the theater grounds it is still twilight, and away off on the tips of Aconcagua the sun is making his good-night bow before going to bed.

This giant mountain of the whole continent has mingled the last touch of his sunlight splendor with the crimson clouds upon which the rainbow has left its glory, and the whole seems fixed in solid forms of grandeur. . Who can help but wonder? The awe that such scenes inspire fills one with joy akin to sadness. Still it is not sadness. "It is not sorrow; it is not gloom; it is not despondency! It is one of the moods of joy." And it is such joy that one desires to have oft repeated.

Santiago, like all Southern Chili, has a glorious climate. It stimulates men and women like continued tastes of old wine. Watch that boy. Born in filth and rags, inheriting an inferior social position that places him at the very bottom of the social scale, despised and treated as a serf or an inferior animal, he surmounts them all! With quick, elastic step and determined look, he bears around upon his head his ponderous basket of fruit, and bawls out in masterly, monotonous twang: "*Quiere comprar bravos?*" as though selling fruit was the greatest calling in life, and he king of the army of venders. Had he been born in a hot climate, only starvation could stimulate him to such exercise.

See that army of laborers. They appear to be the slowest, easiest-going do-nothings in all the world! They scarcely move. But it is all a Chilian trick; for they are employed by the day, and their dis-



honesty leads them to give the least labor for the largest pay. Only give them a stint for a stipulated sum, and instead of moving with the slowness of an old "hall-clock pendulum," they will wake up, half Indians as they are, to sprightly labor of sixteen hours every day. "Seventy miles in twenty-four at the East, over satin roads in December, is a *Jehu* of a drive. Here sixty miles before sunset hurts nobody. Your horse has been drinking"—Santago air. "He will do his best or die a-trying. But he will not last any more than his master. He will want an extra feed. The driver will want an extra drink. He cannot be a chameleon. He cannot live forever on air. He looks in a tumbler for a stimulant. By-and-by he flickers, and it is *out*, brief candle! It is the climate."

"Boys and girls are born with percussion caps on. Touch them and they explode. They ripen early, in this sun and tonic air, into manhood and womanhood." That young girl has grown wise at ten, and has learned the hidden mysteries of her sex. She is fairly developed at eleven, and at twelve she may become a mother! It is all due to the climate. It quickens her brain and the throb of her pulse. It develops and strengthens her passions. It stimulates her body and sends her forth a seeker of pleasure. She will be wrinkled at twenty; she will be old at thirty; at forty she

will be "where the wicked cease from trouble."

As a rule, all Chilian laborers are slow and slovenly, and transplanted into a hot climate, they would die of disease and laziness; but in all southern Chili, from Valpariso to Chiloe Island, they are fairly alive. Go to the market places at four in the morning and you will find a great number of loaded carts, driven from the country, with fruits and vegetables awaiting purchasers. It is due to the tonic of the refreshing mountain and sea breezes.

Nowhere in all South America are the seasons so neighborly as in and around the great mountain slope from Santiago to Concepcion. "The impropriety of Winter sitting in the lap of Spring has made a public scandal, but when September is on whispering terms with May, and January borrows June's clothes, and July gives all her rainbows to November, it is high time to talk! The winter is in summer, and the spring is in winter, and harvest is in seed-time, and autumn is lost out of the calendar altogether; and the siroccos blow from the north, and the cold winds from the South, and you must sail by the almanac or lose your reckoning and get lost in the weather.

"The effect of this loose state of society among the seasons is delightfully apparent. You never saw such ignorant roses in all your life. They bud

and blossom the year round and never stop to undress or take a wink of sleep. Ripening fruit and baby blossoms show on the same bush at once as they do in well-blessed human families. \* \* The hills are emerald in the winter—Ireland would glory in them—and the shamrock grows as big as the burdock. The hills are tawny as African lions or Sahara sands in the summer. The grasses look withered and dry as tinder, but they hold the concentrated riches of the year cooked down by fire. Turn out an emaciated old ox that resembles a hoop-skirt with a hide on, and though you would make an affidavit that on such fare he will resemble a hoop-skirt with the hide off in six weeks, yet the old yoke-bearer will grow fat, round and smooth as a silk hat.”\*

Santiago weather makes a man “belligerent and aggressive; it will put new springs in his temper and make it quick as a steel trap.” And unless a huge earthquake or some other prank of nature jostles all Southern Chili out of existence, it will not be many years till somebody from that region of bliss will climb up the intellectual ladder of fame and compel the world to look at him and sing his praises. Fifty years ago newspapers and books were scarcely known in all the land. Fifty years hence the world will be talking of Chilean

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\*From “Between the Gates,” by Taylor.

philosophers, Chilian poets, Chilian mathematicians, Chilian scientists, who will rank with the foremost men of the age.

But Chili is "of the earth, earthy." It has two atoms of things that are both in a lively state of unrest in the summer time. They are fleas and dust, and both products of the blessed weather. But the first are only innocent dots of acrobats, the mustard seed of full-grown circuses, and the last will leave no darker trace upon a lady's garment than a pinch of salt. The first day of your arrival, when you are filling and tacking and beating up the breeze and bowing to it as if it were a friend, and blinking at the dust that waltzes at you around the corners and bears down upon you at an anapestic gait, as Byron's Assyrians came, and you winking at it all as if you had just made a joke and were pleased with it, you vow you will go home to-morrow. And when you are hunting from chin to gaiters for that prince of leapers, and assuring yourself that "the wicked-flee-when-no-man-pursueth" is not the kind of insect that has just doubled the cape of your left shoulder, and taking yourself to pieces at all hours and never catching anything but a cold, you declare you will go home to-night. But the weeks go on, and the winds blow on, and the fleas leap on, and you stay on, at first resigned, at last delighted.

Let us leave the wind, the dust, the fleas and the weather, and return to the city. We are in the *Alameda*, or public walk. The highway of Semiramis was never half so roomy and grand. It is in the heart of the city, running east and west. It has a width of six hundred feet, and is over three miles in length. On each side, confined in channels with brick and cement, is a noisy brook that leaps and babbles and laughs as it kisses the roots of the growing elms and is off in a race with itself like a silly puppy chasing its own tail in its hurried march to the sea. The mountain winds whisper and sigh among the over-hanging branches as though trying to hide from the great throng of happy faces the monster statues and the beautiful fountains. This is everybody's resort. Piled under a tree close to a beautiful bronze fountain sits a melon vender, with twenty cords of water melons. He is out bright and early so as to miss no chance for a sale. Here is a group of dusky maidens milking their cows right under the very nose of a grand statue of the Abbe Molina. It is a pretty picture. The morning birds are twittering in the trees, and the mountain air is as fresh as though new-born from sweet-smelling clovers. In every direction can be seen groups of well dressed ladies and dandy looking gentlemen, out for their morning walk and a glass of fresh milk. It is the

fashion. By nine o'clock all trace of the milking will have disappeared, leaving the grounds clean and sweet.

Here is a statue of General Don Ramon Freire, a hero of 1855. He is looking as peaceful as a wise padre giving loving counsel. But across this way is one of another hero, General Carrera, who, with clenched teeth and protruding visage, seems to say: "I'll do it or burst." Perhaps he did both.

Here you see the statue of O'Higgins, in full uniform, mounted on a powerful steed, proclaiming liberty to the people. O'Higgins—who is he? *The greatest man that ever trod upon South American soil!* Living in a time when the momentous questions that disturbed and moved the nation to its depths were whether the clergy should friz the hair on their foreheads, in the style of modern "bangs," and whether the chief ruler should go to church in uniform or in the dress of a private gentleman, he freed the country from the yoke of Spain; he averted threatened revolutions; he bound the people together in a firmer union; he gave character and dignity to the national Government; he so directed the shaky helm of state as to make all the interests of the different chieftains and men of rank a concentrated unit, himself at the head; and then, although holding power almost unlim-

ited, and recognized by a vast majority of all the men in the nation as the great central figure of power so necessary to direct the ship of state, in order to appease the wrath of petty church officials, and save his country from a threatened civil war, he resigned the supreme power he had held for six years. His language on the occasion ought to be engraved on golden tablets and placed over the door of the capitol building of every nation in the world: "*Believing that it may contribute to the tranquility of my country, under present circumstances, that I should lay down the supreme command of state, \* \* \* I come to abdicate, and do hereby abdicate, the power I have held over the great nation and people of Chili.*" That is certainly refreshing. We look up at his graven image again, and in our hearts we thank and love him for his unselfish devotion.

I doubt if any city in the new world can contribute anything in the shape of public walks that will begin to compare with the *Alameda* in Santiago.

But the city has other public resorts. We are now in a little rose-bud of a plaza, in front of the Archbishop's palace. It has a history. Here once stood the great cathedral. Here, on the very spot upon which we now sit amidst the roses, and look up at the monument "sacred to the memory of

three thousand dead," for over two hundred years have "matin prayers, vesper songs, and grand high-mass been rung and chanted, sung and said." Here ten thousand priests from Spain, from Rome, from France; have lifted hands and blessed the people, "while Indians, Mexicans and old Peruvians stood around." These silent flowers, the gentle fountains, the towering *mausoleo*, are indeed monuments of a terrible fanaticism. Here a vile pretender of a priest established the Heavenly Letter-Box, through which he communicated with all the women of the nation. They believed the Virgin Mary answered these letters in person. Oh, how good and how blessed she was! How kind in her to be so devoted to the poor, misguided women! A great carnival must be given in her name! It must be the greatest ever witnessed in all the world! And for this the great cathedral had been in preparation for many weeks. Ten thousand candles, adjusted so as to represent stars, amidst a thousand yards of muslin tapestry high up in the dome, stood ready to be lighted. Rich laces, costly frills, gorgeous ribbons had been so arranged around the images of saints and costly paintings as to produce a panorama of wonder. A colossal image of the Virgin, whose robe sparkled with diamonds, was the figure-head of great attraction. Oh, what a feast! All the city



was in a delirium of excitement! But how the demons in hell rejoiced that night! For suddenly, when all the lamps and all the candles had been lighted; when the house had been filled to overflowing, and the doors closed against a still larger crowd seeking admittance; when the carnival had reached its highest pitch of glory—suddenly there arose an awful shriek of agony, that sounded throughout all the city to the very court of heaven itself. The idolized image of Mary had ignited from a melting candle, and before anyone knew what was the matter, the entire building was a solid sheet of flame. Nearly three thousand women and young girls were charred and burned beyond any possible hope of recognition. And upon the spot the sorrowful friends have erected an elevated monument, surrounded with walks, flowers, trees and fountains. It is a delightful place, often visited, not on account of its associations as much as on account of its beauty.

But we must not tarry. It is in keeping that we should now visit another public resort. It has been for many years, if not the most popular, the most frequented in all the city. The names of three hundred thousand people are registered who have taken up their abode here forever. We pass under an arched gateway as we enter. On its top is a cross. Evergreens, roses and forget-me-nots are

intermingled with beautiful flowering shrubs, weeping willows, saints and solid crosses in marble. "A suppliant woman, with sad, sightless eyes raised toward the heavens, impresses us with reverence and awe." It is the city of the dead. The earth is rich with their ashes. The trees and flowers are fed by their dust. "Let us hope they have gained the crown, for behold the crosses they have left behind!" Still they come! There goes a troop of sextons with spades. They cut down into the sandy earth. Soon they come to something hard. It is the old fragments of a coffin, which, with the skull and other bones, are rattled out upon the sward. Down deeper they come to another, and still another and another, till four grizzly skulls are rattled together. It is soon explained. All the cemeteries in Chili have until this present year of '84 belonged to the churches. They only sold lots for burial for a period of four generations, or about thirty years on an average. If a family who owned a vault removed to a distant part of the country, the lot was sold again for a new grave.

A fat legacy the priests made of it. The graveyard is divided into four parts: one for great dignitaries of the church, one for wealthy and influential gentlemen, one for ordinary mortals, and one for the *rotos*—ragged people, too poor to pay. The average price for a lot two yards long by one wide

was twenty dollars for four generations. The same sized lot for one burial one year, three dollars. For the privilege of erecting a large family monument on the same lot, thirty dollars. A first class hearse, owned by the priests, for the removal of the dead to the cemetery, cost fifty dollars—used only for great dignitaries; second class cost twelve dollars; third class, eight dollars; fourth class, three dollars; fifth class, one dollar. The sixth class, though the most faithful servants of the Church, carry their dead in their arms and bury them without coffins in the ragged man's corner. If, when the stipulated thirty years were up (and the Church always kept a faithful record), the friends of the deceased desired to continue in possession of the lot, an additional thirty dollars was charged. If not, and they desired to remove their dead to another cemetery, the thirty dollars had to be paid. It may be the effect of the climate; but be that as it may, a Chilian priest will scent a penny and follow it into the very mouth of purgatory. The cemetery in Santiago netted the parish priest almost twenty thousand dollars a year.

Father above, bless the world! Let us go out through the great gate into the tides of living humanity and leave the silent dead with themselves and their God.

## CHAPTER XX.

Quinta Normal—The Wild Animals—Taken in by a Llama—  
A Rare Collection of Birds—Some Extraordinary Ancient  
People—The President and his Family—Congress Hall—  
An Eloquent Address of Old Times—The Beginning of a  
Reform—A Holy Fraud—The Great Cathedral—The Por-  
tales—Early Education — Beaux and Belles — A Downy  
Ceremony—Institutions of Learning—Fine Residences—  
Fortunes—Some Ordinary Americans—Farewell.

**W**E are still in Santiago, in *Quinta Normal*—  
the normal garden. It is beautiful. Great,  
towering pines, mated to masculine oaks,  
shed their blessings upon the green sward below,  
making it a paradise. Here are rustic seats, hid-  
den by growing vines and straggling flowers in  
cool and shaded nooks. Here is a lake, round and  
beautiful, surrounded with walks adorned with  
statues, fountains, blushing roses, and a world of  
other flowers.

We are viewing the wild animals. There are  
pacas, wild hogs, zebus, yaks, the customary lions,  
tigers, monkeys, wolves, foxes, camels, and  
hundreds of rare and beautiful birds. We  
stop to look at a yard full of llamas, big, lit-  
tle, old, young, and of many colors. An old griz-

zly fellow, with a tawny hide and coal black eyes, rears up, with forefeet on top the fence, and puts his slender head over to greet us. He looks so timid, so mild, so inquiring, so beseeching, that we are won at once. We are certain that he is kind and good, and out goes our hand to pat his slender neck—Presto! the thief! the villain! the Judas! The incarnation of everything wicked and threacherous! Back go his ears; his eyes gleam like balls of fire; his mouth flies open angrily, and he blows a handful of mucous from his nose straight into our face; then turns tail and kicks up his heels as though enjoying the joke. We learn from inquiry that the llama always, when possible, plays off such pranks upon strangers.

We are in the museum, in the ornithological department. We look, we stare and wonder! Who in all this undeveloped land, so young in scientific research, has done this? A naturalist would revel here for days. There are thousands upon thousands of birds, as natural as life. Humming birds in great variety and great beauty; golden pheasants, handsome and attractive; chattering icterias; hooded birds of paradise; the magnificent fan-tailed lyre bird; parrots and paroquets in great variety; the horned screamer; the famous secretary bird; the huge condor; birds from the sea and birds from the land—from Europe, from Asia and from

all parts of South America—form a collection of which any institution or any nation would be proud. Take but a passing view, for the old janitor has let us in out of regular hours, and stands holding the keys for our exit.

The next department is labeled, *Collecciones Rara*. Let us enter. Ah, there he sits! We have heard of that old gentleman before. It is solemnly recorded in Diego's "Kingdom of Chili," that when Valdivia's forces met the Indians at Imperial, a great red cloud overshadowed them, of wonderful brightness. While the astonished armies gazed in profound awe and wonder, an angel rolled back the crimson curtains and revealed the Virgin Mary, gorgeously arrayed as queen of heaven, with an old Indian kneeling before her asking for mercy. The Indians fled, and the battle was decided without bloodshed. We are inclined to accept most things we read in history as facts, but we must confess that, all along, this story has staggered us; but now we have the proof (!!) right before our eyes. For here is the old Indian, still in a half-kneeling, half-sitting, suppliant position, preserved as an historic relic. He is dried; he is smoked; he is pickled and tanned; he is grim, grizzled and gray. He is tied around and around with rawhide strips, with his knees reaching to his ears, his mouth open, eyes gone, and garments old and tanned like

his skin. He is scarcely an impersonation of Satan, for he has a milder look—somewhat as though that fiend had tried to paint his own picture, and gave it an expression of innocence to hide his claws.

Around the corner sit the old man's relatives—a dozen of them, all dried and tanned and pickled, and bound up, with knees extending to the ears, like himself. What if they could speak! Ah, they could tell a story!—a story of a great, partly civilized nation, that trod the soil a thousand years before the enlightened world had ever dreamed of an America. They could tell of immense idols, worshiped in great temples; of a nation that lived and loved and struggled, perhaps, amidst defeat and victory; they could tell stories of adventure, of conquests, of the upbuilding of an empire; of its decline, its fall and final disappearance from the stage of action. Speak, old Peruvian, speak! Why wilt thou not speak? Speak—

“For thou long enough hast acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue—come, let's hear its tune;

Thou art standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy,

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;

Not like ghosts and disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.”

Ah, you will not speak! Farewell, then; we have seen enough of your grizzly visage, mocker of death, and shall remember you forever.

We are now in front of the President's mansion—a large, clumsy affair, like a huge wall, with no attempts at ornament. It is ornamented and beautified inside, however; but its chiefest attraction is the president's family. Domingo Santa Maria, the executive head of the nation, is a great man, whose name in English, oddly enough, is Sunday Saint Mary, but he is neither a day of rest, a saint, nor a woman. He is a *good man*, beloved and almost idolized by one portion of the people, and cursed and hated by the other. Elected by the Liberals in opposition to Romanism, he has gathered around him a cabinet of noble gentlemen, who look at truths as they exist, and are fearless in duty. Having control of all the offices, from Secretary of State and governors of the provinces down to justices of the peace, with almost unlimited power to create and set aside, he has not hesitated, in the face of storm and opposition, to use his high office to bring about needed reforms. The first was to give the Pope's envoy from Rome—on a mission to Chili to sell indulgences and stir up the people against their own nation—his passport and send him home. The second was to wrest the cemeteries from the hands of the priests, and make them free. The third was to establish civil marriage—setting at rest the consciences of thousands of his subjects who were living in illegal marriage, or hesitating



on the very verge of selling themselves to Rome for the sake of a family. All this was contested inch by inch, and was carried against the popular voice of nearly every woman and young girl in the State, as well as all the ignorant masses not entitled to a vote, the priests whose names are legion, and the gentlemen of rank adhering to the foibles of Rome. And as sure as Santa Maria lives, he will not stop short of the one great object of his administration—the separation of Church and State. “Thank heaven for Santa Maria!” say the Liberals. “To hell with Santa Maria!” say the maddened priests and their adherents.

Santa Maria is a man of good sense. It is pleasant to meet one of his address in this land of aristocracy. He is like a father to all the people, meeting them not as a prince or a ruler, but as a friend. “I am Santa Maria,” he said, extending his hand as he introduced himself to one of our teachers, a person of very humble pretensions; “and this is my dear wife, and these my children—all of them, ten of them.” Who could help loving such a ruler? who could help admiring his family? Graceful, queenly daughters, and noble, manly sons; and such a mother! She is a very queen, large, well-formed, a mother ten times, and looking no older than forty, she carries with her a becoming dignity and ease of manners that at once

makes her your friend. In all the land of Chili it is the custom of the wealthy to leave their children entirely in the care of a nurse, and as the latter are villainously ignorant and often cruel, the tender little blossoms die for want of proper care. But Mrs. Santa Maria is a true mother, nursing her own children and caring for them during all the days and hours of their infancy.

The President's mansion is massive, majestic, sublime and sad. Like a towering Araucanian damsel, with big sides and protruding front, it has more strength than beauty. The whole thing was a misconception, planned for a public edifice in Mexico and given to Chili by mistake of the architect. It has a front 360 feet wide, and is over five hundred feet in length. It was commenced by O'Higgins in 1787, and finished a quarter century later, at an expense of one and a half million dollars. It is an oriental omnibus, holding the President and family, all the cabinet officers and their families, the commander-in-chief of the army, the government architect, the civil engineer of State, the superintendent of primary education; it holds the northern telegraph office; it is used as a government arsenal; it is the government mint, where all the nation's money is coined; it is head quarters for the superintendent of police; it is the national treasury building—and the rest of it will

be fitted up for public use when the needs of the country require it.

Congress Hall is a respectable—a very respectable building, occupying an entire block. It is 254 feet long and 247 wide, and about seventy-five feet in height, with a combination of Doric and Grecian architecture. The senate chamber is large, cool, inviting, semi-circular in form, and covers an area of more than 224 square metres. The house of deputies is still larger. What scenes have been enacted here! What excitement, what quarrels, what victories these sombre pillars have witnessed! Here in early days, when the nation was an unpropitious sprout, the wise legislators discoursed upon the important subject of frizzes for gentlemen, in melodramatic voice and gestures wonderful to behold.

“Señores,” said the gentleman from Coquimbo, Señor Martinez Friere, rising from his seat with flashing eyes and compressed lips; “Señores: This bill to prohibit the wearing of bangs by gentlemen is of the utmost importance. Bangs, sir, are a national disgrace to this great republic. Look abroad, and what do you behold? Even our spiritual fathers are given to this vile practice, and are trying to beautify their forms by frizzing the hair over the eyes. Is this a custom tending to elevate the morals of mankind? Shall our growing sons

bloom into intelligent manhood with all the vile-ness of these nefarious practices paraded perpetually before their eyes? And that, too, señores, by those to whom they are taught to look for advice and counsel! If so, will they not become effiminated? Will the desire not grow upon them to imitate—to imitate the softer sex, until we find a nation of men in petticoats and ruffled pants? Sirs, this bill should become a law. It is the wish of all the people that it should become a law. As a representative of one of the greatest provinces in this nation, I know that my constituents will be greatly disappointed if it does not become a law. And I declare to you, sir, and to these, my fellow senators, that in the name of my country, in the name of all her fair sons and daughters, in the name of our good mothers whose glory is being trampled in the dust, in the name of the Church whose sanctuaries are being defiled, in the name of all that is good, and pure, and noble, with the eyes of Heaven looking down upon me and demanding justice of all my actions—I declare to you that I will lend my hand, my heart, my head, my all, to the rooting out of this great evil from our land, and shall never cease to cry eternal destruction and death to bangs, as now worn by the clergy and many influential gentlemen in all our land!” [Tremendous applause, mingled with hisses and groans.]

Chili has greatedened since then. Still, questions seemingly as ridiculous as bangs have stirred the nation to its profoundest depth in recent years. In 1883 the priests flooded the land with circulars giving a hundred reasons why civil marriage should not be established. A few years previous, a well-known man, who had faithfully served his country, quarreled with his wife. She fled. In course of time, the man, not being able to ascertain whether she were living or dead, took another, contrary to the wishes of his Church. Shortly after this he became very sick, and his friends despaired of his life. A priest called upon him, demanding him to renounce his new wife and receive absolution, which he refused to do. The priest called again, and still again on succeeding days, making the same demand. Threats followed, and finally the poor, harassed man, in despair, took from his pillow a revolver and drove the priest from the room. The man died, and the priests refused him burial. The family appealed to the mayor of the city, who ordered him buried. The priests appealed to the Bishop of Concepcion, who declared he should not be buried; but the President of the Republic promptly overruled the Bishop, and ordered the man interred.

But the matter did not end thus; for the whole nation became aroused. The Church hurled bitter

anathemas and maledictions at the President, denouncing him as a heretic and a corrupter of all that was good. The press was full of it, and for a month the people talked of scarcely anything else. For several years the battle thus begun was waged, until, at the earnest recommendations of Santa Maria, the national congress decided against the Church and threw the cemeteries all open to the public in 1883.

There goes a lumbering coach, drawn by two donkeys, with a driver seated in front dressed in red, and a priest inside. The whole outfit is called the *Host*, probably from a small box carried by the priest called *hostiario*, from the unconsecrated wafers it contains. As the *Host* moves onward, a boy, also dressed in red, vigorously rings a bell to call attention of the passing multitude. A strange sight! Men of education, who denounce the Church most bitterly, stop and uncover their heads; some of them carefully spread a handkerchief and kneel before the holy fraud, while a majority of all the lower classes fall at once to their knees. When a cross-road is reached, the people, for a distance of a whole block, either uncover their heads or bow to the earth. The *Host* is on its way to a distant part of the city, where the priest is to administer the Sacrament to a dying penitent.

We are in front of the great cathedral. We ob-

serve the same deference paid to the Church, even by men who have been excommunicated; for but few go by without removing their hats. It is a custom grown upon the people from infancy. The building will shelter fourteen thousand people, has a length of almost six hundred feet, and is two hundred and sixty feet wide. It is three and a half centuries old, is a witnesser of tremendous wars, terrible earthquakes, dreaded pestilences, and the births, marriages and deaths of a thousand generations. It contains more than a score of altars and a multitude of graven images before whom the people bow. It has massive arches and towering columns that are indeed "grand, gloomy and spectral." Commenced by Valdivia, it has never been completed. Destroyed twice by earthquakes, it is still a towering monument of solidity and firmness. Bowed with age, it has the appearance of being new-born. A monument of ugliness, it is greatly admired. Here souls have been created, blessed, and forever damned, according to the passions and humor of the priests. The great array of stained glass, the expensive paintings in great number, the inwrought gold that glitters from overhead, all betoken great wealth; still it is a monument of perpetual charity. Like a famished Tartar with open mouth, it points to its own imperfections and cries, "Give! give! give!" The great

cathedral, said to be the greatest on the whole continent, will *never* be completed. Millions of dollars have been collected for that purpose—enough to overlay it with gold; and still it stands and will ever stand, crying, “Give! give!” Without it the Church would be bereft of a pretext for wholesale begging. Completed, a large revenue, ever inflowing for the sly and crafty priests, would be cut off.

We are now paying our respects to one of the most beautiful edifices in all the city—the “Portal Fernandez Concha.” It is a spacious gallery of eighteen arches, on which is raised a two-storied building—the whole being four-stories in height. I cannot describe it. It is beautiful. It is picturesque. It is strange and odd. It is poetic. It is fascinating and charming. You seem to be in the great court of a marble palace, arched overhead. On the sides are beautiful frescoes, pretty engravings, and little niches full of statuettes. The great dome is of beautiful glass. Here is a natural cave, made of granite boulders. Its dark recesses look cool and inviting. Be careful, there is a monster serpent, coiled, in readiness for a strike! Pshaw!—it is made of stone. On penetrating into the mouth of the cave we find it is the front doorway to a private dwelling. All of these fancy doors along the sides lead into immense business houses



—the fashionable shopping-places for the elite. Away up in the third and fourth stories, surrounding this fairy-like court, is the great Santiago Hotel, for many years the best in all the Pacific States, and claimed to be the best in all South America. Here are also *Portals Bulnes* and *McLure*, two immense edifices of which any city ought to be proud.

A few years ago, learning was limited to a knowledge of Christian religion, as understood and practiced by the priests of Rome. The Santiago belle was then an object of most terrible vigilance. Between her mother and her father-confessor, she grew up to be a thing of putty—a wax doll, useless but pretty. The first was charged to give attention to all the secret sensations of her soul; the second guarded all her actions. She could not read she could not write; she knew nothing of housework, nothing of business, nothing of the transpiring events of the world; for all these things it was believed were degrading, and helped expose her to the snares of wicked men. The young boys and young men were scarcely better off. They were not at all permitted on the streets without a guardian. Everywhere and at all times they were watched, and no one trusted them. They were cradled pigmies, dwarfed in intellect by being tied to the paternal waistcoat.

A young man with down on his lip, and the dignity of rising manhood resting on his shoulders, could not lather his face and shave without consent of the father, all the household concurring. When that eventful thing first transpired, it was to the youth something long to be remembered. The priest who had baptised him was first consulted; the consent of the god-mother and godfather were next procured; then the grand-father and the grandmother were consulted; and at last, amidst a great family gathering, where the savory roast and the red-eyed wine were important factors,

“ Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command  
Waved his hand;  
Loud and sudden there was heard ”

the rattle of the sharp-edged razor upon his downy lip, and the youth, in the hands of a skillful barber, was transformed into the first degree of manhood.

“And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolongd and loud.”

Still he was not free, not a man; nor could he be until he had a business of his own, or had arrived at the twenty-fifth year of his existence. He could not smoke or drink before his parents. If he desired the favor of a walk with a trusted servant, he would appear before his father with a stiff and

formal bow, and say: "If your *excellency* will permit."

The young beaux and belles, during those early days, were not allowed the exquisite pleasures of the hop. During such festive occasions they were put under lock and key, under the gentle superintendence of granny and a trusted servant. The hop was for the old folks. Indeed, if there was anything calculated to make the Santiogians fools, it was their early education.

But now, behold how different! Here is the National Library, containing 42,000 volumes of choice literature, open every day in the week for all classes. Another public library, the National Institute, has over 10,000 volumes; and still another has about seven thousand. Here is the great University, filled every year to overflowing with earnest and thoughtful young men. It is a grand affair—still in its infancy, but grand in its outcome. Here is the National Institute, with a course of study embracing mathematics, practical surveying, French, German, English, Latin, physics, natural history, chemistry, astronomy, cosmography, and other sciences, covering a period of six years' study. Here is the Normal School, the Agricultural College, the Military Academy, and a great number of private institutions, all doing good work. Here are a score of newspapers, delving into all manner of

evil and ways of ignorance, and affording the people fresh and original matter full of excellency, and of sufficient worth to keep them abreast of the great tide of the world.

Santiago has many beautiful palaces, where dwell the Jay Goulds and the Rothschilds of the nation. They are either built of Italian marble or in its imitation. We take but a passing look. They are beautiful, grand and colossal; but they are not for us, nor of us. We are convinced, however, as we turn away, that their owners, if they *are* rich, are *generous*. See that great army of beggars!—none go away empty. American and Irish tramps, able-bodied and strong, make from ten to twenty dollars per day going about begging in rags and filth.

That large frame house, of such elegance and taste as to fill any moderate measure of comparison, was built in the United States and shipped here in sections. It was done by Meigs. Meigs—who is he? He *was*, so we are told, a Californian, an adventurer, who left home in debt, came to this coast, became a railway king worth his millions, and then—died.

Fortunes are easily made here. There is an American photographer, “salting” away his ten thousand a year above all expenses. Here are two American dentists, clever at their craft, but very ordinary fellows in other affairs, clearing and sav-

ing, as the product of the punch and gouge, file and forceps, a neat fortune of twenty thousand dollars, each, per annum.

Farewell, Santiago. We have spent a week within your limits; but only three or four hours of the whole could be devoted to sight-seeing. We have not told of half your greatness; but we have done our best under the circumstances.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Valparaiso—John Saaredra—A Jolly Englishman—Cochrane a Foreigner—Discordant Houses—Climbing up the City—High Prices—A Poor Man—Chilian Promises—A Drove of Turkeys—White Petticoats—A Belle—A Beau—Wedding Outfits—A Wedding.

**V**ALPARAISO means Vale of Paradise. It certainly is rightly named, for the whole city is on a number of *hills*, and I presume, reasoning from the same standpoint, it is like Paradise because it has thieves in it. The *vale* was captured from the Indians in 1536, by one John Saaredra, who, eight years later, laid out the Paradise and had it dedicated under its present name in three separate parts: The Port, The Saint-John-of-God, and The Almendral. Whether that effort killed Saaredra I have not been able to ascertain. It is quite certain, though, that he died.

The old city, however, is still alive, looking as fresh and as young as a country belle, and containing, besides its eighty thousand natives, about four thousand English and more than that many German inhabitants. The first person who meets us after landing is a round-faced, fat, jolly-looking

Englishman, in close-fitting suit, a nice cane and a silk hat.

“Hello, Doctor!” we say, mistaking the familiar type for a former acquaintance.

“‘Ello,” he says, very stiffly.

“Have we not met before?”

“Cawn’t tell you, sir.”

“Ah!—yes—I see, I am mistaken. Beg pardon. I thought you were an acquaintance. However, I am glad to meet with some one who speaks the English language.”

“Yes, you don’t ’ear Hinglish very hoften hin South America; houtside of Valparaiso, there his scarcely han Hinglishman on the ’ole coast.”

“May I ask if you reside here?”

“Hi reside ’ere, sir; ’ave lived ere habout height years.”

“Ah, indeed! You are very well acquainted with the country, then?”

“Guess hi ham; hi know Chili from one hend to the hother, like ha book.”

“I am very fortunate, then, in meeting you. I came here to build up a good American school, if possible, and you may be able to give me much needed information.”

“Habout schools?”

“Yes.”

“Your school going to be Hinglish?”

“Yes.”

“Well, young man, your prospects hare not hoverly bright, hi can tell you that.”

“Why?”

“Well, you’ll please hexcuse me; but to tell the truth, Hamericans speak Hinglish too bad to do henything ’ere has teachers; hif you were Hinglish, you could likely build hup heny kind hof a school you’d like, but has hit his, your haccent his too bad to suit the people.”

We pass on to The Port, which is the only level portion, and the real business part of the city. The houses are three storied, the streets are narrow, well-paved, and filled with busy, bustling men. Here, in a very little public square, is a large statue of Cochrane. As his name implies, he was a foreigner, to whom there have been so many statues erected in Chili that the name has become a catch-word.

“Here,” says an enthusiastic admirer, “is a grand statue erected to virtue!” But the words are scarcely out of his mouth till some one yells: “*Another foreigner!*”

The houses in Valparaiso (as well as in all western South America) are entirely out of tune with the surroundings. The beautiful hills, rising one above the other, the majestic mountains, the miniature cataracts dancing and gleaming in the sun,



the beautiful bay with its hundreds of vessels lying at anchor and its rolling tides washing the gray rocks—all combine to give one a feeling of peace and love, and make him feel sweet toward all the world; but when he turns from these and contemplates the houses, his poetic feelings are frozen stark stiff. The prim, hideous, straight-up-and-down things, with their thick walls, plastered all over to resemble stone, are so stiff, formal, forbidding and ugly, so suggestive of damp, cold and cramp colic, so out of harmony with the gracious landscape, so dead and dumb to the poetry that speaks out from all the surroundings, as to be suggestive “of an undertaker at a picnic or a corpse at a wedding.”

Here we go, winding our way around the hills, turning the cape of some man’s garden, that stands on the very edge of a precipice hundreds of feet deep, ourselves clinging to the iron railing that skirts the narrow pathway cut in the solid rocks. Up, up we go, now turning to the right, now to the left, as we follow the ever-changing, zig-zag path. We stop, out of breath, to view the scene below us. Not a ripple is to be seen on the great bay, and the countless ships are silent and motionless as ghosts. The streets in the level portion of the town look wee and narrow; and the great array of red roofs, with many visible columns

of ascending smoke, is a strange mixture of beauty and ugliness. Taken as a whole, the picture is very pleasing—something like sweet harmony out of deafening discord.

How tired we are! Half a mile of climbing has taken our breath and made our sides ache; but a lady in elegant costume and many brilliants glistening from her throat, goes tripping by, looking fresh and rested. She is accustomed to it. If we had a ladder a hundred feet long, we could climb up and get into her back yard, while she is compelled to wind her way around the hill for a quarter of a mile to get to her front door.

We are just in the midst of the city. Higher and still higher are houses and houses. If that boy should jump from the window from which he is looking he would go five hundred feet; almost any man could surprise his neighbor by falling into his—the neighbor's—front yard from his own doorway.

It is strange, the kind of a life the poor people live here, in a country where wide-awake men make fortunes in a few years! A Yankee or a German laborer would desire nothing better than a chance to sell produce of their own raising, at Valparaiso prices; but the Chilian laborers live in their little seven-by-nine houses, and eat and drink and sleep, and nothing more. A gentleman

told me about his going to a shoemaker in Brazil, to get his boots mended. The shoemaker said he would fix them for two dollars.

"All right," said the man, "when can I have them?"

"I don't know till I ask my wife how much money we have on hand." Returning in a moment, he said: "We have a dollar and eighty cents, señor, and that will last us three days. No use to work as long as we have money. Let me see. This is Monday, and we can get along well enough till Thursday, anyway; so I can fix them for you on Thursday evening."

But the Chilian laborer does it differently. He will promise to perform the work right away; and will, without hesitation, ask you three times as much as he expects to get. Having agreed upon the price, he says: "You can send around for the work in a couple of hours." To make sure of getting it you wait four, but when you send for it, it is not quite ready, so you wait till next morning. Still it is not quite finished, and you wait till noon, and then till night, and the next day, and the next, for a whole week before you get it, and then the good workman will expect a little present for being punctual. By the time a man has resided in this country a few months he learns that a week or a

month is considered of no importance in business matters.

Here comes a fellow down the mountain side with a drove of turkeys. "What are they worth?" we ask him.

"Seven dollars apiece, señor."

"I don't want them."

"I'll take four, señor."

And four dollars each is what he will get any place in Valparaiso. He will take the money home, and, next day or so, he will feast like a king, till every cent is gone. Then, the day following, his wife will go to market, buy three cents' worth of flour, two cents' worth of beans, a cent's worth of potatoes, and four cents' worth of fuel, and the family will have a poor man's dinner. Thus they live year in and year out. They make no progress, and seem to have but little ambition to better their condition.

There is one thing, however, that all poor women indulge in, and that is a white petticoat. It is all the rage; and a ragged woman would as soon think of doing without her stiffly starched white skirt as a Yankee loafer would of doing without his pipe, or a pine stick to whittle. I have seen poor women in Concepcion tramping around in clogs and bare ankles, displaying nicely ironed white skirts. I have seen others in bare feet, sloshing through the

mud ankle deep with a white skirt to adorn the dirty legs that were exposed to the knees. A white petticoat, a black mantle, a cigarette, and a box of musk complete the dress of *roto* women, young or old.

A poor man's wedding in Chili is the one great affair of his life. Here is a plump little maiden who would become a belle in American society; she has soft, loving eyes with long lashes, she has peachy cheeks, a dimpled chin, a fair complexion, a rosy mouth closing over beautiful teeth, and a graceful form; but her white petticoat and black mantle define her station. She is quite content therein. She never tries for a moment to look higher than her own caste—to palm herself off for somebody and marry out of her station. No. Her lover is a young rustic, with a slouch hat, a greasy skin, a black complexion, and a bullet head, who can neither read nor write, who has no property, and who cares for none above what supplies his daily wants. He will work among the slums, black your boots, steal your purse, cut your throat if a good opportunity offers, spend all of his money as soon as he gets it, always gets fair wages when he works, and never looks decent.

They are going to get married. He must have a broadcloth suit and she the richest, downiest, softest, white silk dress. He must have the most costly,

the nicest fitting gloves, and she must have white-satin shoes, a quart of musk, a splendid veil, a delicate, dainty shawl for an after-wrap, and a profusion of head-gear. They have sold the cow, the pig, the wagon, the scanty house furniture, and borrowed from all the neighbors to obtain these indispensable luxuries. As soon as the ceremony will have been pronounced they will commence drinking and dancing, and they will drink and dance amidst dirt and filth until the white dress, the white shoes, the white gloves, the broadcloth suit and all the finery can never be worn again only by ragged people. Then they will commence the business of life in a dirt hovel, with a kettle of coals for a stove, a box for a table, and a pallet of straw for a bed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Visiting the Schools—A Cold Reception—Wanted to Show the Programme—Some Wonderful Mathematicians — At the Government College — A large Building — A Kind Reception—Methods of Study—School Rooms and Black-boards—Bed-rooms — College Jails — College Church—Theatres—Men in Petticoats—The Good Result of Education—The Number of Primary Schools—A Professor of Geography—Studying Theology—The Catechism—Off with your Hat—The Church still an Educator —Public Education—Meeting the Demand for Better Teachers—Who are Educated ?

**I**N the winter of 1883, in company of two lady teachers, I started on a tour of inspection to visit the native schools in the city of Concepcion. As the school buildings are all so constructed as to give ample room for play-grounds in the open courts within, the children are not seen from the time they enter school in the morning until their return home; and for the same reason, as well as from the fact that it is not the fashion for parents or friends to visit the schools during recitation hours, one has no chance to judge of the merits of a school from a personal knowledge of its inside workings. It thus happened that, although I had resided in the city for some time and was well known there myself as a teacher, I had

not the slightest idea of the kind of work done in any other school besides my own.

The nearest one, only two squares distant, was a large school for boys and young men, known as "*Colejio Andres Bello*," containing over five hundred students. It is strange how isolated from all the world a man can live, in one of these large open-court houses, where your back yard, your garden, your well, your hen-house, your stable, your wood-house, your parlors, kitchen, dining and bed rooms, servants' quarters and store-rooms are all within the same walls and covered with the same roof! An ordinary individual might be murdered and hid away a dozen times if possible, and no one ever makes inquiry concerning him. So it happened that I had lived within a stone's throw of my neighbor for a year and had never seen him, and did not even know his name. We called at the large, double front door, and asked the porter who held the keys if we could be admitted.

"It will be necessary to see the director, señor," said he.

We sent in cards, with a request to see the director in person, who, instead of admitting us, appeared at the door.

I said to him: "Being teachers ourselves, and having leisure, we have called to visit your school,



and learn your method of instruction. I hope it will not be inconvenient for you to admit us."

"Ah! pardon me, señor," he said, "could you not do me the favor to call upon the Sabbath? The students will all be out then, and we will have the rooms in more perfect order for your reception."

"My dear sir! that is just what we do not wish. We would like very much to see your young men and hear them recite, in order to learn your methods of instruction."

"Impossible, señor; it is entirely contrary to the customs of the country to permit visitors to hear recitations in any school."

"But I am writing for the press in my own country, and I cannot properly represent the educational interests here unless I am permitted to see the schools."

"Oh! Well, I can obviate the difficulty," said he, "I will lend you my programme."

"But the programme will only indicate the number of classes and the hours of recitations?"

"Of course, what more would you desire!"

"I would like to see your school just as it is now. I would like to pass from one room to the other and hear the students recite in the different branches. I would like to see your school furniture, your library, your laboratory, and such things."

"I cannot permit you to hear my students re-

cite, for I can assure you that the young gentlemen are not used to it, and would not know how to appear to advantage. As for the rest if you will be kind enough to call upon the Sabbath, I will be happy to admit you and give you all the information possible."

One year later, several graduates from this same school entered my own to study English and mathematics.

I said to the first one who came: "Are you familiar with arithmetic?"

"O, yes, indeed; I have completed the course which includes arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry and civil-engineering."

"Very well; you can readily tell me, then, the per cent. of gain in buying three-fourths of a cord of wood for six dollars and selling it at the price of a full cord?"

"Excuse me; we did not study percentage in our school."

"Ah, indeed! You studied interest, of course?"

"A very little, sir."

"Do you know the multiplication table?"

"Yes, sir, most of it."

"How much is nine times nine?"

"Twenty-seven."

"How often is ten contained in ten?"

"Four times."

"How long did you study algebra?"

"About a month."

"How long geometry?"

"We only had eight pages, and I committed that all in one day, and passed final examination the next."

I hesitate to record this conversation, for fear it will not be believed. It actually occurred, and the young man was by no means a dummy. The only explanation I can make is, that the average Chilean student, while he excels in writing, Spanish grammar, history, picture drawing, and the languages, in mathematics he is almost a blank.

"How do you sell this paper?" I inquired of a clerk in a book store.

"Two bundles for one dollar and twenty-five cents."

"How much for one bundle?"

"At the same rate, señor?"

"How much would that be?"

Figuring for a moment he replied: "Eighty cents."

And so it goes. Of course there are many exceptions, but in one half the native Chilean small stores a person can purchase articles by retail much cheaper than by wholesale, simply because they do not know how to compute. "*Colejio An-*

*dres Bello*" is by no means a "snide" affair excepting in the matter of mathematics.

We next visited the Jesuit Seminary, where, contrary to our expectations, we were at once admitted, the ladies to the parlor, while I was shown through the house. It is a large building, covering an acre or more of ground, and everything about it was in beautiful order. There were present one hundred and twenty young men and boys, all dressed in black robes. The whole school was divided into four departments. When we entered these, the young men, at a signal from my conductor, rose and made a graceful bow. The best of order prevailed, but I was not permitted to hear the much coveted recitations. A good chemical laboratory was evidently kept for ornament, but I must bear record that the director of this institution is a scholarly gentleman and a very devout man.

At the *Liceo*, a government school for young men, I met with a hearty reception. The building is very large, covering about three acres of land; and there were present about five hundred young men and boys at the time of my visit. I was ushered into a large *patio*, or open court, containing many trees, with swings and other things for the entertainment of the students. On one side of this was the director's office, well supplied with carpets and good furniture, as well as a suite of rooms

containing maps, globes, charts, and different laboratories—all, as I firmly believe, kept for ornament.

I was greatly entertained and highly amused in this college. Everything was done in clock-work order, and moved off with business-like precision.

Marching around a corridor that projected from the building into the open court, were about one hundred elegantly dressed young gentleman, studying law. They marched, two-and-two, clear around the hollow square of the court, each doing his best to memorize his lesson. As they marched they repeated aloud the particular passages they desired to memorize, each one talking as loudly as a person does in general conversation. They were under supervision of a teacher, and after they had marched and studied for an hour, to the minute, they were called in to recite. The whole affair was decidedly mechanical. During a subsequent visit I heard a young gentleman of eighteen summers memorizing his lesson in English: "The ailephant eez a large animal. The ailephant eez a large animal. The ailephant eez a large animal," etc. I heard him repeat these words one hundred and sixty times, over and over.

In another *patio* was a large class of boys, from eight to twelve years of age, memorizing whole

volumes of grammar without comprehending or digesting a single sentence.

The school-rooms were curiosities. The blackboards were outside on the corridors, used, seemingly, for playthings. The maps, globes, charts, dictionaries, laboratories, were all under lock and key, and seemed to play no part in the daily routine of school labor. A row of benches extended entirely around each room, where the young gentlemen would sit during recitation hours, while the professors occupied a slightly elevated seat in the center.

The rooms on one side of each *patio* were devoted to sleeping purposes, as many as forty beds occupying one large room. The boys and young men were under strict vigilance day and night, and each sleeping room had its "watch"—a little ante-chamber for the professor, or guard appointed for the purpose, so constructed that he could lie on his bed and overlook all the students at the same time.

When a boy became boisterous or unruly, he was sent to jail, of which there were as many as one hundred, I think, ranged along the sides of one of the *patios*. These were dark vaults, just large enough, each, for one person to stand in, where the offending student was locked and left to meditate. By the time he remained there in one position for six hours, he was generally quite docile. A pro-

fessor informed me that sometimes boys are left in these jails until midnight.

Other rooms were used as kitchens and dining halls; and in a corner room of one of the best *patios* was a church with numerous shrines, idols representing different saints, confessionals, and the usual array of wax candles. I noticed a very comfortable bathroom, also, well supplied with fresh water.

A theater, with elevated stage, movable scenes, side doors and footlights, forms quite a conspicuous part of this college. But, the poor fellows! As co-education is not allowed, and as any young woman who would associate with them on the stage would be degraded, they are driven to petticoats themselves. I have attended a number of their dramatic entertainments, where the principal actors were young men in female attire.

On one of these occasions I received a polite note from a young professor, inviting me to occupy a box in the principal theater in the city, as the students had determined to give a grand entertainment, and the college theater was considered too small. One-half the elite of the city were present, and the darling young ladies were highly entertained by the playing of two coarse-voiced young men, gaudily dressed in women's clothing.

A garden in one part of the great college build-

ing was full of beautiful flowers. There was also ample room for a poultry yard, a horse stable and a pigpen.

As superficial as the above would indicate educational matters to be, it must be borne in mind that it is the earnest of a nation long enthralled in the midnight darkness of the mother country, and of Rome. They are doing grandly.

Besides, the *effects* of education in this republic are very noticable. At the centennial exhibition in Buenos Ayres, in 1882, Chili received seventeen medals of first-class, many of the second, and different bronze medals, amounting in all to one hundred and seventeen premiums, although she had but a few weeks for preparation. Home industries and manufactories, though largely in their infancy, have lately received a great impetus. The press has been granted the widest liberty. Benevolent institutions for the care of the unfortunate and feeble have been erected in many places. The condition of both army and navy has been greatly improved. The merchant marine trade has been largely increased, and commerce with other nations augmented. Agriculture has been extended. The diplomatic service has been greatly enlarged, so that instead of having but four foreign ministers, Chili has plenipotentiaries accredited to Mexico, Central America, United States, Colombia, Brazil,



Argentine, Uruguay, Peru, Bolivia, England, Germany, France; and all the nations here enumerated have representatives resididng in Chili.

The national revenues have also been greatly increased. Men of private fortunes have become numerous. Numerous societies of credit, loan associations, and life insurance companies have sprung up in the land as if by magic. Books of travel, of history, of philosophy, of law, of fiction and of theology have been poured out in the land, the product of home talent and industry. The entire Federal Government has been greatly elevated and intensely unified. New railways are opening up new fields for internal commerce, and one, now in process of construction, is to pierce the mighty Andes, and connect with the Atlantic ocean.

In 1883, there were in Chili 753 primary schools, giving instruction to over one hundred and twenty thousand boys.

A large per cent. of these schools, however, are under the control of the priests, and are attended only by the children of the poor. I visited a number of these schools. One can scarcely imagine the starvation food the poor little fellows are stuffed with. On one occasion, a grave young teacher was giving instruction to about twenty very ragged, very dirty little boys, with intelligent faces and bright eyes, in elementary geography.

"Now," he said, "which way is the equator from where you stand?"

"It is north," said the boy.

"Right. Is it warm or cold there?"

"I do not know."

"Ah! well, you should know that the *further north you go, the warmer it gets*. Which way is Terra del Fuego?"

"South," answered a chorus of voices.

"Right," said the professor. "Is it cold or warm there?"

"Very warm, sir."

"Right again," said the professor.

On another occasion, the young priest-professor was giving lessons in the "elements of theology" from the Catechism:

"Where does God live?" he asked.

"Everywhere," was the answer.

"What is the Church?"

"The Church is the congregation of those who have been baptized, received the sacrament, and obey the priests and the Pope."

"Why is it called the Roman Church?"

"Because in Rome is established the great Cathedral of Saint Peter, who was prince of all apostles and successor of all popes.

"How is the Christian Church divided?"

“It is divided into the Church triumphant, the Church of purgatory, and the Church militant.”

“What is the Church triumphant?”

“It is the congregation of all the righteous in heaven.”

“The Church of purgatory?”

“It is the congregation of those who died without doing sufficient penance here on earth, and who have been sent to purgatory to suffer for a season before being allowed to join the Church triumphant in heaven.”

“Very well; tell about the Church militant.”

“The Church militant is on earth, and is composed of those who have been baptized, and who fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil.”

“How is the last divided?”

“Into the official Church, composed of the Pope, the bishops and the priests; and into the common Church, composed of the people who follow and obey them.”

“Very true, indeed. Tell me now why we say holy Mary after saying Our Father?”

“Because we have no one else, excepting Jesus, in heaven, so powerful to intercede for us as His holy mother.”

“What is penance?”

“It is a sacrament instituted by Christ.”

“Why was it instituted?”

“So that those who make confession to the priests may obtain forgiveness of sins.”

“That is right. When did Christ institute this sacrament?”

“When he said to the apostles and through them unto the priests: ‘Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose soever sins ye remit are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain shall be retained.’”

“What sins can the priest remit?”

“All those committed after baptism wherein the person repents and manifests sorrow.”

“What is the form?”

“‘I absolve you from all sin.’”

“What is the effect?”

\*“It causes great grace and purity to rest on the person absolved, who is at once freed from sin.”

There is not a native boy in every one hundred in all Chili, who cannot repeat these questions and answers. The Catechism, a book of ninety-six pages, is used in all the government schools, and apparently forms the basis for education in the primary schools. The whole book is actually committed to memory by repeating it over and over, day after day, and year after year.

In the school referred to above, the little ragged

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\*For these questions and answers, see Catholic Catechism (pages 31, 32 and 75), published in Spanish, and used in all public schools in South America.

boys were as familiar with all the answers as an educated man is with the alphabet. The school closed its session with the repetition, by the students, of the following prayer:

Jesus, Joseph and Mary, I give you my heart and soul;

Jesus, Joseph and Mary, assist me in my last agony;

Jesus, Joseph and Mary, may my soul expire with you in peace!

Whereupon, the little fellows marched out-doors; and as the school-room was simply an addition to a large church building, an image of St. Sebastian was about the first thing they encountered after leaving the house. Each one carefully removed his hat as he passed the image, in token of respect and reverence.

It will readily be seen from the above that the Church still exerts a powerful influence in moulding the minds and characters of the youth, in this little republic. Still I believe that the great glory of the Church is fairly broken. Among the thousands of priests in the land but four hundred are natives, the rest all coming from Italy and Spain to supply the demand, which certainly of itself speaks volumes. Only about twenty per cent. of the members of Congress belong to the clerical party, whereas but a few years ago they all belonged there; and besides, the State Church has a constitutional provision for an archbishop and three diocesan bishops, offices of immense value to the

Church. But so unpopular are the clergy with the law-making body, that the archbishop and two bishops having died, they refuse to appoint their successors.

Public education in Chili is divided into three grades—the higher, the intermediate and the primary. The seat of learning is the national University at Santiago, which has a council of education that superintends all the higher and intermediate schools of the country. They are all free—the Government owing the buildings and paying the salaries of the teachers.

In order to meet the demand for better teachers the Government maintains a number of young men at great expense in some of the best schools in Europe, to educate them for that purpose; and the national Congress appropriated \$150,000 in 1883 to introduce the American method of imparting instruction.

In all the high schools in the State there are about three thousand students enrolled. A man is not considered educated who is not versed in law and who cannot speak two or three languages sufficiently well at least to pass examination. The latter is always very easy.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Punta Arenas—Its Origin—A Wild Place—Leaving Civilization—Pluck—Building Houses and Experimenting in Vegetables—Establishing Trade—Discovery of Gold and organizing a Colony—Coal Discovered—A New Era—Farming on the Straits of Magellan—Beautiful Cattle—A Church Building and a School-house—Success in Spite of Difficulties—Punta Arenas the most Southerly Point of Civilization—The Town—The Commerce—The Patagonian Indians—The Indians of Terra del Fuego—A Slandered People—A Professor's Lecture—The Opinion of Eye-Witnesses—An Interesting Letter from Terra del Fuego—A Reform Needed.

**F**AR away on the western coast of the Straits of Magellan—the home of the penguin, the sea-lion and the guanaco—where wind and storm and cold prevail during the greater portion of the year, is situated the nineteenth province of Chili, in a town and surrounding country called Punta Arenas.

Many years ago, either for political or criminal offenses, the Government decided to banish some prisoners, and as no more desolate, forsaken place could be selected where they could possibly subsist, they were sent to this promontory on the Straits.

It was a wild place. Wild rocks and wild waves, producing nothing more edible than celery and shell-fish, were the principal feature of all the surroundings. Wild birds went screaming through the air, and wild animals, in search of prey, went roaring through the scanty, shrubby, snow-hidden forests.

When the prisoners left their northern homes, a thousand miles away, they left all traces of civilization, never more to return. South of them were the "furious, human tigers"—the Indians of Terra del Fuego—and still farther south as well as west, the cold, dreary wastes of the Pacific Ocean. East of them were the snow-clad mountains, and on their north was the great wilderness and the wild tribes of Southern Patagonia.

The true history of their struggles and hardships will never be known; for, undoubtedly, no one ever dreamed that they would survive one generation after another, much less that they would elbow their way through such a sea of desolation, and compel the mother country to acknowledge them as citizens, having rights equal with all other men.

The first care of the banished prisoners, of course, was to erect for themselves homes, which they could do without great difficulty from the trees of the surrounding forests. By experiment-



ing they ascertained that certain vegetables, such as the potato, cabbage, lettuce and cauliflower, could be profitably grown during the short summer.

Their early care was also to establish friendly relations with the slovenly Patagonians, from whom they commenced the purchase of hides and furs to sell again to passing vessels. In this way the place in time became quite a trading post, and certain vessels anchored regularly in the little harbor. Other prisoners were added; but as the numbers increased new opportunities were also afforded. Gold was discovered in paying quantities, and in due time the prisoners organized themselves into a colony obeying certain rules and regulations. A town sprang up bearing the significant name of Punta Arenas (Poonta Arraynus), point of sands. Later on large quantities of coal were discovered, and the inhabitants lost no time in communicating the fact to passing vessels. It marked a new era in their lives. Six Peruvian warships were the first to purchase this mineral; but in a remarkably short time the place became well known to American and European steamers as a convenient place to obtain supplies of fresh water and fuel. The condition of the little colony grew better every day. The land extending rearward from the town for a distance of ten miles was divided into farms for the raising of cattle, horses, poultry, and such

vegetables as would thrive there during the very short summers. Wheat would not mature, but an abundance of hardy grasses were introduced that made excellent fodder for cattle. The latter are said to be the finest-looking in the world, having soft, velvety hair, and looking round and sleek like a silk hat.

A comfortable church building that cost three thousand dollars was followed by a school-house, where the children received instructions during the entire year. A government building was erected, at a cost of five thousand dollars. A *cuartel*, or jail, was also constructed, and the town and colony were put under military control, with forty soldiers in uniform to do police duty and be ready for unexpected attacks from the Indians.

Thus, despite the dreary surroundings, the barren wastes, the cold rains and long, stormy winters; despite the fact that they were isolated and cut off from all civilization, and compelled to reside among the wilds and desolations of an almost frozen country; despite their ignorance, their half-Indian natures, without books or papers or friendly counsel from any, with nothing more hopeful than for them and their offspring to remain there forever—instead of degenerating to the savage condition of their surroundings, they, one by one, overcame the difficulties that beset them; they,

step by step, improved their condition, grew in wealth and influence, until the nation that had banished them saw the wisdom of removing the ban and restoring them to full citizenship. This was done in 1883, the colony and district organized into a new province, and a governor sent from Santiago to rule over them.

Punta Arenas is interesting, as marking the most southerly point of civilization in all the world. It contains about two hundred houses, comfortably built of wood, on streets extending northeast and southwest, with cross streets dividing the whole into seventy-two "*mausans*" (apples), or blocks. The principal street, called Magellan, is paved with stones, and eight entire blocks are surrounded with sidewalks. Every square in the town is enclosed with high palisades, after the manner of enclosing lots with high walls of masonry in all the towns of Chili.

Near the town are two fresh water streams, called Mine and Hand rivers. From the sand washings of the former, quantities of gold are obtained. In the small district are also three other fresh water streams, known as Three Bridges, Three Arms, and Deer rivers.

The commerce is limited to coal, gold, guanaco and fox hides, and the skins and feathers of os-

triches and swans, which are named in the order of their importance.

The Indians that occasionally visit Punta Arenas are deserving of passing notice. Those of southern Patagonia, unlike the sturdy Americans, are tall, rather slender, and instead of being almost black, are of reddish caste, like the tribes of North America. They are excessively slovenly and lazy, subsisting entirely upon the products of the chase and of the ocean, are fond of trinkets and jewelry made of shells, bones and silver, have an abhorrence of gold, and dress in the rudest and simplest manner. The hide of the pretty guanaco is fastened around the body under the arms, with the fur side out, and extends to the knees; another hide, with a hole in the center, through which to pass the head, falls over the shoulders. Their shoes, which they call *abarca*, are made of rawhide, with leggings of the same material extending to the knees. The hair is worn long, and is held in place by strings or strips of cloth, which often are large enough to form a kind of turban or covering for the whole head.

As slovenly and degraded as these Indians appear, they have some redeeming qualities. If treated well, they are kind and neighborly. They do not practice polygamy, and they believe in the immortality of the soul. They worship a Great

Spirit called *Coche*, who they are sure has a very tender heart, is loving in disposition, forgiving in nature, and is waiting for them in another life, with all the good things necessary for their existence.

The *good things* are summed up in the belief of a plentiful supply of food and furs, plenty of wine—of which they are very fond, and which they purchase from the Chilians—and a hunting ground where there are no storms and no night. The Indians of Terra del Fuego are a badly slandered set of people. Perhaps there is not a gazeteer or encyclopedia of general information published in all the world that does not speak of the *Fuegians* as a small, almost dwarfish tribe of Indians, possessing but little or no intelligence. I well remember a college professor, a grand man of wonderful knowledge, standing before a class in geography, explaining the condition of these people.

“They are very ugly,”\* he said; “their average height is only about four feet and a half, and they are the most ignorant, most degraded people in the world. They have large heads, large bodies and short limbs, are very uncleanly, and even filthy in their habits, and file their front teeth sharp like those of a dog. Their food consists almost wholly of fish and a yellow fungus about the size of an orange,

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\* From notes on Terra del Fuego, taken when a student at the State Normal School, at Emporia, Kansas, 1870.

that grows on the small birch trees. They are greatly attached to their dogs, and in seasons of famine, kill and eat the old women rather than the dogs." The professor was simply giving the commonly accepted opinion, in America and Europe, of these Indians, as well as an *expose* of the *stuff* that will occasionally insinuate itself into our best encyclopedias—the latter of course unintentionally and innocently.

If the words of two parties residing in Chili, with whom I have conversed, men of ordinary "truth and veracity," who have visited these Indians in recent years, can be relied upon, the Fuegians are neither small nor ignorant, below that of ordinary Indians. They are of average height, are well proportioned, have a few cattle—introduced by the missionaries, without a doubt—and sometimes cultivate the soil.

These statements are fully verified by a letter from the pen of Rev. Thomas Bridges—a missionary now laboring among the Indians of Terra del Fuego—published in Dr. Trumbull's *Record* in Valparaiso, in 1878. He says: "I am now on board the A. G. 'en voyage' to Wollaston, the scene of the wreck of *Hazeltine*, in order to make inquiries into a certain murderous affray, which transpired three weeks ago, between a small body of natives and the little schooner *Rescue*. \* \* I take occasion

on the present opportunity to visit different spots *en passant*, to encourage the natives in their efforts to develop the resources of the country and increase their social comforts, by their personal industry in cultivating the soil. \* \* \*

“Some of the spots the natives have settled in are most beautiful and suitable, and moderate industry would repay them a hundred fold in increasing the supplies of wholesome food to carry them through the winter. They will thus obtain better health, and steady industry will help to produce other good qualities. It will, for instance, cause them to look upon a place as their home; they will build better dwellings, and cease to be the houseless wanderers they have for ages been. To-morrow I hope to be down to Lenox to give the natives their solemn warning. I hear they have been saying that if they get a chance to enrich themselves by murdering any ship’s party they will do so.

“I shall make good use with them and others of the futile and disastrous attempts of the Wollaston Islanders to warn them, assuring them that though they may succeed, it will only and surely tend to their own destruction. I doubt not I shall thoroughly shame and humble them. The natives at Ushooia, were very indignant when they heard of the bravado of the Lenox Island natives.

“Fred Hamacana, his wife, and two boys are with

me. I propose leaving this family at Wollaston Island, of which she is a native, that he may be a go-between for the mariners visiting the wreck, and the natives who may come to the place. Here as elsewhere, we find the strong addicted to imposing upon the weak. Thus men of influence get lads and poor fellows to work for them in every menial employment for nothing. This oppression we are useful in putting a stop to, by stating the rights of every man as God's creature, and the duty of every man not selfishly to seek his own things, but generously to seek the good of his neighbors. Thus for instance, at Ouilooshooia, which we visited this morning, the two chief men are Chicóle and Tunamootaze, brothers. They are both men of force, strong, proud and domineering. They demand as of right, the unrequited labor of the other poorer natives, instead of urging them each to work for himself. Yes, they would get all the praise and profit, and look upon themselves as superior to the rest, and more deserving of our consideration, because they had gardens, which the rest had not.

"At Ushooia, we have largely put matters to rights in these ways, where every one does his own work or pays for such labor as he hires. There is the same tendency here to keep others down who are down, by the strong, and no tendency to raise the fallen or to help the weak. \* \* \* \* \* We



have occasion from time to time to exert discipline, as was the case on Sunday last. I had given notice for the baptism on that day of certain children of certain baptised persons, but meanwhile I had heard of one of them committing grievous sins that called for public censure, and which compelled me to withhold baptism from his child, as, with this sin upon him, he could not, without the greatest impropriety, take the vows of a Christian parent without turning the whole baptismal service into mockery. So I gave public notice to him accordingly, and stated further, that not before he had obtained the forgiveness of the injured party, and publicly confessed his repentance for his crime, could I baptise his child. He was a valued workman, yet we dismissed him, though there is a great press of work at present.

“A canoe has just left the vessel’s side containing a handsome Indian, one of the tallest fellows down here, and his wife, equal in form and stature to himself. These, after the usual custom, called out for pity and kindness, chiefly in connection with giving them food. I told them plainly that in these matters they do not deserve pity, at least at the present season and under the present circumstances of fine weather. I told them that they deserved pity for their ignorance and sin, and that I was not sent to fill their stomachs

or cover their backs, but to teach them how to please their Maker, and how to obtain his favor and blessings. They were offended, but if one will do his duty here, as well as everywhere else, he must from time to time offend the self-indulgent nature of sinful man. The erection of the orphan home is the great work now on hand at Ushooia. For it, all the material, boards and framing are prepared on the spot. Much lumber has still to be cut, but Mr. Whaits hopes by the end of ten weeks to have sufficient to complete it.

“As regards the language spoken by these natives, I am getting onward with its dictionary, which will contain at least 18,000 words, and 700 pages of 34 lines to the page. It is most regular and ingenious in its structure, and on its face bears the divine impress. The wonder is how so depraved and miserable a people kept up their language, which is so comprehensive and regular. This can only be accounted for by their living in public, and not shut off in family seclusion. Thus they always moved about in company, and four or more families would crowd into a single wigwam. The children heard every word spoken of, came into contact with hundreds of persons, and were living constantly hearing the lively discourses of many people. Thus these poor people knew intimately more persons than most people do who live in civilized com-

munities, and heard and took a share in much more conversation than is common with a reading and fully occupied society. Again, it is difficult for us to imagine what these poor, despised people could find to talk of in their monotonous, dreary life, and yet their talk over their little matters was as full of real interest and importance to them as the most exciting news from Europe is to us.

“Some time back, a certain Sisanianjiz had made up his mind to settle out at a beautiful place some three miles from Tushcapalan, the name of our settlement at at Ushooia, pronounced Ooshiooia. Accordingly he went there with his wife and family, and one or two friends. They built a wigwam, and had plenty of wood and water at hand. But late in the afternoon they heard a strange voice or cry, whether from owl, hawk, bird, beast or evil spirit, they knew not, and were too much frightened to ascertain, saying: ‘*Sapiccoosh! Sapiccoosh!*’ which means ‘bloody arrow-head.’ They forthwith packed up and hastened back to Ushooia from the fated spot, and made themselves a general laughing-stock. Thus ended the first attempt of our home people to settle thmselves abroad.

“In the great valley, some three miles from Tushcapalan, there are certain deep, narrow pools, called pools of dead men by the natives, in which we have lost many head of cattle. The sides of

these pits of unascertained depth are clean walls, slightly converging as they rise, of compact and growing peat."

Thus it appears, from the very best of evidence, that the Fuegians are fully as wide awake and intelligent as most of the Indian tribes of North America; and they certainly seem to offer a more encouraging field for the missionary to disseminate Christian civilization than is to be found among many of the other nations of red men better known to the world. It is time that the trash solemnly recorded in our encyclopedias and taught in schools and colleges concerning these people, who "have large heads, large bodies and short limbs," and "file their teeth like those of a dog," should be superseded by the very interesting and wholesome facts. Let us have a reform.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Chili's Opinion of Polygamy—Good Officers and a Pure Government—Patriotic People—Promptness—The Election of the Archbishop of Santiago—His Rejection by Leo XIII—How the Nation Dealt with the Holy See—The Pope Denounced and his Envoy Sent Home—The Future of Chili.

**I**F Chili had a Utah, she would blot it out of existence in twenty-four hours. Boss Tweed—and like characters would be sent to the Hill of Death—place of public execution—and anybody of men attempting such frauds as are continually being practiced upon the United States Government would be branded as traitors and driven from the country.

The Chilian Government is officered by the best and purest men in the nation; and so jealous are they of their national integrity, so proud of their rapid strides in the scale of civilization, that all matters of jurisprudence and civil service are watched with a faithful and almost sacred interest. That black-eyed, dark-skinned servant, who lives in rags, and who is too ignorant to tell you the time of day, would drive a dagger to the heart of any man who would dare to speak sneeringly of his nation.

Throughout all classes of society the same spirit of loyalty is manifest. Congress hesitated not one moment to declare war against the combined powers of Peru and Bolivia when the actions of those countries threatened the nation's character.

In 1878 the office of Archbishop was made vacant by death, and in conformity with the Constitution the President nominated and the Senate confirmed a Mr. Tafaro to succeed to the office. He was a man of great ability and worth. Forty years of his life had been spent in public service as a priest. He was the founder and director of three institutions of learning, one of which was for the training and development of the rising priesthood. He was a member of the council for the control of charitable institutions. He was a leader in the society for the gratuitous instruction of the poor and unfortunate youth. He published at his own expense a book adapted to the wants and conditions of prisoners, and spent years of service in bringing about a needed reform to better their moral and physical condition. Everywhere his great worth was acknowledged, and his zeal, his charity, his toil, his piety had impressed civilians of the first rank as well as the drunkard in the gutter.

But Mr. Tafaro's platform was too broad to suit Rome; and the Government committed an unpardonable sin in nominating him for this high office

without first consulting the Pope, as had always been done on former occasions.

As a consequence the Holy See refused to acknowledge the nation's choice, and demanded a new man—one about whom it should be consulted beforehand, so as to keep up the farce of having been the power that filled the important office. To compensate Mr. Tafaro for his wounded feelings the Holy Father proposed to elevate him to the dignity of "*Household Prelate and Apostolic Prothonotary.*" Promptly the answer went back by wire: "*Proposition refused—clashes with our organic law—creates conflict with Congress and public opinion—dishonors the candidate presented.*"

The Pope was not silenced ; on the contrary, he kept up a vigorous correspondence, made many threats, and finally sent over an envoy, Bishop of Heimerna, to rouse the people against their Government. The patience of the high-minded Republic, however, reached a climax, in the winter of 1883, even with his highness, the Pope. The Government rejected him as a tyrant and a bigot, sent his envoy his passport, with orders to leave the country inside of eight days, and thus, at one vigorous blow, drove to the head the great wedge that will eventually effect a separation of Church and State.

What may we not expect from such a vigorous,

young—young in the sense of having been recently born into civilization—Republic? Truly her future is very bright. With agriculture still in its infancy, and tens of thousands of acres of rich, alluvial soil in virgin condition awaiting the plow; with untold wealth hidden away in undeveloped mines; with unbounded prospects awaiting oncoming manufactures; with a climate so varied as to suit all classes and conditions, and to insure the luxuries of rich tropical fruits and the hardier grains and fruits of the temperate zones; with unknown and unbounded forests of giant trees awaiting the woodman's ax; with unexplored coal fields awaiting the pick and the shovel; and, above all, with a determined and high-minded people who love their nation better than they love their lives—one can easily predict that there is awaiting this little Republic a future both bright and glorious, and that in time to come she will occupy a station both high and great among the civilized nations of the world.



## APPENDIX.

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### GOVERNMENT.

Including the newly acquired territory of Tarra-paca, Chili has an extreme length of more than 2,000 miles, while its average width is only about 120 miles. Its boundaries mark the whole of the western slope of the Andes mountains, from summit to sea and from the Straits of Magellan on the south to its farther limit on the north. This great length of coastline is separated into nineteen provinces, including Araucania; and the most of them reach from the top of the mountains to the sea, and are separated from each other either by mountain spurs or by rivers. The provinces are themselves separated into departments, some having two, others three, four, and even six. Coquimbo has six; Valdivia and Lanquihue only two; Santiago, the most densely populated province, has five, and Valparaiso four. The departments are again divided into townships, which are very numerous, being as many as four hundred. These townships, or sub-delegations, are also divided into districts, which are the smallest political divisions in the country.

The political constitution of Chili resembles that of the United States. There are four distinct powers of government: the Executive, invested in the President; the Legislative, invested in the two houses of Congress; the Judicial, invested in the various judges of the Court; and the Municipal, whose influence is confined to the provinces. The President, however, exerts a controlling influence over all of these, so that the great tendency is centralization and unification of power.

The chief executor is elected every five years, and since 1871 is not eligible to re-election except after an interval of one term. He has five secretaries in his cabinet, and is otherwise assisted by a Council of State, composed of eleven members, five of whom he names himself, the other six being named and elected by Congress.

The President receives a salary of \$18,000 a year in Chili currency, equivalent to about \$12,000 in gold, and also has the privilege of residing in the treasury building. The cabinet officers each receive six thousand dollars in the currency of the country. The members of Congress serve for nothing and furnish themselves.

The different provinces are governed by *Intendentes*, who are appointed by the President, and who are the heads of the municipal governments and also mayors of the cities. Their powers are limit-

ed almost exclusively to the will of the President. Their salaries are \$4,000 a year each, with residence.

The different departments are presided over by Governors, named also by the President. Some of them receive a salary of \$2,500 a year, others receiving as low as \$1,000—owing to the wealth and power of the department. The townships are presided over by sub-delegates appointed by the Governors, and the districts by inspectors appointed by the sub-delegates—all serving without pay.

The members of Congress are elected every three years. In the Senate there are thirty-seven members, elected by the people of the provinces, *who can read and write, and who either have property or an income of \$200 per annum*—no other person being allowed to vote. In the House of Deputies there are 108 members, elected from the departments.

The six Judges composing the Supreme Court reside in Santiago, and are occupied in most part with cases of real estate, war claims, and criminal offenses of great magnitude.

The municipal authority, composed of the city councils and *Intendenty*, is so limited that they have not the power to expend more than \$100 without the consent of the President.

Each department has a Justice of the Peace, dig-

nified with the title of Judge, and some have as many as five or six—owing to the population.

In all the land there are four Courts of Appeal, two of which are in Santiago, one in Concepcion, and one in Serana.

The Government is expending large sums of money to encourage European laborers to colonize in its frontier, and become citizens. Each head of a family is given 200 acres of land, lumber to build a house, a yoke of cattle, a cart, a plow, a quantity of seed, and fifteen dollars per month for the first year—the latter as a loan for eight years without interest. Large numbers of energetic, industrious German peasants are taking advantage of this great liberality. In twenty years' time it will effect great changes in the statistics of this country; and it is destined to revolutionize the labor question and make it honorable.

The total income of the nation in 1883 was \$44,007,752; the outlay was \$40,037,073—a saving of nearly four millions. On the 1st of January there was in the treasury the sum of \$13,820,616. The national debt is being reduced.

It has been charged by foreigners residing there, that Chili, instead of being a republic, is an oligarchy, which, to a certain extent, is true. There is no doubt but what the Government has been for a number of years in the hands of a comparatively

few rich and influential men. But, on the other hand, one cannot shut his eyes to the fact that they are the only men capable of holding the reins of government.

For a great many years—over three hundred—education was confined almost exclusively to a knowledge of the doctrines and dogmas of Rome, and the country was in a deplorable condition of ignorance and vice. Very happily, however, a few rich men penetrated the overshadowing gloom, and sought and found the light of liberty; and it was but natural that they should become the rulers of the land. Happily, also, they were all men of great honor, who held the welfare of the nation far above their individual interests; and the wonderful improvements throughout the land, with “a school house on every hill,” bear witness to their loyalty and devotion. So that it can well be said that, if Chili is an oligarchy, then the oligarchy has been a vast improvement on wider principles of democracy, in the present instance.

#### CLIMATE.

In point of temperature, a surface so rugged, and having such an extreme length—about  $29^{\circ}$  of latitude—and an altitude of four miles within  $2^{\circ} 30'$  longitude, must present a great variety. The combined action of the trade winds and the Andes

Mountains graduates the rainfall from the parching skies of the north to the drenching clouds of the south. North of Valparaiso it rarely ever rains—in fact, one good rainfall, continuing for twenty-four hours, would destroy untold wealth of saltpetre and other minerals. At Valparaiso showers of rain fall frequently during the winter months; while about one hundred miles further south there is an abundance of rain for agricultural purposes. From the beginning of this agricultural district, extending southward for a distance of four hundred miles, the climate and the productions are similar to those of California. At Concepcion, less than four hundred miles south of Valparaiso, the rainfall is so great and the climate so cool, that corn does not mature well. Still, in the same district, figs, lemons, oranges and pomegranates mature every year, and make good crops, and wheat is sure and very profitable. Southward the rainfall, as well as the cold, gradually increases to the almost constant storms of sleet and rain on the Straits of Magellan. All this, of course, applies only to the level ground; almost any variety of climate can be had as we gradually ascend the mountains. The extreme heat in the agricultural district is  $92^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, while the extreme cold is only  $24^{\circ}$ , giving a mean temperature of  $58^{\circ}$ .

The annual rainfall north of Valparaiso is noth-

ing; at Valparaiso, about 19 inches; at Santiago, 22 inches; at Talca, 40 inches; at Concepcion, from 48 to 68 inches; at Valdivia it is 100 inches, which is the greatest on the whole Pacific coast of South America.

### PRODUCTIONS.

Agriculture in Chili is in its infancy. There are more miles of railway than of good wagon roads. The country, however, is rapidly being developed, and a few years hence thousands of broad acres that are now lying idle will be in cultivation. In 1883 there were 20,000,000 bushels of wheat grown. In the same year the country produced 40,000 tons of copper and 15,000,000 quintals of saltpetre. The exports that year were \$79,000,000 in currency value, and the imports were \$54,000,000, gold value. Only one-seventh of all the exports are agricultural productions; five-seventh are the products of the mines—gold, silver, copper, saltpetre, guano and iodine—the remaining one-seventh being made up of hides, lace (made by hand), and woolen fabrics.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Chili has 1,800 miles of railway, and two other lines in process of construction. There are 5,000 miles of telegraph, and a cablegraph from Valparaiso connecting with the United States and Europe

by way of Panama. There are twelve daily papers, 250 post-offices, and telephones and electric lights in Valparaiso and Santiago.

The population of Chili is 2,250,000, of whom only 47,000 are allowed to vote.









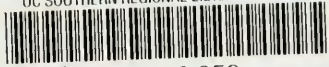


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